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JOSEPH W. FOLK

AND THE FORCE BEHIND HIS BOOM FOR THE PRESIDENCY

By Claude H. Wetmore

MISSOURI to-day presents the paradox of a man's enemies endeavoring to present him with the choicest gift in the United States—they wish to make him chief executive of the nation.

This boom for Joseph W. Folk, which is growing with rapidity throughout the United States, was started at a conference of political leaders held in St. Louis about two months ago, and its inception was due to the fact that party leaders and powerful influences behind them saw that it would be impossible to defeat Mr. Folk for the gubernatorial nomination in the Democratic state convention.

It is a desperate game they are playing, but it is one that is essential to the existence of the ring that ever since the civil war has controlled state nominations and state affairs in Missouri. Strange to say, this action by machine leaders is not understood elsewhere, and men of prominence in the national councils of Democracy, believing that genuine motives for the good of the commonwealth are in the minds of those who are voicing Mr. Folk for the presidency so loudly, have taken up the cry, and by their weight are giving added momentum to the movement.

It is a possibility—and it may become a probability before this article shall be

read—that after an oratorical outburst in the Democratic national convention by a man like Bourke Cochran, the name of Mr. Folk will be pyrotechnically placed at the head of the national ticket, even as was the name of William Jennings Bryan in the tumultuous, half-crazed gathering in Chicago eight years ago.

It is unfortunate for Missouri that the state nominating convention this year should be held after the national. Could the dates be reversed, and Mr. Folk be safely named for governor, then the frantic endeavor of machine leaders to prevent such action by forcing him to the front in the national convention might not come to pass, and the risk of having the good work of years undone by the frenzy of a moment would not be so imminent.

Those who have been watching the course of events in Missouri during the last few years and have seen the uncovering, for the first time in history, of the parasites that have waxed fat at the expense of the people, while poisoning the blood of the body politic, believe that for the good of government Mr. Folk should be permitted to continue his work in a natural, progressive manner, and not be forced into a position that is in discord with what he considers to be his duty.

So they—his friends and well-wishers—hope that this effort to place his name in nomination at the national convention will prove abortive.

To show why this is so, and to explain the paradox alluded to in the first paragraph, it is necessary to become acquainted with the course of events since Joseph W. Folk came to St. Louis, in 1896, from his native home in Tennessee.

At Brownsville, in that state, he had practised in the town and county courts, following in the line of his father, and the work that he was called upon to do gave the same foundation for future endeavor that is acquired by a physician while serving as an interne in a hospital.

Although quite young when he opened his office in St. Louis—for Joseph Folk was born October 29, 1869—he succeeded in attracting a number of influential clients and soon determined that for future profit he would make a specialty of corporation law. A somewhat peculiar selection, one might say, for a person who soon was to be called upon to do battle against attorneys famous in the lines of criminal jurisprudence, yet owing to the peculiar circumstances under which the crime exposures in St. Louis were to be made—corporations being involved—it seems almost providential that the young lawyer's early walks in the field of his chosen profession should have been in this direction.

Soon after commencing his St. Louis career Mr. Folk joined the Jefferson Club, which then was in its infancy and composed of younger members of the party. He was a Democrat, both by inheritance and by conviction; moreover, an ardent partizan, even to speaking of the late Samuel J. Tilden as "president"; and he wears to-day a scar inflicted by the premature explosion of a powder bomb which he and other boys of Brownsville had constructed when the news of Tilden's election was flashed over the United States.

Mr. Folk soon became chairman of the

Jefferson Club campaign committee. A year later he was elected president of the organization, and in this way came in close touch with politicians.

The general public first had his personality brought to their notice in 1898, when as arbitrator for both capital and labor Mr. Folk satisfactorily settled the great street railroad strike that had been productive of severe financial loss to the city.

It was at this period—from 1895 to 1900—that St. Louis gained the reputation of being the worst governed city in the country, and the state government, or rather the legislative branch thereof, was pointed to as the most corrupt in the west.

Every one knew that the majority of men who sought election to the municipal assembly and the legislature did so for the opportunity to sell their votes.

In those days a street railroad company—which was a company only in name, for it neither owned a car nor a foot of rail—was awarded a blanket franchise, covering every street in St. Louis, and for this privilege paid over \$300,000 bribe money to the city assemblymen and \$250,000 bribe money to the guardians of the state's interests at the capital, Jefferson City.

Although it was the largest single graft, yet the money accepted by the bribe takers, in this instance, was a mere bagatelle when compared with the sum total of the blackmail they were able to levy on corporations and individuals.

No man or concern could lay a switch into his property, could erect an awning, could secure wharfage, or could have voice concerning the paving of a street in front of his residence until he paid tribute to the leeches that reigned in the City Hall.

And at Jefferson City the railroad lobby held a whip hand, only to yield the floor when such powerful organizations as the school book trust or the baking powder trust desired to buy votes that

pet schemes of theirs might be pushed through.

It was in these days that a portion of the city of St. Louis was without lights for several months, because the city fathers could not decide which company would pay them the greatest amount of bribe money, and it was then that Mayor Ziegenhein made his famous remark to a committee of indignant citizens, replying in a sneering manner to their protests, "Well, you have a moon yet."

As this height of rascality had been reached under Republican administration, the Democratic leaders considered that the word "reform" for their battle-cry would be good policy, so in the year 1900 they cast about for a man whom they believed would be considered an exponent of that idea. Thus came about the nomination and election, as mayor, of Rolla Wells, a business man of experience and one who certainly has done a great deal toward giving St. Louis the government it needs.

But it was the office of circuit attorney that the people desired to see effectively administered, and to please the voters, Democrats asked the former president of the Jefferson Club, Mr. Folk, if he would run. Twice he refused the offer, and when finally convinced that it was necessary for the good of his party that he accept, he acquiesced, saying, however, that he would do his duty, irrespective of party. This phrase, "doing his duty," had become such a platitude with others that no one paid particular attention, and it was not until Mr. Folk had been in office a year that people recalled how frequently and earnestly he had repeated the statement during the campaign.

One afternoon toward the middle of January, 1902, Circuit Attorney Folk read in a newspaper that a sum of money had been placed in escrow in a certain bank by certain capitalists who had desired the passage of a street railroad ordinance and that they had intended the

funds for distribution among the members of the Municipal Assembly. There had been some hitch in the deal, the article went on, and the money had become a bone of contention between the parties to the transaction.

No names of persons were mentioned; no one bank was indicated; no railway corporation was specified.

The next day subpoenas, commanding appearance before the grand jury, were served on every man who had been a member of the Municipal Assembly during the preceding three years. Officers of the street railroad company, bank cashiers and bookkeepers and other persons who in some manner might have a knowledge of the transaction were likewise ordered to visit the inquisitorial chamber.

One might suppose that this flood of summonses caused consternation. It did not, because the boodlers were too strongly entrenched to fear an attack; bribery had been too long rampant to expect a sudden pruning; and too many prominent St. Louisians were involved to permit the esclandre going very far.

Flaring headlines in newspapers announced that an inquiry was on, but such editorial comment as appeared made light of Mr. Folk's actions and prophesied another flash in the pan.

An uproariously merry crowd assembled in the ante-room to the grand jury chamber on the morning after Mr. Folk had opened his batteries. Members of the Council and the House of Delegates cracked jokes at the expense of the young lawyer and told stories to while away the time until they should be called.

Occasionally a name would be pronounced by a deputy sheriff, and the person indicated would pass into the next room, where the grand jury was in session. He would come out smiling broadly, and would wink in high glee at his comrades.

Soon it became necessary for the railroad officials to face the inquisitors. They

went in, one by one, and they scowled fiercely at the assemblymen as they passed them by, at which the legislators laughed even more heartily, for the Missouri law provides equal punishment for bribe-givers and bribe-takers, and these wealthy men could not afford to incriminate themselves.

Evening grew near. The witnesses were dismissed, and Circuit Attorney Folk sat in his office.

Had the young lawyer been willing to admit it, that day would have passed into St. Louis history as his Waterloo; had he been built of less sterner stuff, the investigation into the municipal corruption would have ended then and there. Not a witness that had been examined had admitted a material fact upon which an indictment could be found. One and all had denied knowledge of any corruption fund and any connection therewith.

But the thought of retreat never entered Mr. Folk's mind. To understand why this was, one must become acquainted with a phase of his character—confidence that right will prevail.

He sat there, wearing his smile-mask even in his solitude, smoked cigar after cigar and planned another battle.

Early in the morning Charles H. Turner, president of the St. Louis and Suburban Street Railroad Company, and Philip Stock, agent of the Brewers' Supply Company, were summoned to the circuit attorney's office.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Mr. Folk, when they entered. "Please be seated," and he smiled graciously as they drew up chairs.

Then suddenly, without altering his tone of voice, and without changing his expression, he added:

"Unless you appear before the grand jury within forty-eight hours and tell everything you know concerning the placing of money in escrow for the purpose of bribing members of the Municipal Assembly, I shall send you both to the penitentiary."

The visitors paled. "I—I," stammered Mr. Turner.

"That is all," said Mr. Folk, abruptly. "Good morning, gentlemen."

They left his office bewildered. Where had he learned the facts? That he had learned them they were confident. This was but one incident out of many that followed in which Mr. Folk communicated his confidence to others. Some persons called it hypnotism.

From the Four Courts Messrs. Turner and Stock went to the office of Charles P. Johnson, once lieutenant governor of Missouri, and famed throughout the West as a criminal lawyer, an attorney whose brilliancy had been marked in the Deustrow murder trial, the Jett murder trial and other cases of note. They told him what had occurred. "Don't worry," said the governor. "Sit down here and wait while I attend to the young man."

An hour later they met—the veteran of many a hard-fought legal battle and the youthful circuit attorney.

"What does all this mean?" cried the governor, making himself comfortably at home.

"Exactly what I told your clients," replied Mr. Folk, smiling. "Unless they appear before the grand jury within forty-eight hours and tell everything they know concerning attempted bribery of the Assembly, I shall send them both to the penitentiary."

The governor looked at that smiling face earnestly. He became convinced that the circuit attorney was in a position to do what he threatened. He returned to his office. "You had better turn state's evidence," he said to the millionaire and his lieutenant.

No truer comparison of the position of Mr. Folk at that day can be made than with that of the poker player who has drawn to a flush and failed to fill, who knows there are strong hands out against him, yet who is so confident of winning on a bluff that he pushes to the center of the table not only all the money he has at

hand, but all his worldly possessions, and, moreover, adds to this total with mortgages on everything in the future.

Mr. Joseph W. Folk well knew that if Charles H. Turner and Philip Stock refused to turn state's evidence he had not one iota of proof to adduce against them in court and would be unable to fulfill his threat of sending them to the penitentiary. He knew that failure on their part to yield would not only put an end to the investigation then in hand, but would make him the laughing-stock of the community, therefore useless as a public officer; and discredited in this, his first trust, he would return to private life a failure.

These were facts which stared him in the face when Governor Johnson left his office. He did not know that the great criminal lawyer had been convinced even as he had wished to convince him; he knew nothing of the advice given by the attorney to his clients a half-hour later; he only knew that the die had been cast and that the next play must come from the other side.

For thirty-six hours not a move was made. During that time Mr. Folk attended to his usual duties around the Four Courts, and no one noticed any change in his demeanor; there was no lessening of his habitual smile.

Then Charles H. Turner, president of the St. Louis and Suburban Street Railroad Company, and Philip Stock, agent of the Brewers' Supply Company, knocked on the door of the grand jury room, and gaining admission, told the entire tale of what has become known as the Suburban Bribery Case.

Joseph W. Folk had won.

This confession proved the open sesame to all the corruption, and with dogged determination Mr. Folk pursued his advantage. He caused the arrest of Charles Kratz, ex-councilman, and John K. Murrell, ex-member of the House of Delegates, who had acted as go-betweens in

the Suburban bribery deal; then when these two fled to Mexico he brought about their return, one by coaxing, the other by securing an enactment by the United States Senate of an extradition treaty covering bribery. Murrell, who came back first, turned state's evidence; others who were in the mire with him followed suit, and scores of stenographers' note books were filled with confessions made by them before the grand jury.

The statute of limitations protected Missourians guilty of malfeasance prior to a three years' limit, but the circuit attorney believed that persons who had lived without the state since that time could be drawn into the net. In this manner he secured the conviction of Robert M. Snyder, the promoter of the Central Traction bill—that measure referred to early in this article, which brought about the distribution of \$300,000 bribe money—whose only defense was that he had not become a resident of New York, and, as a Missourian, was exempt from prosecution. But the jury did not believe this plea, and ordered that he serve five years at Jefferson City. Prior to the Snyder case, Harry A. Faulkner and John H. Schnettler, former members of the House of Delegates, were tried on perjury charges and sentenced, the former to two years and the latter to four.

In an attempt to punish the bribers as well as the bribed, Mr. Folk secured the indictment of two wealthy brewers, who had signed with the Suburban's president the promissory notes on which the bribe money had been secured from a bank. One of the brewers was in Egypt at the time the true bill was returned, and although it has frequently been stated that he would return and face the charge, he has remained abroad and has chosen Paris as his residence. The other has been tried and acquitted on the ground that he did not know what the money he aided in securing was to be used for.

In those days many men ransacked

their minds in effort to throw light on the all absorbing topic, and that is how Mr. Folk finally succeeded in entangling Edward Butler, the veteran political boss. Dr. Henry N. Chapman, a member of the board of health, discoursing on bribery one day, remarked that at the time a bill for awarding the garbage contract had been before him and his associates for approval, Mr. Butler had called at his house and had offered him a present of \$2,500. Mrs. Chapman, the doctor's wife, repeated her husband's story to several relatives, among others her father, Captain William Hodges, who was chairman of the council railroad committee. The latter told the circuit attorney, and the result was the issue of a subpoena for Dr. Chapman. After he had testified, a similar slip was served on Dr. Merrill, another member of the board, who, according to Chapman, had enjoyed a similar experience. Result, the indictment of Edward Butler for bribery and his conviction at Columbia, Missouri, where his case had been removed upon the granting of a change of venue. This verdict was reversed by the Supreme Court on a technicality.

Meanwhile the courts in St. Louis had been grinding, like the mills of the gods, and they continue to grind—for it will be years before all the cases are disposed of—with the result that Edmund Bersch, Charles J. Denney, Louis Decker, Charles A. Gutke, John A. Sheridan, T. E. Albright, Emil Hartman and Jerry J. Hannigan, all former members of the House of Delegates, have been convicted, either of bribery or perjury, and some for both, and given sentences of from two to five years in the penitentiary.

The knowledge gained by Mr. Folk in investigating the lighting deal, which followed the Suburban inquiry, whetted his appetite for even bigger game, and he was promised the satisfaction of seeing other millionaires assume the rôle of defendant. But Charles Kelly, under indictment for complicity in the suburban

deal, who it was supposed could supply certain convincing information, disappeared from view and remained abroad until the statute of limitations prevented a prosecution. Upon Kelly's return he was served with a warrant charging him also with bribery in connection with the lighting deal, for which he will be tried when the Supreme Court decides his appeal in the perjury case.

Mr. Folk next unmasked a pack of rogues in the Legislature. The Lieutenant-Governor of the state "squealed" on his "pals," and revealed a system of sandbagging trusts and corporations that was simply perfect. The combine in the state Senate made money hand over fist. They had \$1,000 bills to burn. They held up anybody and everybody for anything they could get! On the Lieutenant-Governor's testimony a batch of Senators was indicted. Then the Lieutenant-Governor resigned, and the end of all this is not yet.

In doing his duty Mr. Folk made enemies—thousands of them; enemies that are known to be such and others whose names can not be mentioned without danger of libel suits.

And it is right here that one finds the reason for the bitter fight that has been made upon the circuit attorney in his candidacy for the Governorship, and also for the extreme effort now under way to shunt him off on the national convention.

It is those stenographers' notes that are the bêtes noires of men of wealth and influence. They know that although Mr. Folk can not prosecute them in the courts because of the three years' statute of limitations, yet he is in possession of damning evidence of their guilt, and that so certain as he becomes Governor of Missouri he will be impelled by his sense of duty to make them suffer for their crimes.

The desperation of their tactics in St. Louis and its vicinity was tragic in its intensity and is growing fearful as the days speed by. When the country Democrats demanded that Folk become their stand-

ard-bearer the power that dreaded the consummation of this wish set about its undoing. Harry B. Hawes, president of the Board of Police Commissioners, was compelled to enter the field against the circuit attorney in order that the election machinery of St. Louis might be used. James A. Reed, mayor of Kansas City, was called into service, that the machine in Jackson county might be brought into play. Judge Gantt, of the Supreme Court, also was impressed.

St. Louis County led off in the primary meetings. To defeat the farmers out there four hundred and fifty thugs were sent from the city. A riot resulted, court room furniture was smashed and several persons were injured. The Folk men were compelled to adjourn to another town, where they selected delegates, while the machine men remained in the county seat and named representatives for Hawes.

Primaries were next held in St. Louis (the city and county are separate corporations, something unique in America), and Hawes carried every ward in which there was a contest. How it was done is now being told, day after day, in the criminal courts. Folk adherents were pushed out of line at the polls; when they came back they were beaten and their clothing torn, while policemen stood by and did nothing. Among those assaulted were two sons of David R. Francis, president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and the young men were compelled to use football tactics before they could cast their ballots.

Then the country spoke, and spoke in stentorian tones. County after county swung into the Folk column, until before the first of June enough delegates had been pledged to the circuit attorney to insure his nomination on the first ballot, with many bailiwicks to be heard from.

Immediately the handwriting on the wall became plain; the corporate and individual interests that dread the seating of Joseph W. Folk in the Governor's chair

adopted new tactics, and until the national Democratic convention assembles not a stone will be left unturned to secure Mr. Folk's nomination by that body.

Countless wealth and the strongest influence are thrown into this movement.

And this is the truth of the situation in Missouri.

Genial and open-hearted when he first assumed office, Mr. Folk has become very cautious and conservative; many things which he would have done then he hesitates to do now, for fear that something may occur to compromise him. It is for this reason that he is seldom seen at social functions, and avoids intimate friendships.

He is not an orator; he is a pleader. Enter a court room abruptly while he is arguing a case and his voice impresses you as unpleasant. Listen for a few minutes and you lose the first impression, which was caused by a tendency to the falsetto, and you become interested and pleased with the power of the plea.

Analyze your feelings further, and you will admit that you have become inspired with confidence in the man who is speaking, that confidence which is the keynote of Mr. Folk's success.

People ask, Is this man true or is he a master charlatan? The only answer is his record. So far he has not made a mistake; no proof has been forthcoming that he has compromised with a single evil influence.

In efforts to stop his energetic war the interests that were being opposed sent detectives back to the old home in Tennessee, in endeavor to find some skeleton that could be dangled before his face and frighten him into submission. Nothing resulted.

For nearly three years the character of Joseph Wingate Folk has been under a fierce light, and no dark spot has been found.

They say that he is selfish. Grant it; yet while granting, one is compelled to admit that so far it has proved a glorious selfishness—for the good of the state.

THE STAIRWAY

By Arthur Colton

BERNARD ZULE was an old and stout mender of shoes, who also sold canaries and geraniums in pots. To the right of his shop window was that of the tinker, Galloway, who mended kettles and pans, and even sold new ones. Both windows were darkened and shaken by the elevated railroad. The door to the left of Zule's window led to the stairway and the upper floors. Over and about it were printed signs, "Anna Jane Potter, Washing and Mangling,"—"Third Floor, No. 5, Bottles, Etc."

Zule sat ten hours a day at his window pegging shoes and smoking a black pipe. The pots and cages hung over him in the dim reek of his pipe, and the birds were orange colored instead of yellow.

"It iss the smoke," he said, looking up at them with small twinkling eyes. "It gif die schöne color. Aber ven I beat time mit pegging shoes, sie vill not keep time. Sie vill sing as pleases 'em."

Zule lived in the two rooms over his shop, second floor front, with his round, fat wife, his round, plump daughter, and Mrs. Fabian. Mrs. Fabian was crippled and scarred with burns.

"Bottles" kept his stock of singular glass and crockery ware in his two rooms, third floor front, and went and came daily with glass and crockery in the pockets of his coat. He bought here and there of emigrants, of pawn and curio shops, and at auction sales, but to whom he sold was his trade secret. Other dwellers about the stairway were Rosie Galloway, who was daughter of the tinker, and worked half days in a milliner's store; and the mangling and washing family, namely, Mrs. Potter and her wet soapy children, who overflowed on the stairway and shouted

"Old pauper!" at Mrs. Fabian. Mrs. Fabian had fishy eyes and blue lips, and drank laudanum.

She was burned in a tenement fire over near the river and the Zules took her in till she might recover. But that happened many years back in the history of the stairway. The society of the stairway was democratic but it had standards. It was thought there that she might properly enough be disliked. Rose Galloway told her so. She said, "You snarl and snap and sleep," where at Mrs. Fabian glared murderously, but Rose put her handsome nose in the air and went away. Rose was twenty-five and good looking, Cora Zule thirty-five, solid, slow and plain. On this basis they were intimate friends.

The Zules were a family of settled habits. Once a week, at four in the afternoon of Friday, Mrs. Fabian took the brass clock from the mantel, put it under her shawl, and glared askance and stealthily at Mrs. Zule who would be asleep by the window with a geranium pot in her lap, placid, dumpy and padded in flesh. Then she went out sidelong, crawling crab-like on the stairway. The soapy Potter children fled downward before her, and scattered from the door past the cobbler's window, where Cora stitched the shoe tops, and Zule pegged the soles, and orange colored canaries sang as they pleased. Zule, seeing the soapy children, would say, "It iss Mrs. Fabian mit der clock." She went down, walking sidelong, to the pawnshop in the next block, filled her laudanum bottle at the corner drug store, and returned at twenty minutes to five. The soapy children fled upward before her and collected in the hall above.

At six Zule went after the clock. The

pawnbroker had given over charging a commission on it. Zule put the clock back on the mantel and sat down to supper, while Mrs. Fabian slept and moaned heavily. The family liked settled habits.

So that the opinion of the stairway was, that Mrs. Fabian was a bad lot, and that charity to Mrs. Fabian was unnatural, mysterious. Bottles called her "a cross between general maliciousness and small-pox." She sometimes clawed the soapy children, so that Anna Jane Potter called her "a bad lot."

The stairway tended to put Bottles at the top of its social scale and Mrs. Fabian at the bottom. He was a brisk but secretive man with a large mouth, black hair, and long fingers. His name was Cheevey. Cora Zule worshiped his coming and going, and thought of him as "Mr. Cheevey." Rose Galloway candidly called him "Bottles" to his face, which amused him. He gave her a slim-necked vase of smoky glass, delicately sloped, and ringed at the top like a Doric pillar, and showed her why it was interesting. After that Rosie fell into meditation. Core Zule could not call him "Bottles" even behind his back. She tried it to herself and it scared her. Yet Bottles was a pleasant man. He seemed to be taking more interest of late in the society of the stairway. The affair of the vase happened on a Monday. On Friday following he stopped Mrs. Fabian coming from the drug store, and asked her why Zule did not object to her pawning the clock, to which Mrs. Fabian said viciously: "He'd better not!" looking at Bottles with lusterless and fishy eyes.

Mrs. Fabian knew the opinion of the stairway from Rose Galloway, and from the soapy children's shouting "Old pauper!" over the banisters, though that was all they could do to maintain self-respect in the midst of fear, and seemed to them little enough. She had other desires than the craving for laudanum. She wanted to claw the soapy children; she wanted

them to stop calling her "Old pauper;" she wanted the stairway to look at her in different light. They got into her dreams, thousands of soapy children, and sometimes in the same dreams the other people on the stairway were persuading the Zules to throw her through the window in order that the elevated train might run over her legs; sometimes she saw in her dreams, Rose Galloway's handsome face blistering, hair frizzling and nose melting off, on the coals of the Zule's cooking stove.

"He'd better not!" she said to Bottles.

"Why?" asked Bottles.

Mrs. Fabian reflected and glared fishily.

"Aw! I know too much about him, and her, and Cora Zule. Zule!"

Bottles became interested.

"What do you know?"

"I know a story that's no story. Zule gets off cheap for me. I keep a bargain, I do. I say nothing. I let 'em call me pauper. I keep a bargain."

"Now, Mrs. F. come. The Zules are all right."

Mrs. Fabian snapped and snarled. "Are they? May be you know? May be I don't! You never mind! I found it out! You let me alone!"

She crawled away sidelong. Bottles walked ahead of her to the stairway. "I wonder if she does know something." On the second flight he met Galloway, Rose, and Anna Jane Potter, and told them Mrs. Fabian's words.

"I don't believe it," said Rose valiantly. "Cora is my friend." Mrs. Potter tasted the savour of an intricate scandal. She was a large woman with wide pale blue eyes, that made astonishment seem natural to her. Galloway was fluent and argumentative, a thin, dark-skinned man.

"Twould explain it, d'ye mind," he said. "Who in his senses would be harbörin' disgustin' an' ungrateful calamity widout reason? 'Tis his good heart, says you! Aye, inside of reason to be sure. I'm a kind man meself, but I don't keep

opium drunks in me home, that hocks me clock Friday afternoons, nor Zule, is it likely?—widout reason."

"What reason does Zule give?" asked Bottles.

"Cora says no one else would take care of Mrs. Fabian if they didn't, and that's true," Rose appealed to Bottles, who nodded agreeably.

"And that's no reason," said the tinker.

Bottles answered, "Why, no, I don't see any reason why she should stay alive. She's not my idea of the useful and beautiful," looking at Rose.

Rose yielded something to the influence. "They may have been in trouble sometime. I shall ask Cora."

The soapy children come flowing up the stairway, breathless and confused. Anna Jane Potter cornered and pursued them home to the floor above. Galloway wagged his head shrewdly and went up, too. Mrs. Fabian crawled into the stairway side-long. Rose and Bottles leaned over the banisters and consulted in whispers.

"I've bought a Japanese teapot. Little Jap on it in a black robe with gold spangles, sitting on nothing over a brook with his feet on a cow that has the colic."

"Show it to me."

"Will you call me 'Teapot' instead of 'Bottles'?"

"Perhaps. Why?"

"Sounds more affectionate."

"Then I won't."

"Bottles are dissipated."

"You must be, to have so many."

"I'm going in for teapots now."

Mrs. Fabian glared up at them, and went in at the Zule doorway. Mrs. Zule was not there. Cora was taking a geranium pot from the window. They only kept one geranium pot upstairs, because Mrs. Fabian was apt to smash them to relieve her mind. She settled herself by the stove, took a secret dose from her bottle, hid the bottle again in her pocket, and felt better. The room seemed to her eyes to fill slowly with bluish vapor. She saw

herself no longer called "Old pauper." She saw the stairway now admitting that she was entitled to her support, her chair by the stove and weekly bottle, by virtue of a mysterious secret that gave her power over the Zules, a claim to their service. She gave a thick muffled chuckle and looked at Cora.

"Aw! I'm sorry for you, dearie, I am that."

Cora placidly watered the geranium.

"I see that Galloway girl with the bot-tle man sniggering and snuggling on the stairs. Poor dearie!" She chuckled again.

Cora dropped the spout of the water can, and the water splashed on the floor.

"Aw! She's a bad one! She's a sly one, dearie, but I'll fix her. I know about her. I'll get him for you, dearie. I know a story that's no story."

Cora's plump face flushed.

"You're a bad old woman to talk so. You don't know anything against Rose."

Mrs. Fabian trembled with wrath.

"Maybe I don't. Oh, no! Open the door and see 'em sniggering and snuggling! Maybe she don't know if she lives on the third floor or the fourth. If she lets me alone, I let her alone. Trollop!"

She sank back and closed her eyes, muttered "Fat pigs!" snorted and moaned and slept.

Cora slowly put down the watering can, crept to the door and opened it. Bottles and Rose had left the banister, but she could hear their voices in the hall overhead. She heard them go into Bottles' room. After that she could not hear them. She went down the stairway to the shop, and sat stitching shoe tops till it grew dusky behind the shadowed and shaken window. The canaries subsided, twittered sleepily. Zule went out to get the clock.

She heard Rose Galloway in the stairway, laughing and talking to the Potter children. Presently Rose came into the shop and demanded:

"What does Mrs. Fabian know about

you? She says she knows a secret. She told Bottles."

Cora stopped her stitching, flushed, and asked quickly, "What did she tell him?"

"Oh, just that she knew something. She's an awful old liar. You haven't any secret to be ashamed of, have you?"

Cora bent over her stitching and was silent.

"Why don't you say?"

"Have *you* any secret?"

"Have I?"

Cora choked and said, "Go away!"

"Well, I declare!" Rose went up the stairway in wrath, to tell Bottles and Anna Jane Potter that there "*was* something."

Mrs. Fabian slept, with her scarred face leaning back and blue lips apart, while the stairway rearranged its opinions.

II

Zule's shop window was a noisy place. The elevated railroad sent long thundering pulsations past it. All day one heard tapping and clicking feet on the sidewalk, wagons and drays rattling on the cobbles, voices of men and women calling and talking. And there was Zule's hammer pounding shoe soles, and the canaries that sang over head anyway they pleased. But all this was not unpleasant when one was used to it. The smell of leather and geraniums was a good smell. Zule and Cora liked better to be in the shop than upstairs. They liked leather and canaries and geraniums, the clatter and company of the shop. Mrs. Zule liked geraniums, too, but the best of all things, it seemed to her, was to sit in her window upstairs, holding a little pot of geraniums in her lap so that Mrs. Fabian might not smash it, for in the afternoon the sunlight shone in, and she could go to sleep, lulled by the elevated trains and the drays that rattled on the cobbles. This irritated Mrs. Fabian, who would crawl across the room in

order, if possible, to knock the geranium pot on the floor and relieve her mind. But Mrs. Zule held it tightly in her sleep and breathed softly. Then Mrs. Fabian would jog the chair till Mrs. Zule was awake, and Mrs. Fabian would say, "Don't drop the pot, dearie," and crawl back to her chair with a muffled chuckle, feeling better. Mrs. Zule, knowing that Mrs. Fabian felt better, would go to sleep again.

It could not be said that the Zule's lost social position through Mrs. Fabian's "story." But though the children still fled before Mrs. Fabian, they were taught not to call her "Old pauper." Galloways, Potters and Bottles now all nodded to her respectfully. They smiled and said, "Hope you're feeling well, Mrs. Fabian." Mrs. Fabian uttered muffled uncanny chuckles. It was thought on the stairway, that unless she were conciliated she might make a disclosure, and that the Zules ought to be helped in keeping her peaceful. Galloway fell into the habit of sitting in Zule's shop after supper and hinting at crimes of his own, committed when he was young and reckless.

"It was not me bad heart. It was misfortunes led me asthary. It was the vi'ience of me youth. It was not me bad heart."

He thought this would help Zule to bear his remorse. Outwardly Zule seemed untroubled, but Galloway thought, "Ah, the poor mon! Wid the pit av ruin hangin' over his head!"

Zule said, "It iss mit der heart as mit der canary. It vill not keep time mit pegging of shoes."

A week had passed after Mrs. Fabian raised her social position. It was Friday afternoon again, but only one o'clock. She had spilled some laudanum that week and felt the loss. The cork came out in her pocket. She muttered and twisted in her chair. When Mrs. Zule was asleep she went across, kicked and joggled her, tugged at the geranium pot till Mrs. Zule

was awake. Then she crawled back sidelong to her chair, but felt no better. Mrs. Zule did not know that she felt no better, and slept again. Mrs. Fabian muttered and glared at the clock. She did not want to break her habit, but the clock pointed to half-past one. She got up, pulled her shawl over her head, took down the clock, hid it under her shawl, looked stealthily at Mrs. Zule, crept sidelong, and opened the door to the stairway. Bottles and Rose stood on the stairs above.

"Hullo, Mrs. F!" he shouted. "You'll wear out that clock," and Rose said, "You're an hour too early."

Mrs. Fabian started and dropped the clock.

The glass front was shattered on the floor.

"Mind your business," she shrieked, "you and your trollop, you Bottles!"

"What's that?" Bottles came swiftly down the stairs.

"Das't you touch me!" Mrs. Fabian raved, backing against the door, clutching the door-knob. "I know a story! Melt off her nose! Sizzle her hair! Impudence!"

Bottles stood before her, and she clawed at his face.

"Aw! I see Cora Zule crying her pig eyes out for you. I see you sniggering and snuggling, you and your trollop. She stops one flight too low. I know your games! Cora knows your games! Sizzle her nose off! Trollop!"

She picked up the clock and backed through the door, shaking loose fingers at Bottles, who backed against the banister and stared after her. Inside she slammed the door, crawled to her chair and sat down, moaning, hiding the clock under her shawl. Mrs. Zule was awake, and wondered why Mrs. Fabian felt no better.

The Potter children were collected at the bottom of the first flight, and gazed up with open mouths. Anna Jane Potter leaned over the banisters of the floor

above, foretasting intricate scandal. Bottles paid them no attention. He went slowly up to where Rose Galloway sat on the stairs and sobbed behind her fingers.

"Rosie," he said gravely, "I believe she's been telling lies all over the shop, sizzle her nose, if she hasn't! Anyhow, Rosie, I love you at the gait of a mile a minute. I guess you know it already. Widow Potter knows it now. She's listening over the banisters."

Mrs. Potter sniffled audibly, tearfully, not from resentment. But she would not give up her advantage.

"Didn't you know it?" persisted Bottles.

Rosie did not move, or speak, or uncover her face.

"Well, never mind that. Will you, Rosie, marry me, Bottles? Mrs. Potter's waiting."

Rose sprang up suddenly, and, without speaking, ran down the two flights, scattering the soapy children from the street door. Bottles and Anna Jane Potter were astonished.

"She didn't say no," gasped Mrs. Potter at last. Bottles rubbed his hair ruefully.

"Look here! Did you run away from the late Potter?"

She shook her head.

"I was settin' down, but I stayed set."

After a silence she sighed.

"I've got to sweep up that glass, or they'll cut their fingers. If you have more'n six you'll be sorry."

Bottles went thoughtfully to his rooms. The glass and crockery ware stood about on tiers of shelves. He stared at the Japanese teapot, on which a little Japanese man was represented sitting on the air over a brook with his feet on a convulsed cow. He thought, "Am I Teapots, or am I Bottles?"

Rose Galloway ran into Zule's shop, where Zule sat pegging shoes and Cora stitching the tops. She dropped on her knees and put her arms about Cora, who

was about to say, "Go away!" but thought better of it. Zule turned his head a moment, and then went on with his pegging.

"He wants to marry me," sobbed Rose. "Bottles! But—but I won't if you care. Did Mrs. Fabian tell lies about me, too? I—I didn't know what made you act so. I didn't, Cora. We thought Mrs. Fabian knew something awful about you all. She said it was why you kept her. But I won't care for him if you do. I won't! I won't!"

Cora sighed heavily and rubbed her hot face with her hand.

"I wish no one but my father knew."

Zule put down his hammer. The canaries were boisterous. An elevated train went by and shook the window. Rose gasped, "I'll settle Mrs. Fabian anyhow!"

Zule turned about on his bench, rested

his elbow on his massive knee, puffed his pipe placidly.

"Yoi don't do it, Rosie. I hear Mrs. Fabian tell she knew a story of me and my woman and Cora! Vell! She iss old woman. She haf her bad stomach, so I denk she don' feel good. No? She don' know story. Aber I see little children don' call her 'old pauper' no more. Vell, das iss all right."

He gazed up with small, twinkling eyes between their wrinkled folds of flesh,— "It iss better if she don' take laudanum, but tobacco iss good for canaries."

The Potter children flowed in confusion past the window.

Cora wiped her eyes and sighed. "I will sew your nice dress that you marry in, Rosie," she said; and Zule, "It iss Mrs. Fabian mit der clock."

THE PRODIGAL

By Theodosia Garrison

WHEN I came to you banned, dishonored,
Brother of yours no more,
And raised my hands where your roof-tree stands,
Why did you open the door?

When I came to you starving, thirsting,
Beggared of aught but sin,
Why did you rise with welcoming eyes
And lift me and bid me in?

You have set me the first at the feast
And robed me in tenderness,
Yet, brothers of mine, these tears for sign
That I would your grace were less.

For I had not been crushed by your hate
Who courted the pain thereof,
But you stab me through when you give anew,
Oh brothers, your love—your love!

DEATH AND THE DRUMMING WHEELS

By Francis Lynde

III

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

The Third of a Series of Articles on the Loss of Life by Railway Accidents in America

INVESTIGATING the causes, real or apparent, of the ever-recurring railroad disaster, one learns quickly to draw a clean line of distinction between sheer mental or moral inadequacy, and temporary mental or physical unfitness in the human accessory.

No man lives on the hilltop all the time; and in the sags a measurably fit man loses something in effectiveness. A physician would say that momentary aberration, absent-mindedness, uncertain nerves, lapses of memory and the mental erraticism which makes a man read "Train Number 2" in an order which says plainly "*Second Train Number 2,*" are symptoms, and would prescribe shredded wheat biscuit and barley water, or beefsteak and tonics, as his particular school of medicine chanced to be food-wise or food-foolish. And in many cases his diagnosis charging these passing vaguenesses to physical unfitness would be the true one. How else are we to account for accidents like the following; the most remarkable, if not the most terrible, in the long list of 1908?

At 6:12 on the evening of January 27, John Davis, the engineer of train Number 621, a Philadelphia "hourly" on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, took the starting signal at Jersey City and pulled out for the fast run across the state. His record was irreproachable. He was a sober, sane, reliable man, selected, in a service where selection means merit, to drive one of the twelve finest and fastest trains on the line. He could have had no thought

of disaster as his powerful engine gathered headway on the outward rush through the Jersey City yards. With ample power, a train equipment faultless in its mechanical part, running over a line beaconed from end to end by the most approved electro-pneumatic automatic block signal system, with orders perfectly clear and well understood, there was nothing to disconcert him.

The Central Railroad of New Jersey is a four-track road as far as Bound Brook. Fifteen minutes ahead of Davis, and on the same track, was the Easton express, a slower train, which, as scheduled, would be switched over to track No. 3 at Cranford Junction to allow Number 621 to pass. So we may figure the engineer of the Philadelphia train driving westward through the clear January evening, passing block after block, noting each distant and home signal as it came in sight, and getting the best out of the big, high-speed Baldwin as he paced her against the quick card-time of the fast train.

The trouble that was brewing for Davis was no real trouble; it was merely a slight disarrangement of the regular order of things. A train ahead on track No. 3 was brought to a stand a short distance east of Plainfield station. This compelled the Easton train to proceed on track No. 1 beyond Cranford Junction, a movement for which proper train orders were issued by the train despatcher, addressed to both the Easton train and to train Number 621. A short distance west

of Westfield the Easton train was, in its turn, brought to a stand to give necessary attention to a hot box on the engine. This was on a stretch of perfectly straight track extending for several miles, with a clear view and no obstructions; and under the perfect automatic signaling system in use on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the home and distant signals at Westfield and beyond went instantly to "Danger" and "Caution" to warn the oncoming Philadelphia train, and in addition to these signals two flagmen were out with their red lights and torpedoes.

At Cranford Junction, the station east of Westfield, the train despatcher had placed the order addressed to train Number 621, advising the conductor and engineer of the fact that the Easton express would run ahead of them on track No. 1 to Dunellen, and the operator on duty had placed his red lantern (indicating train orders) in position to stop Number 621. At the critical moment he saw that the train was not slackening speed. He rushed out to give hand signals, but was too late; and when the train had thundered past he ran back to his office and tried to tell the despatcher that Number 621 had disregarded his signal.

This operator was the last man able to report upon the apparent fitness of John Davis. The engineer was at his cab window, alive, alert, watchful. Yet two, or at most three minutes later he had passed the red lanterns and the automatic danger signals; had hurled his train at full speed and with throttle open and brake-cock untouched, into the rear end of the Easton express, which had meantime gotten under headway; and was himself lying the bruised and dying wreck of a man in the midst of the havoc he had wrought.

How are we to account for such seemingly unaccountable failures as this unless upon the hypothesis of an unexpected lapse of the man's powers of mind or body under a strain ill borne, or borne so long as to dull the keen edge of instant apprehension?

Ropes there be that fray and give warning; and there are others that part suddenly under the surge of the test-weight. The Central Railroad of New Jersey is a well managed line, with track, equipment and a signal system excelled, perhaps, by those of no other American railway. And as modern usage goes, it is humane to its employés, insisting upon what are at present considered short working hours and generous intervals of rest between duty and duty.

But it is an open question if, even on the best managed roads, the rest interval for men in fast service is long enough. The nervous strain consequent upon running a train a mile a minute over the shortest locomotive division is something terrific, and quite beyond the comprehension of those who measure the speed only by the backward flitting landscape at the window of a luxuriously appointed Pullman. Structural unities, man or metal, may be subjected to certain strains from the effects of which the nervous system of the man, or the atomic integrity of the metal, will recover when the strain is relaxed. But there is a point beyond which we pass—with man or metal—at our peril. Outward signs of permanent impairment there may be none; nevertheless, retrogradation has set in; and one day the bridge or the building will collapse, the machine will stop, the man will grope blindly for his reserve of steadiness, of alertness, of thought and action welded in the white heat of some terribly crucial instant of stress—and will grope in vain.

So it comes about that some portion of the black-lined account may be charged off to disability in train service employés. Sometimes it is purely physical, as when an engineer loses the power to distinguish between different colors. Color-blindness may be either a disease or a congenital lack. In the latter case it is usually discovered before the man reaches the danger-breeding round in the ladder of promotion; but there are instances of record

in which the visual power has failed suddenly.

Singularly enough, the tendency on the part of railway operating officers is to make too much, rather than too little, of sight idiosyncrasies. The "eye-test" as at present conducted on many lines is absurdly minute and technical. An engineer who may not experience the slightest difficulty in distinguishing between a spot of red, or a spot of yellow light at a semaphore masthead or on a switch standard, and who could instantly differentiate between either and a spot of green, is given a bunch of rainbow-hued silk skeins and is told to sort them by their multi-various shades. Being a man of large action rather than an aesthete or an expert in ribbon matching, he is likely to have trouble. Capable men, with perfectly fit signal-light eyesight, are occasionally thrown out because they can not tell the difference between some shades of blue and green by artificial light—a test which not even the ribbon counter salesman can always pass successfully.

It is given as an opinion that color-blindness does not often figure among the accident causes. In a railway service experience covering twenty years, the writer does not recall a single instance within the limits of personal verification in which it was clearly proved to be the cause of a disaster. But there are other disabilities, physical or physico-mental, in train-men, enginemen, block and station operators, signalmen and switch tenders which do undoubtedly add handsomely to the magnitude of the train accident death list. Broken nerve is a disease, rather than a mental incapacity; and the momentary aberration or absent-mindedness considered in the case of the Central Railroad of New Jersey engineer, which has caused more wrecks than the most carefully prepared volume of statistics will ever show, falls in the same category. Aphasia, or the slipping of a cog in the memory wheel, is as much a physical as a mental derange-

ment; and the man who is in passably good health is not likely to become the victim of that form of mental viscosity which makes him read "second" for "first" in a train order merely because he has been thinking "second."

What is commonly called "broken nerve" is an ailment peculiar to men engaged in nerve-trying or hazardous employments. Sometimes it is caused by a shock and a narrow escape; in which case it is generally incurable. A structural-steel mechanic once told me the story of a fellow workman who was noted for his daring. A height of a hundred feet in air, with only a narrow plank between him and a shapeless death, was apparently the same as the solid earth to him. But one day the plank slipped. The workman clutched at the I-bar he was riveting, swung shrieking for a long minute over the abyss of space—and was rescued. But they had to lower him to the ground in the bight of a derrick-fall; and his fine nerve was gone forever.

Things like this happen now and again in the train service; but oftener the shattered nerve is the result of over-work or long-continued strain. Like the riveter's, however, it comes suddenly; or at all events its climaxing is sudden. Some fine morning the man who, the day before, took out his train with no thought of the extra hazard of engine-driving, and no heavier sense of responsibility than the ordinary man carries in sitting down to his dinner, finds himself strangely shaken and uncertain. The exciting cause may be purely mental, such as a half-hour in the "sweat-box" with the division superintendent for fast running or its equally reprehensible opposite; or it may be plainly a case for drugs and the doctor, or for a sanatorium and the rest-cure. But whatever snaps the overstrained thread, the result is the same. The man is a bundle of quick-set nerves. He starts like a timid girl at the stuttering roar of his own pop-valve. The clang of the signal gong sets

his teeth on edge, and the careless slamming of the fire-box door makes him clutch for hand-holds. Once out on the line with his train he becomes possessed of two devils; one warning him that he will be killed if he makes his time, and the other assuring him that he will lose his job if he does not make it.

An engineman in this condition is more than a menace to public safety; he is a full-fledged threat. If he be wise, he will report for a lay-off, investing the time in the largest amount of rest it will purchase. But human nature in the train-service employé differs in no respect from human nature in the mass. Nine times out of ten the man with the shattered nerve "toughs it out," or tries to; and when the almost certainly inevitable crash follows, he goes down with his engine, not, as the newspapers frequently put it, because he was heroic enough to stick to his post while death was reaching for him, but because he was too badly unnerved to leave it after he had done the few things an engineer can do to avert an impending disaster.

Fortunately for the traveling public this death-inviting form of neurasthenia is not as common as it might be; not as common as it will be in the near future if the number of high speed trains goes on increasing, and the rest interval for the men in charge of them is not lengthened to fit the strain. Taking them as a class, train service employés live sanely and well; are as regular in their habits as an exacting occupation will permit; and are much in the open air. These are conditions which make for good digestion and sound nerves; and so the man be not over-worked he will trouble the nerve specialist as little as any. But there is another form of disability—altogether mental, this—which is more fatal chiefly because it is more common: the preoccupied moment which comes now and then to the railway employé, just as it does to every son of Adam.

Once, in the years before consolidation

and the upbuilding of great railway systems had made it next to impossible for division or motive power superintendents to know their men personally, this present writer had occasion to question what seemed to be a bit of gratuitous brutality on the part of a certain master-mechanic. A fireman, waiting in the round-house bunk-room for his engineer to come down, was found absorbed in a book. "What's that you're reading, Dickson?" demanded the master-mechanic, sharply. It proved to be nothing more deleterious than a text-book on physics; but the reprimand came promptly. "Well, you leave your book at home. When you come on duty, your business is to fire the ten-seven."

Referring to the incident afterward, I ventured to say that a disposition on the part of the fireman to study books having a direct bearing on his trade seemed rather commendable than censurable; but the "boss" disagreed. "The thing itself is all right, but I don't want Dickson to be thinking of x plus y minus z when he ought to be investing his entire thought capital in keeping steam on the ten-seven. Taking it up one side and down the other, I haven't much use for the bookish engineer, anyway. I want the man who works for us to be all railroad all the time. If he isn't, I don't know what minute he won't skip a stitch and call out the wreck-train."

It looks a bit unprogressive when it is set out in cold type. But at bottom the contention of the hard-headed master-mechanic had a grounding in reason. Preoccupation is the failing of the man with the introspective or reflective temperament; and such men have no business in a calling which demands instant and sustained concentration on the routine detail of an intensely practical trade. Unless a train service employé can be morally certain that he will be consciously "at himself" from the moment he goes on duty to the moment his day's work is finished, he had much better seek a safer occupation.

And the chances are that it will be more in harmony with his special gifts. I once knew an engineman whose other ambition was to grind verse, and who had remained on speaking terms with his academy Latin and Greek. But he was notably the poorest mechanician on the division; and we never heard that his smattering of the dead languages helped in the understanding of a train order.

This man—he is no longer a menace to public safety—confesses that one dark night when he was rounding a long curve with a passenger train behind him, and the thumping of a loose crank-pin bearing reminding him insistently of Vergil's famous horse-galloping line, "*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu,*" the little used switch of an old gravel-pit track swung into the field of the headlight. For the second or two necessary for the transition from Vergil and the Augustan Age to the United States and the matter in hand, he did nothing. Then he realized suddenly that the switch was open. Prompt action in the few seconds that remained made the threatened disaster nothing worse than a stabbing of the gravel bank by the derailed locomotive; but the incident carries its own moral.

Aphasia is another kind of absent-mindedness, commoner than pure abstraction or preoccupation, and looming large in the field of this discussion only when it becomes a part of the applied mentality useful in running a railroad train. Bad memory can scarcely be classified as a disease, yet it is a well-known fact that it is aggravated by certain physical conditions. Ask any man who has just looked at his watch what time it is, and it is an even chance that he will have to look again before he can tell you. Ask a tired man, and the chance of his having to look again becomes a 99 per cent. certainty. So it is when a wearied train crew, on duty for more than the usual number of hours, falls to figuring on meeting or passing points; there is always the greatly in-

creased possibility that something will be forgotten or overlooked.

In the first three-quarters of 1903 no less than fourteen collisions, killing nine persons and injuring fifty-one, were caused by these "overlookings," and in the latter part of the previous year a very notable passenger collision in which sixty-nine persons were injured was due to the same cause. Where both engineman and conductor forget the same thing at the same time, there is something more than a curious coincidence, and a thoughtful analyst will discard the chance theory and dig deeper for the cause. It is to be found in the great majority of instances in long hours and over-work. Men there are who collapse only after the strain is off; but a far greater number begin to go to pieces in the mid-stress of it. In one rear collision of last year the leading train left its conductor and rear flagman behind at its last station stop. A hot journal halted it between stations, and as there was no one to go back with a flag, the collision occurred. Such a hopeless muddle would be wholly inexplicable if we leave out the foot-note in the column of causes: "Entire crew on duty nineteen hours and ten minutes." Another rear collision in the same quarter of the year is accounted for in four words: "Brakeman failed to flag." But a little deeper probing brings to light the cause of the cause. At the moment of collision this particular brakeman had been on duty continuously for twenty-three hours and thirty-five minutes.

But the wreck due to the failure of an over-wrought trainman need not be considered here. In such cases the responsibility is corporate, and not individual; the real sickness is moral, and of the company—a sickness of which the unfitness of the employé is only a symptom.

One other mental infirmity in the train service man contributes liberally every year to the sum total of killings and woundings. It is the erraticism by which the eye sees, not what really is, but what

was expected. Suppose a train crew, waiting at a station for orders establishing a meeting point with Train 7, receives an order against Second 7. Unless one of the two men most vitally concerned, the waiting conductor or engineman, is consciously alert, the suggestion of what was expected may transfer itself to the order which was actually received, and the word "second" will efface itself.

This seems so incredible as to be well nigh impossible of belief; but as a matter of fact, lapses of this kind are by no means rare enough to be exceptional. One of the most familiar of the newspaper headlines is "Misread Orders," and the misreading in a majority of instances is of the kind in question. Though the Associated Press account of the collision of July 26, 1903, on the Chicago Great Western does not so state specifically, it is evident that the train crew responsible for the accident read the order against Second No. 1 with the word "second" omitted. The freight train, whose meeting point with the Twin Cities Limited seems to have been Dodge Center, received an order at that station against the second section of the Limited, which was three hours late. Reading the order as against No. 1, instead of *Second* No. 1, the freight crew pulled out and met the Limited, which was on time, in a butting collision.

In the second quarter of 1903, a butting collision between a passenger and a freight was due to the same kind of an error in which two men, the conductor and engineer of the freight, participated. Previous to receiving the order the crew of the freight had been figuring on their probable meeting point with the passenger, No. 2. When the order came it was clear, simple and exact, written in the usual form of a "run late" order, and it stated that *Second* 2 would run one hour and thirty minutes late. When the freight left the station the flagman was on the engine, and he asked the engineman what

his orders were. The reply was "One hour and thirty minutes on No. 2." A little later the flagman went back to the caboose, and, upon asking the same question of the conductor, received identically the same answer, showing that both men had overlooked the word "second" in the order.

A few weeks later in the year one of the worst of the butting collisions, a passenger and freight commingling which killed twenty-two persons and injured twenty-five others, was chargeable in part to a similar slip in order-reading by the conductor of the freight. The time given in the order was twenty minutes: the conductor read it one hour and twenty minutes. But the fault in this instance was not all his. The engineman took the train-man's word for it, and did not read the order at all.

Carelessness, figuring as an epidemic disease, can hardly be classed with the disaster causes. Like the physical unfitness of over-worked train-men, it is usually nothing more than a symptom. It accounts in part, in a very considerable part, for the two or three thousand annual killings and the fifty-odd thousand maimings in the employés' class. Railway executive officers have a lively interest in everything which touches the safety and well-being of the passenger; but it can not truthfully be said that this solicitude always extends to the unfortunate employé. In no uncertain sense the modern railway is a feudalism in that phase of it which has to do with the relations of master and man. In an accident where only employés are involved, the facts are not always to be had for the asking. On the contrary, the attitude of the managements seems to be fairly defined in the reply made by a Colorado division superintendent to a newspaper reporter—a very young man, was this reporter—who went to headquarters for the facts concerning a wreck. "Why, it was a work-train!" said this astonished sub-oligarch of the

railway system. "The public has nothing to do with it. The men involved were our men—our employés!"

There were three very ghastly work-train horrors during the year 1903, and one other with some extenuating circumstances. To the managing officers of three of the four lines concerned the writer addressed a courteous letter, asking for the simple facts. One of these letters, that to the Missouri Pacific Railway, remains unanswered; the reply from the Pennsylvania Company was a crisp refusal to give the data; but the Great Northern Railway broke the tradition by furnishing the frankest possible statement of the facts. In this last-named case there was no contributory negligence on the part of the management. The line is well officered; its discipline is good; and there was a specific rule which, had it been observed, would have prevented the fatalities or reduced them to a minimum. The long death roll was due to what might be termed a sporadic outburst of carelessness in the crew of the trespassing train.

These sporadic attacks of carelessness or recklessness in men who are ordinarily competent and trustworthy account for some exceedingly terrible disasters, and they are as nearly unexplainable as any problem that ever confronts the railway operating officer.

The wreck of the Purdue excursion train in the Big Four yards at Indianapolis on October 31, 1903, is chargeable to a lapse of this kind on the part of an engineer who had hitherto borne an excellent reputation for carefulness and good work. He was running on a "Form F" order which gave him the right of way over other trains, but which did not give him the right to approach the Indianapolis yards at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with his train not under control. Under ordinary conditions it is to be supposed that he would as soon have thought of running with his eyes shut as of dashing into a busy yard at such a rate of speed;

yet this is what he did, and one of the most dreadful horrors of the year was the result.

The wreck of the fast mail on the Southern Railway near Danville, Virginia, on September 27, 1903, is attributable to the same cause. The train, consisting entirely of mail and express cars, was approaching Danville at a high rate of speed. At the point of the accident there is a sharp curve, a steep down grade and a high trestle. There is a "slow" board and a "yard limits" board protecting the danger point, and all trains are instructed to approach carefully. Yet in this instance the man at the throttle seems to have had a sudden attack of carelessness, since he disregarded the warnings and the rule, and plunged his train into the rocky ravine, killing the entire crew, five mail clerks and one express messenger, and injuring six mail clerks and the other messenger.

But carelessness in the main is not sporadic; it is a symptom of a deep-seated disease which shall be placarded in its proper place; a disease *not* of the individual employé. His disabilities have been sufficiently briefed here, and they have been given precedence in the category of causes in a spirit of fairness, and to clear the way for the more serious charge which lies at the door of the public and of the railway management.

For, taking it by and large, the rank and file of the great railway army is capable and efficient to a degree unexcelled by the best-drilled military organization, and seldom equalled by the working force of any other of the great industries. Let it be well-fed, well-rested, well-officered, and it will do its part in the prevention of accidents faithfully and effectively.

And let nothing herein set down be taken as a reflection upon the intelligence or the fortitude of this army as a whole. Nothing could be farther from the truth. No trade in the long list of modern industries calls for better men, physically

and intellectually; and none makes a larger draft upon the reserves of health and strength and mental poise.

Consider the case of an engineer driving a fast passenger train on a line working well up to its traffic capacity. In addition to a physique fit and vigorous enough to stand the wear and tear and strain of the actual work, this man must be a thinking man, clear-headed, sane, alert. In the field of mental vision he must carry a complete and minute map of the line, and the detail of this map must be as familiar in the darkest night as at noon-day; he must know where every siding is located; he must be able to recognize instantly every signal, not only on the open line, but in the crowded terminals with their mazes of side-tracks, crossovers and switch-lights; he must know to

a nicety every gradient and every crook and turn in the devious path he has to traverse at lightning speed; and above all, he must be a man of instant decision, with a crowning gift in the ability to transmute thought into action so swiftly as to make them one in time.

That there are thousands of such men in the railway service is proved by the safe transit of hundreds of thousands of passengers and millions of tons of freight each year. That there are exceptions; or that, good men being found, they are sometimes disqualified for safe work by causes over which they have no individual control; is a phase of the subject which shall have a chapter to itself; a chapter whose title may be borrowed from that page of the accident report headed, "Fixing the Responsibility."

HOW HE CAME HOME

AN INCIDENT IN THE INTERESTING CAREER OF MR. DECK MELTON

By Wood Levette Wilson

DECK MELTON stood in front of the Mansion House and looked diagonally across the traffic-thronged street at a squatly building of dingy stone. It was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—the Bank of England.

"And just to think," he muttered to himself, as he thrust his hands down into his almost empty pockets in a truly American attitude, "how much is stowed away in that pile of dirty stone!"

The traffic ebbed and flowed at the will of the white-gloved bobby who fearlessly stood in the middle of its course. Protected by his dark-blue uniform and by the red and white striped band around

the lower part of his left sleeve, he feared neither cab, 'bus nor van. Unofficial wayfarers might be caught in the tangle of vehicles sometimes, and dragged away to a weary convalescence in a hospital, but the power of London's traffic managers was too great for them to fear such a mishap.

"There's nothing else for it, I guess," thought Deck, with a sigh, as he moved toward the subway. "It grinds a little to do it, but I've got to get home some way, or starve. How good it will be to see the sky-scrappers sticking up into the blue once more!"

With a feeling that he had accepted the inevitable, he passed without hesitation

down into the subway, and, walking along its white-walled passage, ascended in front of the Royal Exchange and continued along Threadneedle Street through the crowd of men in silk hats and frock coats, who manage the finances of England, and men in silk hats and sack coats who help them do so.

The September afternoon was warm, for an unwonted amount of sunshine was filtering through the smoke-thickened air, and the little used instruments in far-away Victoria Street were strangely busy registering its official quantity. In the shade of a line of stern-looking banks and insurance buildings along the south side of the street, Deck threw open his well-fitting blue serge coat and pushed his Panama back on his head.

"They're a queer lot," he mused, as he passed along among the snugly-coated and heavy-hatted throng. "Last week at Henley, with the temperature fifteen degrees lower and the clouds so thick the sun couldn't have got through them with dynamite, they were wearing flannels and white duck. I guess clothes are not so much a matter of weather over here as of what you're doing and where you're doing it."

"Wax lights, sir? Vestas?" The voice was thin, and wavered a little—possibly the waver was professional.

Deck looked on. At the edge of the sidewalk a girl of fifteen or sixteen, thin, ragged and dirty, was holding out toward him a half-opened blue box of red-headed wax matches.

"Only a penny, sir!" she added, with an appealing look in her mud-colored eyes.

Deck dropped a sixpence into her hand, and she thrust the box at him.

"No, I don't want the matches," he said. "I'm just staking you for luck."

The wonder in the girl's eyes showed that she had no comprehension of the phrase, but her "Thank you," with its rising accent, was prompt, and, as far as

the timbre of her voice could make it so, hearty.

"If I can get back my luck by that, it will be cheap," thought Deck, as he moved on, "but, by George, if it would cost much more, I couldn't buy a cinch!"

From Threadneedle Street he turned into Bishopsgate Within, and passed along the east side to the gateway that marks St. Helen's Place. Then he stopped, and looked down the short stretch of the Place. At the extreme end, on the right hand side, he saw what he was looking for. From a short, slender staff fastened to the railings that led up to the last house floated a small American flag indicating the office of the Consul General of the United States.

Turning out of the hurly-burly of the thoroughfare, he walked along the almost deserted *cul-de-sac* of the Place toward the flag. When he reached it he stopped and gazed at it for nearly a minute.

"You certainly do look good to me!" he exclaimed, half aloud to the bit of red, white and blue bunting.

A grimy looking man who was leisurely sweeping out the doorway of the quaint little hall of the Worshipful Guild of Leathersellers, across the way, stopped his work with as near a startled look as his dully-cast features could assume, and stared at this strange man who spoke aloud when alone. Then he resumed his work with methodical slowness. It was only an American, and Americans were likely to do anything.

Deck entered the consulate, and was met in the passage by a pale-faced young man, who had "clerk" plainly marked in his whole appearance.

"I'd like to speak to the Consul General," said Deck, with American brevity and lack of explanation.

"'E's very busy, sir," said the clerk, half apologetically, for Deck was well-dressed, in a quiet manner, and spoke with the air of a man who was accustomed to get what he asked for.

"Very well," said Deck, as he seated himself in a chair that was standing against the wall, "I'll wait. It is very important that I see him this afternoon, and I wish you would let me know when he is at leisure," he added, impressively, as he handed the young man half a crown.

"Quite so, sir! And what name shall Hi s'y?"

Deck handed him a card.

Quite so, sir," repeated the clerk, as he bowed and disappeared behind a glass-mounted partition.

"I hope there will be something in this call," mused Deck, as he settled himself to wait in patience as long as might be necessary, "as it has been expensive. Let's see—sixpence to the match girl and half a crown to the 'clark'—that's three shillings. I could live a day and a half at some of these little joints for that—if it could be called living. Home, sweet home! By George, it seems good to be even here with the real flag flying out in front."

"The Consul General will see you now, sir," said the clerk, reappearing presently from behind the glass-mounted partition. The half-crown had been effective.

Deck followed the clerk toward a frosted glass door, which the young man opened, and then announced:

"Mr. Decker Melton, of New York, sir."

As Deck entered the door was closed behind him.

The Consul General ran a quick glance over his visitor, and then assumed a receptive expression. He was a tall, rather spare man, with an erect, military bearing, clad in the conventional black frock coat of officialdom. His face was dark and somewhat seamed, but not unpleasant; his dark hair had been slightly thinned by age, and he wore a drooping mustache and small imperial, which further strengthened the impression that he had seen military service.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he said.

"My name is Decker Melton," said

Deck, "and I live in New York when I'm in God's country."

There was the faintest indication of a smile in the slight twitching of the wrinkles at the corners of the Consul General's eyes. He had much experience with these fellow countrymen of his, who grew more aggressive in their fondness for their country the longer they stayed away from it; and, unofficially, he heartily agreed with them.

"Shall I retire?" asked a deep voice that gave a strong Hebraic twist to a German accent.

Deck turned toward the speaker, who had half risen from his chair in the corner. He was of ponderous figure, dressed, from the shining silk hat which he carried in his hand to his yellow stitched patent leathers, in garments that were just a trifle too striking for good taste. Across his ample paunch stretched a heavy gold watch chain, and in his Ascot tie was a diamond whose yellow tinge alone prevented it from being almost priceless. His bald head shone with the polish of time-seasoned ivory, and above his bushy-black burnsides, his face showed the dull red of good living. From beneath the dark eyes that twinkled with shrewdness, a hooked nose hung over a heavy black mustache.

"Not on my account," answered Deck, carelessly. "I haven't anything to say that I want to keep dark, though I can't say that I'm particularly proud of my song."

The man in the corner sank back in his chair. Turning again to the Consul General, Deck went on.

"I suppose you hear all kinds of hard luck stories here so I'll make mine short."

The Consul General nodded appreciatively.

"And I know," Deck continued, "that you can't do much to help us innocents who come over here so wise that you just can't keep them from being skinned by people who couldn't fool a policeman at

home. So if I don't get anything from you but good advice I'll be better off than I am now."

The Consul General nodded more affably this time. Here was an unusual type; a man who appreciated official limitations, and was reasonable in his attitude and expectations.

"I'll be glad, of course, Mr. Melton," he said, pleasantly, "to be of any service to you that I can."

"Of course, you've guessed by this time that I'm broke, and want to get back to the only country on earth that's worth living in. And this is the way it happened.

"I came over here about three months ago with plenty, and, as I didn't know how long I'd want to stay, I didn't fix myself for passage back; just thought I'd wait till I got ready, and then buy a berth and pull out.

"Well, I went the rounds—Paris, Baden Baden, Monte Carlo and all that sort of thing—and I broke about even. Then I thought I'd try the game at Ostend. I take off my hat to the Ostenders; they're too good for me! When I came out of my trance, I had just about enough left to take a quick pike at London and the suburbs, and get back to Broadway. So I came here, and had my letter of credit turned into those handbills that pass for money here—thirty-five pounds in dodgers stowed away in my vest pocket, and five pounds in gold and silver for handy use in my trousers.

"Now, this is the part of it that I'm ashamed of. Last night I went to the Hippodrome—alone, for I don't know anybody here. There was a full house, and coming out I got into an awful push. People kept bumping up against me until they nearly bumped and squeezed the wind out of me; but I was too wise to know the difference—till I got back to the hotel! Then I found my thirty-five pounds in black and white was missing. I'd been touched!"

"I've got about twenty dollars left, which my hotel bill will cut to pieces, and I'm over three thousand miles from a place where I know how to make a living."

"Can't you write or cable to your friends for funds?" asked the Consul General. "We could find a place where you could live very economically while you were waiting for a reply."

"I suppose I might, but I'll be harder pushed than I am now when I do. My partner might let go, but I'd swim back before I'd ask him. We had a row when I left. He wanted to continue the business, but I didn't think it was safe, and thought we'd better close up until things quieted down a little."

"What business are you engaged in, Mr. Melton?" asked the Consul General.

The time had come for the explanation that Deck would have preferred not to make, but which he knew was inevitable. He didn't flinch, however. Twisting one side of his long brown mustache around his finger, he looked the Consul General straight in the eye.

"I'm a gambler," he said, quietly.

The Consul General's brows rose slightly, but only for a moment, and his face quickly resumed its ordinary expression of courteous attention. He was a man of wide experience, who knew much of politics, and he had known some gamblers in whose personal good faith he had the utmost confidence.

"Ah!" he said. It was merely an expression of interest.

"You see," Deck went on, "when Jerome went in after the strong campaign talk he made, I concluded that the wise game would be to pull out and let him make a record. Then, after he had made good with the people who backed him, and had shown them that he was all right from their point of view, I thought the row would blow over, and we could open up again all right in a quiet way. My partner didn't think so. He said that it was all campaign talk which wouldn't

amount to a damn, and that we'd better buck through anyhow, and not lose our trade by showing any lack of nerve.

"So we split, and I came over here to see some of the things that I'd been reading about in the newspapers all my life. Well," he added, as he drew a long breath, "I've seen 'em, and now I'd like to rest my eyes on the Tenderloin once more."

The Consul General wrinkled his forehead and reflectively drummed with his fingers on his desk. Somehow this frank, outspoken gambler with his clear, unflinching gray eyes, had won his sympathy. He would like to help him; but the way to do so, except by paying his cabin passage, was not clear. This method he naturally did not care to adopt. There were too many calls of this kind for him to begin to open his purse to them.

"Really, Mr. Melton," he said, finally, "I hardly see what I can do. The government furnishes no funds, you know, to relieve such unfortunate embarrassments as yours."

"Yes, I know," Deck sighed, resignedly. "I wasn't expecting that, but I thought you might give me a tip how to help myself."

"Well," said the Consul General, thoughtfully, "it's possible that some freighter might take you over in consideration of a little clerical work you could do for the captain. There's a captain I know pretty well who will sail in about a month, and I'll speak to him about you."

"About a month?" Deck laughed mirthlessly. "Why, Mr. Consul General, I'll be eating sand out of these iron bins they have along the streets here before that time."

"Oh, cheer up!" urged the Consul General, encouragingly. "Remember the saying they have here: 'In London you can get more for a penny and less for a pound than in any place in the world.' One can live on very little here if need be. At any rate, if nothing turns up, come in every

few days, and we'll get you fixed up somehow yet."

When Deck stood in the gateway of St. Helen's Place again, he drew a long breath. The outlook was far from encouraging.

"A month," he muttered, as he fingered the few coins in his pocket. "Good Lord, a month!"

He leaned against the stone post, and looked listlessly at the traffic that surged by. He was thinking of Broadway, with the clang of its cable cars; of the narrow, quiet streets that led from it, in one of which was a suite of rooms that he could still call home. He could almost hear, above the other noises, the roar of the Sixth Avenue elevated trains as they rushed up and down the busiest island in the world, and, as he thought in the homesickness that his discouraging situation increased, the best island in the world. Some people acquired the European habit, but, he thought, as he gazed at the strange faces and heard the strange accent about him, one trip abroad was enough for him. The next time he felt like traveling he would—

Some one touched him on the shoulder, and he turned to find the man who had been in the Consul General's office standing beside him. He was very short, scarcely more than five feet tall, and Deck, from his liberal six feet of height, looked down on him as he would on a child.

"You vos in hardt lugck," said the little man, with a broad smile of excessive affability.

"Yes," replied Deck, shortly. The Jew was not the kind of a man with whom he cared to discuss his personal affairs.

"My name is Goldstein, Simon Goldstein," continued the other in the tone of a man who wanted to cultivate an acquaintance. "I'm an Amerigan, too."

"Oh, yes," returned Deck, with a tinge of sarcasm. "I recognized that at once by your accent. From lower Broadway?"

Goldstein smiled broadly.

HOW HE CAME HOME

"You musdt haf seen my sign in the streett—Goldstein & Kronenheimer, eh?" His shoulders shook with his heavy laugh. "I am a cheweler, you know; wholesale chewelery."

"Yes?" Deck was not especially interested.

"V'ere are you stopping?"

"At the Cecil."

"Ah? Goodt! So vos I. Ledt us go bagk there andt haf a talk. May pe I gan helby you."

Deck looked down at the little fat man with a curious expression on his face. He was thinking of the typical Hebrew disposition.

"All right," he said, wearily, as he turned to the left, and started off.

"Holdt on!" cried Goldstein. "Ledt's take a cab."

"Can't afford it," responded Deck, stopping. "A 'bus will have to do for me."

"Ah, vell," said Goldstein, insinuatingly, "pe my guest."

He held up his gold-headed cane at a passing hansom, and the driver drew up at the curb.

Goldstein remained silent after the cab started. He seemed to be thinking very intently. Deck was feeling too depressed to try to create conversation for his host, to whom he did not take very kindly. Nothing was said until they had passed down Ludgate Hill, through Fleet Street and had entered the Strand, where the broader roadway permitted less jerky progress. Finally Deck spoke.

"What did you mean by saying that may be you could help me?" he asked.

Goldstein started out of his brown study.

"Ah," he said, protestingly, "idt is too noicy to talk seriously here. Haf a cigar."

He took an elaborate case from his pocket and invited Deck to make a choice. Then he selected a cigar himself, and as the cab, with the rest of the traffic,

stopped before a policeman's raised hand, they got a light. Both smoked in silence until they drove into the court of the Cecil.

"Gome ubp to my room," said Goldstein. "Ledt's see whadt arrangements ve gan magke."

After a long flight the lift stopped, and Goldstein led the way along the hall. Then he unlocked a door, and, with a wave of the hand, invited his guest to enter.

"Nice room," he said, with some satisfaction, as he closed the door behind him, and rang the bell.

"Sure it is," agreed Deck, carelessly. He walked to the window, and looked out. Almost immediately below was the broad, smooth Victoria embankment, beyond that the sluggish Thames, and farther away, the smoky roofs of South London. A little to the left he could see the 'buses and vans crawling over Waterloo bridge. To the right the river came from the south. Westminster bridge seemed close, and the tall Gothic towers of the Houses of Parliament only a step away.

"Fine view," Goldstein went on, affably. "Idt's a big citty."

"Pretty big," Deck agreed, laconically.

"Von'dt you sitd down?"

"Thanks." And Deck dropped into an easy chair.

There was a knock at the door.

"Gome in!" called Goldstein.

The door was opened by a maid in white cap and apron.

"My dear," said Goldstein, paternally, "vill you please pring some Scodtch andt soda vor two? Andt, say!" he called, as the maid was closing the door, "Can'dt you pring some ice with idt?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the maid, as she closed the door.

"Sudtch a people as they are!" sighed Goldstein. "They hardtly know whadt ice is. Andt they chargtch so much vor idt, too!"

"Yes," said Deck; "they handle ice over here as if it were diamonds."

Goldstein looked up quickly.

"Diamondts!" he exclaimed, as he scanned Deck's face keenly. "Ah, yes, as if idt vere diamondts. You are righdt aboudt idt."

"Now," said Deck, "what's your scheme about helping me back to the real thing?"

"Vell," answered Goldstein, slowly; then he paused, and looked at the door. "Vell—Haf another cigar," and he extended his case cordially. He took one himself and lighted it deliberately. He seemed to be using up all the time he could. As he blew out the match there was another knock at the door.

"Gome in!" he called, with more alacrity.

The maid entered with the Scotch and soda, and set it on the table.

"Tagke a drink," said Goldstein, as the maid went out. Then he went to the door and locked it.

Deck watched him curiously, as he sipped his drink, but he felt no apprehension. The Jew would be a mere child in his hands.

"I hobpe you are nodt alarmdt adt my locking the door," he said, as he poured out his soda.

"Oh, no!" Deck smiled. Things were becoming amusing.

"You are so mudtch bigger than I am," Goldstein went on, deprecatingly. "Andt now ledt us talk aboudt you."

"Don't wait for me to begin."

"Vell, then," there was caution in the Jew's voice, "vouldt you be villing to go bagk steerage?"

"To tell the truth, Goldstein," Deck laughed, "I'm pretty near willing to undertake to wade."

Goldstein beamed with benevolence.

"Ve gan do mudtch better than thadt vor you!" he exclaimed. "I see ve shall haf no trouble makging our arranchemnts. I vill pay your passage steerage."

"And what am I to do for this?" asked Deck, who suspected the *quid pro quo* nature of his host.

"You vill," Goldstein spoke slowly, "you vill carry a small baggage vor me."

"What's in it?"

"Idt is a very small baggage."

"What of?"

"Andt ve vill fix idt in the lining of your coadt."

"Ah!" Deck exclaimed, as a light dawned on him. "Ah, yes! And you're in the jewelry business? Um-m-m, been in Amsterdam this trip?"

"Vell, yes," admitted Goldstein, slowly. "I don'dt mindt telling you I vos in Amsterdam, budt I vos merely traveling vor pleasure, you understandt."

"Oh, sure! I understand that all right. Are you going back in the same ship with me?"

"Vell, yes."

"And when the customs inspector tackles you on the other side you'll be able to pass without any compromising admissions or discoveries, of course?"

"Vell, yes."

"And I'll gather up my blankets, and pass off the steerage gangway, and, of course, a poor devil who came over in the steerage wouldn't have anything dutiable. Is that the idea?"

"Vell—yes."

"Goldstein, you're a blooming old fraud; but I guess I need to get home worse than the government needs the money. It isn't exactly straight, but something like it is being done every day by our best people, so—Well, when do we sail?"

"Vell, ledt's see. This is Tuesday. Er-r-r, ve vill sail a week from Sadturday on the"—he consulted a printed bill on the table—"on the St. Chon, from Southampton."

"Oh, Lord, what's the use of waiting? Let's get back to God's country! Why not go to-morrow by Liverpool, or next Saturday by Southampton?"

"Vell, you see I haf somedings to attendt to yedt."

"But I haven't the money to stay here ten days!"

"Ah," exclaimed Goldstein, with gracious hospitality, "you vill pe my guest. I vill pay your bill, also. Is idt a go?"

Deck rose and looked out of the window for a few moments. He was practically without means, and in a strange country. How he did want to get home! He turned and stared steadily at the Jew. The eager look faded out of Goldstein's face under the scrutiny, and one of apprehension succeeded it.

"Well," said Deck, slowly, "it seems like pretty small business for a square man, but— Yes, it's a go; and I hope I'll be able to forget it some day."

"Goodt!" exclaimed Goldstein, with a look of relief. "You vill nefer regredt idt. Now, sitd down andt smoke a cigar v'ile I wridte a ledter."

The steamer that sailed from Liverpool the next day carried a letter from Mr. Simon Goldstein to Mr. Aaron Kronenheimer, his partner, setting forth in detail the arrangements the former had made with Mr. Decker Melton, whom Kronenheimer was to meet at the landing. It also described how Melton would be dressed when he arrived, and stated that he would carry a black valise with the letters "D. M." painted on it in white. The pen picture it gave of Melton's personal appearance was incorrect in one detail. It showed him with a smooth face, whereas he had a luxuriant brown mustache. Mr. Goldstein, however, intended to have the actual appearance correspond with the description when Deck became a steerage passenger. Mr. Kronenheimer was to acknowledge the receipt of the letter by cable. Then Goldstein would be ready to sail for home.

That evening Deck and his host went to the theater at Goldstein's expense. The next day they visited the Tower, through which Goldstein carelessly waddled until they came to the crown jewels. Then he gasped. He clung to the bars, which surrounded the big glass case, fascinated, unable to take his eyes from the gems.

"Didt you efer!" he exclaimed, as his breath came short, and he stared at the treasure.

"No, I can't say that I ever did," replied Deck. "But come on; you've seen all there is to see."

"Nefer, my boy! I couldt standt here all my life, andt nodt see all there is to see in sudtch chewels. My Godt, whadt diamondts!"

As much of London as may be seen in ten days' industrious sight-seeing, they saw. Goldstein would not let Deck out of his sight, and Deck decided that if he must endure his host's company, he would make the most of his opportunities.

On Thursday of the next week Goldstein received a cablegram which he did not show to Deck. It seemed to afford him a good deal of satisfaction.

"Vell, my boy," he said, cheerfully, after he had read it, "our liddle holiday is goming to an endt. Ve vill be sailing Sadturday."

"If we miss the ship it won't be my fault!" exclaimed Deck heartily. "I've been ready ever since I first saw you. By George, it will seem good to be actually on the way home—even in the steerage," he added, grimly.

"Oh, the steerage is nodt badt. I vent ofer that vay the firsdt time."

Deck laughed cynically.

"And now you are going over first cabin, and are importing—"

"Ah, ledt us nodt speagk of that!" Goldstein interrupted, quickly. "Ledt us go ould andt gedt some clothings for you suidtable to—to your pardt of the shibp."

Goldstein had evidently been keeping his eyes open, for he knew exactly where to find the shop that sold what he wanted. He soon had Deck fitted out with a second-hand shabby black suit, a slouch hat, heavy boots and a pair of coarse blankets. These, with a black valise, on which he ordered the shopkeeper to paint in white the initials "D. M.", Goldstein ordered sent to the hotel in his name.

When they arrived the next day, he locked the door, and produced scissors, needle and thread from his trunk. First he cut loose the lining on the right hand side of Deck's steerage sack coat. Then from the inside pocket of his own waist-coat, where it was securely fastened with safety pins, he drew a small chamois skin bag.

"This is the little baggage you are to carry," he said, with a smile, holding it up for Deck to see.

The Jew reluctantly let go of it as Deck took it in his hand.

"Um-m-m," he said, as he passed it through his fingers, "it feels as if it had pebbles in it."

"Idt is someding ligke pebbles," agreed Goldstein, with a broad smile, as he recovered the bag eagerly.

With unexpected skill he stitched it securely inside the lining of the coat and sewed the pocket back in place.

"My boy," he said, as he finished, "whadtefer you do afder ve gedt stardt-ed, don'dt lose your coadt. I vill keebp idt myself to-nighthdt, and gif idt to you in blendty of time to-morrow."

On the last train before the regular steamer train from London to Southampton the next day, a whole compartment was engaged in the name of Mr. Simon Goldstein. When Mr. Goldstein arrived at Waterloo Station he was accompanied by a tall, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced man of about thirty-five. The younger man looked well-dressed and well-kept, except that his morning shave had been neglected and his hair needed cutting. Mr. Goldstein addressed his companion as Murphy—Dan Murphy. Both carried satchels of ample size, and Mr. Murphy's, which was black, bore his initials, "D. M.", in white. They also had a large bundle wrapped in heavy paper. Their trunks, they told the porter, had been sent direct to the ship by the agents.

When Mr. Goldstein emerged from his

compartment at Southampton, he was followed by a tall, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced man of about thirty-five, wearing a shabby black suit, a slouch hat and heavy boots.

"Now, remembper, Dan Murphy," the Jew said in a low tone, "you don't know me on the shibp."

"Don't worry about that; I won't!" replied his companion, heartily.

"All righdt. Tagke your blankedts andt gribp, andt go aheadt, andt I vill follow you. Ven I see you safe on the shibp, I vill go aboardt. Goodt-by till ve meedt in New York."

"All right, Goldstein. But you needn't keep your eye on me so sharp. You can bet that I won't run in any direction except home! Good by."

When the St. John pushed out from her dock that afternoon a short, dark, heavy-set man with side-whiskers, leaned against the rail of the promenade deck, and watched the steerage passengers on the deck below him. Some were laughing and some were weeping their farewell to the old world. But the man on the promenade deck seemed to be most interested in a tall, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced man in a shabby black suit, a slouch hat and heavy boots, who sat on a hatchway smoking a short wooden pipe. He smoked silently as the steamer passed down Southampton Water and into the Solent. He did not join in the general talk that growing acquaintance encouraged as the steamer made her way toward the Needles. Then, when the pilot had been dropped and the vessel seemed to have cut loose from England, he dropped his pipe into his pocket and began to whistle softly. The tune that he whistled was "Yankee Doodle."

There was the usual scarcity of passengers on the steerage deck, as well as on the other decks, the first few days out, and most of those that appeared huddled miserably in their wraps and blankets in such places as they could find shelter from the

wind. Dan Murphy, who did not suffer from sea sickness, paced the short stretch of deck alone and smoked his pipe. Occasionally he would look up at the rail of the promenade deck, and see, leaning against it, a short, dark man with bushy side whiskers.

"Ah, you oily old scoundrel," he would mutter to himself, "I won't know you on the ship, and I won't know you after we get to New York, either!"

Then he would feel the lump in the right hand skirt of his coat, and stare at the horizon with a queer expression on his face.

"Damned fine business for a clean, square gambler to be in!" he would mutter to the ocean wind that blew in his face, and flapped his slouch hat down over his eyes. "But—I'm terribly broke!"

Goldstein had stirring thoughts, too, as he hung over the rail and gazed westward toward the end of the voyage, which was to relieve his suspense.

"Idt's an awful chance to tagke," he thought, anxiously; "budt idt vos the only vay. They vouldt be sure to kedtch me. Budt he vill keep his vordt! If he don'dt," he paused, and shrugged his heavy shoulders; "vell, ve vill haf him ar-restedt andt trusdt to the lawyers. Budt I haf no fear, I haf no fear."

He repeated the words as if to convince himself of his safety from a very possible danger.

By the time the St. John had reached mid-ocean all those who had any hope of recovering from their seasickness before the steamer entered New York harbor were on deck. Among the convalescents Deck noticed a girl of about sixteen. She was pale from her recent distressing experience, but she was unmistakably pretty. Her hair was black and her eyes were blue. The slight snubiness of her nose and the length of her upper lip bespoke her Irish blood. From time to time she put back the strands of hair that blew in her face with a hand that was small, but red and coarse from work.

Deck leaned against the opposite rail and watched her with pleasure. Plainly, even poorly dressed as she was, she was a relief to look upon—a touch of the ornamental in depressingly ugly and sordid circumstances.

She seemed to drink in the bracing ocean breeze, and to gain strength from it with every breath. But it blew keen and cool, and presently Deck noticed her shiver a little as she drew her thin wrap closer about her. He went to his bunk, and returned immediately with one of his blankets. Walking up to where she sat on the hatchway, he threw it around her shoulders. She started, and cast a frightened glance up at him.

"Don't be scared," he said, reassuringly. "You weren't wrapped up warm enough for this kind of a breeze. Pull that snug around you, and you'll soon be as warm as a steam radiator."

"I—I—Oh, thank ye, sor, I—I—Don't you want it yourself, sor?" The girl's voice trembled with timidity and the shiver the cold air had sent through her.

"I? Oh, Lord, no! I never bother with blankets."

"I was after going back into the house—in the—inside." She seemed to be trying to apologize for exciting his sympathy.

"Oh, don't do that!" exclaimed Deck, hastily. "Don't stay in there any more than you have to. That's what makes you sick. It's rotten in there. Stay out here where the air is good, and you'll feel better than you ever did in your life in a little while."

"Yis, sor," responded the girl, obediently. "Thank ye, sor."

"Oh, that's all right! Keep wrapped up good."

Deck walked aft, and, sitting down in a sheltered corner, lighted his pipe. As he dropped his hand to his side it landed on the lump—the "liddle baggage"—inside the lining of his coat.

"Damn them!" he growled, as he

jerked his hand away impatiently. "I wish they were at the bottom!"

He glanced up at the promenade deck. There, leaning against the rail, was the short, dark, heavy-set man with bushy side whiskers.

"If I had it to do over again, Mr. Goldstein, I might do different," he thought, with half a sigh; "but I'm in for it now, and I reckon I'll have to see it through somehow. Never again, though! Not me!"

He settled himself comfortably and smoked dreamily. In the throb of the engines and the general noise of the waves swishing along the sides of the ship, together with the babble of voices about him and the varied sounds from the busy routine of the steamer, he could almost imagine the roar and clatter of the city he loved so well. Home! He thought of the suite of rooms in the quiet side street. The rent was paid for them until the first of the year, and, even if he was broke, he still had a home. There was a good deal of comfort in the thought; and then—he fumbled the wad in his coat skirt dreamily.

Two bells struck, sounding faintly from the forward part of the ship, and he opened his eyes to the reality. He was still a steerage passenger on the St. John.

The low laugh he gave surprised a heavy-faced German, who sat near him smoking a long-stemmed pipe with a decorated china bowl. His massive Teutonic features relaxed into an affable grin.

"Treaming?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Yes," replied Deck, "dreaming."

"Apoudt home yet?"

"Yes, and I'll be glad to see it, too!"

"I pedt you vill. Ve vill pe dere in apoudt a cubble of days already, der madte says."

"That's what we will, if everything goes all right."

Deck rose and stretched himself. The sun, hanging low down in the west, was reddening in the evening mists. The lit-

tle Irish girl still sat on the hatch, wrapped in his blanket. As Deck glanced toward her he saw a man address her. The girl shrank from him, and the man laughed, and passed on. Deck wondered what this man had to do with her. He might, of course, be her companion on the voyage. Deck had seen him frequently, and did not like his looks; neither did he like the way the girl shrank when she was addressed. He waited a while to see if the man would come back, and then walked over to her.

"Keeping warm?" he asked.

"Oh, yis, sor; thank ye, sor," the girl replied, almost gaily.

The salt air had put some color into her cheeks and sparkle in her blue eyes and she seemed more than ever like a rare jewel in a common setting.

"Feel better, don't you?" asked Deck, with a smile, as he noted her improved spirits.

"Oh, yis, sor; very much bether!"

"I told you you would."

There was a pause, and then the girl spoke with enthusiasm.

"It's foine, ain't it, sor!" she exclaimed, as she pointed toward the southwest.

"The sun? Oh, yes. It's been doing that way pretty near every evening we've been out, but you've been down in that hole, so you've missed it. It will slide down into the water pretty soon just as if it was a big orange sinking out of sight slowly."

He took a seat on the hatch beside her, and in silence they watched the sun go down. As the last rim of it disappeared beneath the waves the girl drew a long breath.

"It was pretty, wasn't it?" said Deck, with a smile at her emotion.

"Ah, it was foine, sor!"

"Well," he said, rising, "it's almost four bells, and they'll be beating the gong pretty soon to let us know that supper is ready. You'd better be hunting up your folks."

"I—I haven't any folks," she stammered, with a slight flush of embarrassment.

"Haven't any folks?"

"Not with me, sor."

"The deuce you haven't! Who looks after you?"

"I—I look afther myself, sor."

"Humph! Why, you're—" He paused. She seemed such a mere child that he could hardly grasp the situation.

"I get along very well, sor," she said, simply.

"Oh, sure!" he agreed, hurriedly. "But who—" He wanted to ask her who the man was that had spoken to her, but concluded that it was none of his business.

Just then the supper gong sounded.

"Think you can eat anything?"

"Oh, yis, sor; I'm hungry!"

"That's good!"

"Thank ye for the blanket, sor."

"Oh, that's all right," he responded, as he flung it over his arm.

She nodded smilingly at him, and then followed the crowd toward the dining-room.

As a general proposition Deck did not favor the idea of a woman traveling about the world alone, especially if she were young and pretty. He knew a good deal of life, and he knew that such a pretty girl's path was beset with troubles that did not look like troubles when she met them. By the time she found out that they were troubles it was too late. So he decided to keep an eye on the little Irish girl until after she landed, and try to see that she got a fair start, at least.

Before Deck got his sleep out the next morning he was awakened by the hoarse toot of the steamer's fog-horn. He knew that there was no use to try after that, so he dressed and went on deck. The vessel was moving slowly forward in a little open space in the center of a heavy bank of chill gray mist. Every minute or two the roar of the deep-throated whistle seemed to jar the very deck.

Huddled under an awning, near the entrance to the steerage, he saw the little Irish girl standing disconsolate.

"Well," he thought, "I guess it's up to me to fix a place for her."

He glanced about the deck. The man who had made her shrink so by speaking to her the evening before was just leaving a snug corner, which was well sheltered from the dripping fog. Deck walked over to it, and had half finished spreading his blanket, which he had carried over his arm, when he heard a growl behind him. He turned and confronted the man who had just left the place. He was about Deck's own build; smooth-faced with brown hair and gray eyes, and dressed in a shabby black suit, a slouch hat and heavy boots.

"'Ere!" he growled. "Get out o' that, will yer! That's my plice!"

"Oh, it is, is it?" retorted Deck, as he smoothed out his blanket.

"Yes, it is; and Hi'm goin' to 'ave it! Yer can stand out in the wet just as well as Hi can!"

"Sure!" responded Deck, as he finished spreading the blanket.

"Well, then, get yer rags out o' it before Hi smash yer 'ead."

Deck straightened up and moved a step toward the aggressor.

"Look here," he said, quietly, "I'm not fixing this place for myself, but for a little girl who needs it a damned sight worse than you do, and she's going to have it! Understand? And what's more, I don't like the way you talk. I'm not going to take up that blanket, and if you're going to smash my head, you get busy right now. You'll probably never have a better chance."

"Ho, it's for 'er, is it? Hi thought you was gettin' pretty sweet on 'er yesterday."

"And that's none of your business, too. Now, if you're going to smash, go ahead and do it. If you're not, make yourself scarce; I've had enough of you."

There was a light in his eye that indicated that he did not care to trifl, and that he was fully prepared to make good everything he said. The man drew off a step.

"Aw, well," he growled, "tike care o' yer gel. Hi'll fix you some other time."

"At your own convenience, sir," said Deck, with a gracious wave of his hand.

The man moved away, and Deck turned toward the girl, who had been anxiously watching the two. He beckoned her, and she ran lightly across the deck.

"Here's a first-rate place for you," he said. "Sit down on the blanket, and I'll lap it over you, and you'll be all right, all right."

"But don't you—"

"No, I don't!" he interrupted, a little impatiently. "I tell you I never bother with 'em. In with you!"

She dropped down on the blanket without a word, and he folded it closely about her.

"There you are, snug as my old friend, the bug in a rug!"

"But didn't he—"

"Oh, yes, he did; but he thought better of it. But never mind about him. How do you feel this morning?"

"Oh, foine, sor! I had a good slape till they begun blowin' the big horn."

"Good for you! So did I." He sat down beside her and lighted his after-breakfast pipe. "Well, we ought to get in some time to-morrow, or early the next morning."

"It's meself that will be glad to get on dhry land once more. The say is too big and—and unsteady."

"Will there be any one to meet you?"

"Oh, yis, sor; me brother Larry. He knows I'm comin' on this ship. He will mate me."

"Well, that's fine now, ain't it?" exclaimed Deck, with a heartiness of a man who is relieved of a puzzling responsibility. Ever since he had found that the girl was alone, he had a feeling that he must

see that no harm came to her. Now he learned that when the voyage was ended his responsibility would end. "What does your brother do?"

"I don't know ixactly, sor, save that he works for the gover'mint. It might be that you would know him, sor. Maloney is his name, Larry Maloney."

"Um-m, no, I can't say that I know him," Deck replied, slowly, "but I think I've heard his name."

"He must be a fine lad by this toime now."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"Oh, I niver saw him to raymimber it. He lift the ould home whin I was a wee baby. I moight not be seein' him so soon now, but there's none of us lift any more, but him an' me. He sint me the money to come." Her voice trembled a little as she spoke of her loneliness.

Deck nodded that he understood, and gazed out at the tossing waves. The fog had cleared, and the St. John was again plowing her way along at full speed toward New York—toward home! But he was not thinking of home just then. He was thinking of a tall, thick-chested man, with a heavy red mustache and a still redder face. This was Larry Maloney, one of the shrewdest of the younger plain clothes men in the metropolis—one of the men whose authorized hand might descend on him without warning when he was following his usual vocation. And now the sister of this man, who could and might make trouble for him at any time, was tacitly in his charge, and he must see her safely delivered into her brother's arms. He smiled grimly. Then he thought of the "lidtle baggage" in the lining of his coat, and coughed to cover the expletive that rose to his lips. He might be subject to arrest as soon as he landed, for all he knew of the law. He drew in his breath sharply, and shook off his reverie.

"It's a great country you're going to," he said, turning to the girl with a smile,

"and I think you'll like it there, Miss Maloney."

"My—my name is Katie, sor," she stammered.

"Well, Katie is a nice name, and it suits you too," said Deck, laughing a little. "They call me Dan Murphy."

"Dan Murphy!" she gasped, in surprise. "Why—" She paused and stared at him.

"Why, what? What's the matter?"

"Why, *his* name is Dan Murphy!" She seemed to be in a maze of bewilderment.

"His? Whose?"

"That—that man's!"

"The deuce it is! Well, now, that's queer, ain't it? And we nearly quarreled. Fellows with the same name oughtn't to quarrel, ought they?"

"I don't like him," Katie declared, with simple finality. "I think he is a bad man."

"Oh, may be not; may be he's just irritable."

She would not contradict him, so she closed her lips tightly.

It had been the most tolerable morning Deck had passed since the steamer sailed, and as he leaned back against the deck-house after the mid-day meal, he was thinking that a steerage passage wasn't so bad, after all, when one had as attractive a child as Katie to look at and listen to. He wondered what was the cause of her dislike for the other Dan Murphy. Surely even such a brute as he plainly was wouldn't annoy a mere child like her. Why, the very idea was—

A woman's scream coming from the other side of the deck-house startled him. It was not loud, but there was terror in it. The fear-stricken cry sounded again, and as Deck sprang around the corner, his anger flared at what he saw.

There was the other Dan Murphy, with one arm around Katie Maloney's waist and his other hand holding one of her arms.

"Give us a kiss, you little beauty! You're the—"

Then a voice, vibrant with wrath, growled behind him.

"Let her go, you damned brute!"

With a start he loosened his hold on the girl, and at the same instant he was jerked backward and flung heavily to the deck.

Quick as a beast he was up again with a howl.

"Ho, it's you, is it? You're sweet on the little cat yourself, ain't you?" he roared, as he rushed at Deck. "Hi'll fix you, you—"

Before he could finish the sentence, Deck's left fist landed crushingly on the brute's right eye, and as his head jerked backward from the force of the blow, a right hand swing caught him under the jaw. He seemed to be almost lifted from his feet. Then he toppled backward, and fell full length on the deck, where he lay motionless.

The whole steerage deck was in commotion. Women screamed and men stared spellbound for the moment. One of the mates and a quartermaster came running up and seized Deck.

"It's all right," he said, calmly, "I'm not going to run away."

"You pedt idt's all righdt!" puffed the heavy German with the long pipe, elbowing his way toward them. "I saw der whole ding, andt idt serfed him righdt!"

There was a brief court of inquiry, and then the ship's officers released Deck. Afterward, when the mate met him in a secluded place he shook hands with him. Neither said anything, but each understood the other.

The ship's surgeon came up and heard the story of the mate. He looked at Murphy and felt his pulse.

"Throw him in his bunk," he said, shortly, to a couple of seamen standing by.

Deck turned his attention to Katie, who crouched trembling against the side of the deck-house.

"Don't be scared," he said, kindly, as

he lifted her up. "It's all over now, and he won't bother you any more this trip."

"Oh, sor, you—you—" And then she fell sobbing hysterically in his arms.

A look of dismay came into Deck's face.

"Say, Doc," he exclaimed, twisting his head around so he could see the surgeon, "for the Lord's sake, get a stewardess quick!"

When a girl cried in his arms he knew that he needed help and needed it urgently, and the help of another woman at that.

With Katie under the care of a stewardess, it seemed a long, lonesome afternoon to Deck. As he examined his skinned knuckles he could hardly realize what had happened. She was such a child it seemed impossible. He was vaguely conscious that he was the subject discussed by the men and women who stood about in groups and stared at him. But it all seemed a very small matter now. He caught the whiff of a pipe, and heard a deep voice at his elbow.

"You gif idt to him goodt andt blendty, py chiminy!" exclaimed the big fat German, with phlegmatic enthusiasm, as he sat down on the hatch. "Serfed him rightt, you pedt, der tamdt schroundtrel!"

Deck nodded. He was not inclined to talk about the affair.

"He'll stday in his punk der resdt of der vay already, I guess, v'ich ain't a longk time yedt."

Deck was silent, but the German's admiration was aroused, and he wanted to be companionable.

"I hopbe dey von'dt magke mudtch droubles for us steerage beoboples v'en ve landt," he went on.

"Trouble?" Deck looked at him inquiringly.

"Inspections andt—andt sudtch dings," the German explained.

"Oh, yes," said Deck, thoughtfully.

Here was a complication that he had not anticipated. There was no telling what trouble he might be put to to dem-

onstrate his right to land in his native country. Forms had to be gone through with, and officials satisfied. He could identify himself, of course, if the worst came, but, traveling as he was under an assumed name, that would be embarrassing.

"Well," he thought, with some degree of reassurance, "I suppose Goldstein has some scheme figured out. It's as much his worry as mine—more, I guess." And the queer look came into his eyes again.

"I guess you nefer game ofer before," said the German.

"No," responded Deck, "not this way." And then, not wishing to cast any reflection on the steerage, he added: "I mean westward. I went over, of course, and now I'm on my way back."

"I see," said the German, as he nodded sagely. "Dot is der only droubles apoudt der steerage—der landting; oddervise, idt is shust as goodt as der gabins."

Deck smiled as he thought of his bunk and the bill of fare for the last week.

"Pesides," went on the German, "idt is so mudtch cheaper."

"You're right, there," Deck agreed, heartily.

"Sure! Alvays dravel steerage, mein friendt. I alvays do, andt I haf been ofer tdivce andt bagk dree dimes already."

That night, as he lay in his bunk, the thing that troubled Deck and kept him from going to sleep promptly, was how he was to get by the government officials without revealing who he was. And after he got by them? Well, he would solve later problems when they presented themselves. He was going home broke, in urgent need of funds, and with a fortune in the skirt of his coat. It was too dark now for the queer look in his eyes to have been noticed by any one.

* * * * *

In a small private office where the gloom of the early twilight was further darkened by the nearby walls that the dingy windows looked out upon, sat a

man before a large roll-top desk that was illuminated by a green-shaded incandescent light. He was examining partly written and partly printed documents. As he finished looking over each one he thrust it into one of the pigeon-holes before him. Presently there was a knock at the closed door.

"Come in!" he called, gruffly.

A boy entered and handed him a telegram which the man opened with the deliberate motions of one who is accustomed to receive many telegrams.

"Send Maloney in," he said, shortly, to the boy, who had waited.

As the boy withdrew the man took a handful of papers from one of the pigeon-holes, and, after running over them, selected one, which he spread open on the desk before him.

"Come in!" he called again, as another knock sounded on the door. "Sit down, Maloney," he added to the man who had entered. "Anything on for to-morrow morning?" His words were sharp and incisive, and his tone that of a man who gives orders.

"No, sir," replied the detective.

"Be ready to go down the bay to meet the St. John at daylight. Nantucket Light has just reported her, and she will be in too early to pass quarantine. You know Simon Goldstein, wholesale jeweler?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, he's aboard, and he's not above the suspicions of the customs people. He's been on a pleasure trip abroad, including Amsterdam, and the customs people think he may have combined business with pleasure. They have cable advices," he went on, glancing at the paper lying open on his desk, "that he left London in a compartment with a tall well-dressed man of about thirty-five, and when he got out of the compartment at Southampton, it was with a tall man dressed in a shabby black suit, a slouch hat and heavy boots. This man has a smooth face, gray eyes

and brown hair. Goldstein came over in the cabin, and this man took passage in the steerage under the name of Dan Murphy. The customs people think he's some American crook that Goldstein has fixed up a smuggling game with, and they want us to identify him. So take a good look at him and see if you know him. You will, of course, do whatever is necessary. That's all."

The man turned to his papers again, and Larry Maloney passed out of the room.

"Things are coming my way," thought the detective, as he made his way back to his quarters. "Sure that's the boat little Katie is on, an' 'twill be no trick at all to get the boys on the pier to let her land without going through any red tape."

* * * * *

The St. John stood steady as a rock when Deck climbed out of his bunk the next morning. The throbbing of her great engines had ceased, and he could only hear subdued puffs, as if they were recovering their breath after their long, hard run, while they lay luxuriously at ease.

"Quarantine, I reckon," he muttered, as he began leisurely to dress himself.

When he made his way to the deck, with his satchel and roll of blankets, he found most of his fellow passengers already there with their luggage. The great hatches were open, and big piles of all sorts of trunks stood around them.

Over in the snug corner where he and Katie had sat sheltered from the fog, he saw the girl eagerly talking to a tall, red-faced man with a heavy red mustache, while she looked up trustfully into his face. The man, whose arm was thrown protectingly around her slender waist, gazed down at her fondly as he listened.

"Ah," thought Deck, "her brother Larry. I'm afraid he and I may not always get along very well together. I

wonder how the deuce he happened to come away out here to meet the ship."

He threw away the match with which he had been lighting his pipe, and dropped his hand to his side. It bumped against the wad in the corner of his coat.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "I wonder if he's after—"

He did not finish the sentence, for he saw Katie beckoning to him. It was no time for hesitation; bluff, if anything, would carry him through now; so he walked quickly across the deck to the girl and her brother.

"This is MISTER Murphy, Larry, dear, who—" Katie hesitated and colored slightly, "who helped me."

The detective ran his eye sharply over Deck, and compressed his lips in a way that lowered his big mustache well down over his chin. The description of the man he was to identify fitted perfectly. But in the first rush of gratitude and obligation his generous Irish heart was not inclined to split the hairs of right and wrong. It was only a moment before he extended his hand.

"I'm glad to meet you Mr. Murphy," he said, as Deck took it. "You was on the spot when my little sister needed a handy fist, and—well, that's enough for Larry Maloney."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Deck, "twasn't much."

The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes as if they were contestants in a trial of physical skill.

"I think I'd know you better, Mr. Murphy," Larry went on, rather slowly, "if you was better dressed an' had a brown mustache."

They still looked fixedly into each other's eyes.

"Maybe you would," Deck replied.

There was another pause, while Katie gazed from one to the other wonderingly. She was disappointed at her brother's lack of appreciation of the service that had been done her.

"Broke?" asked Larry, laconically.

"Broke," answered Deck, grimly.

"Well," went on Larry, as he drew a long breath, "it ain't Larry Maloney that don't appreciate a good turn. Can I help you out any way?"

"No, I guess not," answered Deck, thoughtfully. "Unless," he added, as the possibility flashed over him, "you could get the inspectors to handle me promptly, and let me get through quick. I'd like to get home, and wash up and change my clothes. The week that I've had hasn't been much of a bracer, you understand."

"Sure!" replied Larry, knowingly. "I know how you feel, and I guess I can fix it all right. You can go right along with Katie an' me, an' the boys won't stop you nor ask any questions, I guess."

"Well, that will make us good and plenty even," Deck exclaimed, heartily, "and it will be up to me for the next time."

"It's a queer thing," Larry went on, thoughtfully, "but, do you know, I came on board to look for a tall, smooth-faced man with gray eyes and brown hair, who was wearing a shabby black suit, a slouch hat and heavy boots." His sharp eyes met Deck's again, but the latter did not flinch. "An' what's more, I was told his name was Dan Murphy."

"Why, Larry, dear," cried Katie, excitedly, "Dan Murphy is the name of the man who—who—"

"The devil it is!" ejaculated Larry, as she hesitated. "And where is he now?"

"There he is over there," replied Deck, indicating the direction with a nod; "that fellow with the black eye, leaning against the pile of trunks."

"Well," said Larry, in a tone of relief, "I guess that's my man; description's all right, anyhow. Wait here a minute."

He sauntered across the Deck and passed the battered Dan Murphy, eyeing him sharply. Then he went on to the forward part of the ship. Presently he returned with a customs officer.

"There's your man," he said, indicating the tall figure, which was still leaning against the pile of trunks; "but I don't know him from Adam's off ox; never saw him before."

"All right, Larry," responded the customs officer, "we'll take care of him. The old man thought maybe he'd turned up a good find for you. So long!" and the customs officer went about his duties.

Larry was as good as his word. As they passed down the gang plank to the pier, he merely said to the officer on duty:

"My little sister from the old country and another friend of mine, Jim. They're all right."

"All right, Larry," was the response, "any friends of yours is all right. Comin' to the ward meetin' to-night?"

"Sure!" replied Larry.

As they passed off the pier Larry repeated the explanation, and a moment later the three stood in the street.

Deck drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction as he looked around at the familiar buildings and people, and heard the familiar accent.

"Well, Katie," said Larry, cheerfully, "you're here at last. And now we'll be takin' a car up at the next corner there. Good-by, Mr.—Murphy," he added, half turning to Deck. He did not offer his hand. He felt that he had risked his badge for the obligation he was under and they were quits. Katie was more cordial.

"Good-by, Mistrer Murphy," she said, with all the warmth of recently aroused gratitude; "I hope you'll be afther comin' to see us before long."

Deck looked at her brother. Larry was looking fixedly across the street. No echo of Katie's invitation rose to his lips. He did not care to have his young and innocent sister called on by Deck Melton, gambler. A queer feeling seized Deck's throat, which he could not account for, and he swallowed hastily.

"Thank you, Katie," he said, with a

sigh, as he shook her little rough hand; "but it's an awful big city, you know, and I'll be—pretty busy—for a while—I guess. Good-by."

He turned and walked away without looking back. At the corner he got into a cab, and gave the driver his address. He was thinking so mournfully of parting with innocent little Katie that he had even forgotten the "little baggage" in the lining of his coat.

Two hours later Goldstein emerged from the restrain placed upon him by the customs officials. He had been thoroughly searched, and his baggage had been examined with irritating minuteness, but nothing contraband had been found. He had been confronted with Dan Murphy, of the battered eye, and though it was evident that the two men had never seen each other before, Murphy was searched as carefully as Goldstein had been, with the same result. Suspicious as they were, the customs officials had to acknowledge themselves at fault, and release both the men.

As Goldstein passed the customs barrier, he looked around quickly and anxiously. His eye lighted on Kronenheimer's well-groomed figure a short distance away. Kronenheimer was younger and more American than his partner, and spoke with scarcely a trace of an accent. Goldstein hurried up to him.

"V'ere is he?" he asked, eagerly, as he shook hands.

"I don't know," replied Kronenheimer. "I haven't seen him."

"Hafn't seen him!" ejaculated Goldstein, breathlessly. "My Godt, v'ere haf you been?"

"Right here, ever since the ship touched. Maybe he's still on board."

"No! No!" cried Goldstein, excitedly. "I saw him stardt down the gang plank with the crowd myself!"

They were walking slowly along the pier now.

"Well, that's pretty queer," mused Kronenheimer. "What do you—"

"Aaron," interrupted Goldstein, in an agonized voice, "he has robbed us!"

Kronenheimer paled. The loss was a heavy one even for so well-to-do a firm, and the thought of being robbed—it made his heart sink.

"You don't think so!" he exclaimed, faintly.

"Ve vill putt the police on the trail!" Goldstein went on, excitedly. His voice trembled as he spoke. "Budt ve musdt be very careful—very careful. Ledt's gedt bagk to the office, andt see our lawyer, andt gedt the thing startdet!"

They climbed hastily into a cab. During the ride to the office neither spoke to the other. Each thought his partner had been remiss in his precautions, and both were meditating the recriminations that would probably burst forth during their conference with their attorney. Kronenheimer sat with compressed lips and pale face. Goldstein's face was redder than usual, and he muttered continually but unintelligibly.

"Televone the lawyer to gome qwick!"

Goldstein commanded, as he closed the door of their private office behind them.

Kronenheimer stepped into the telephone cabinet, and Goldstein paced nervously up and down the room. There was a knock at the door.

"Gome!" called Goldstein, mechanically, without stopping his march.

A uniformed messenger entered and handed him a telegram. It was addressed to Simon Goldstein. With trembling fingers Goldstein tore open the envelope, and unfolded the yellowish enclosure. His trembling ceased, and his eyes opened wide as he read the type-written message:

Simon Goldstein,

— Broadway.

The quicker you bring my clothes back and take away yours the better it will suit me.

Decker Melton,
97 West — —th Street.

"Aaron, Aaron!" he cried, in exultant excitement. "Nefer mind the televone! Call a cabp qwick!"

A SONG OF BIRDS

By Mary H. Krout

SING, sing, O ye birds in the tree-tops rejoicing,
For lo! the Day breaks!
The pallid mist lightens,
The dusky east brightens,
The drowsy world wakes.

While south winds are blowing
No heart should be sad;
While roses are growing
'Tis time to be glad.

Sing, sing, O ye birds sheltered low in the hedge-rows,
For lo! the Day dies!
After striving and weeping
The weary are sleeping,
The stars fill the skies.



EDWARD MARSHALL

THE MAKING OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

By Edwin Emerson Jr.

WAR correspondents, unlike poets, are made not born. Mostly they are the children of opportunity. True, they must have within them the innate qualities of the born poet and of the born soldier; but it is the fusion of these two natures that makes the ideal war correspondent.

So large a part does opportunity play in the making of a war correspondent that there are not a few instances of successful correspondents who have been lacking either in soldierly qualities or in ability to write. One or two, even, have achieved success though lacking in everything but opportunity and grit.

Opportunity, for the war correspondent, means that there must be a war, in the first place. Moreover it must be fairly accessible and sufficiently momentous in its issues to command general interest. Prolonged warfare is apt to pall. For this reason the war in South Africa and the American war in the Philippines became tedious, so far as the general public was concerned, although both wars cost far more in lives and money than the more spectacular Nile campaign or the brief Spanish-American conflict immediately preceding them. On the other hand prolonged peace leaves the correspondent as high and dry as it does the military hero.

There have been born strategists like Jomini, Moltke, our own Captain Mahan, or the Englishmen H. W. Wilson and Spencer Wilkinson, who have been able to prove their thorough knowledge of war on paper alone. So, too, there have been born battle artists like Lever, Galdos, Victor Hugo, and Zola, who have penned truly graphic descriptions of war without ever a smell of gunpowder; but such achievements merely mean genius. They are the exceptions that prove the rule. It is true that our late Stephen Crane gave us a better description of battle in his "Red Badge of Courage," written before he had any actual experience of war, than he succeeded in doing in any of his despatches from the field. But who knows what he might have done, had he lived to go to more wars? The trouble with him was that he had more fondness for the actual life of the soldier than for the literary expression of it. He told me himself, once in Cuba, that he had rather have handled a rifle in the merest guerrilla skirmish than have written the most magnificent description of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Victor Hugo, as we know from his "History of a Crime," took more pride in the recital of his own insignificant part on the barricades of Paris during the Coup d'Etat than in his resplendent description of the Battle of Waterloo in "Les Misérables." Who can doubt that the late Emile Zola would preferably have written his "Débâcle" from actual experience than have pieced together all the various disconnected accounts taken from the posthumous publications of the German and French general staffs?

The same holds true, almost needless to say, of the theoretical strategists. Jomini loved to trapse along with the armies to see that his theories were put into active practice; while the greatest of the moderns, Von Moltke, is known to have hailed the actual outbreak of hostilities, which were to put his paper campaigns to the test, with the youthful zest of a second lieutenant.

The truth is, that in the description of war, as in the actual conduct of it, experience is the thing. Tolstoi could never have made his "Cossack Tales," or "War and Peace" so vivid without that graphic military realism the material for which he absorbed while serving in the trenches of Sebastopol. Nor could Fennimore Cooper, Captain Marryat or Pierre Loti have written their thrilling stories of the sea, had they not caught the atmosphere while pacing the quarterdecks of their men-o'-war. We do not have to be told, surely, how much of Rudyard Kipling's soldier stories and barrack-room ballads is owing to his early experience as an obscure war correspondent in India.

Such opportunities are precisely the kind that may mean the making of a war correspondent. During the American Civil War several of our best known correspondents won early fame because they were employed as newspaper reporters or editors on the staffs of journals that happened to be published within the area of the opening hostilities. This was true, notably, of a number of the Congressional reporters stationed at Washington, and of other newspaper men in Baltimore, Charleston and Richmond.

Coming down to more recent times it is enviously remembered by untold American newspaper men how the first soul-stirring reports of the Battle of Manila were flashed over the wires by three lucky rovers,—one a cartoonist, the second an ex-naval officer, and the third the only journalist proper—who happened to find themselves at Hongkong when Commodore Dewey received his famous order: "You must find the Spanish fleet and destroy it!"

My own first piece of special correspondence was due purely to a stroke of luck. In 1886, as a mere lad, I happened to find myself on the banks of the Lake of Starnberg in the Bavarian mountains riding a bicycle near the Castle of Berg within an hour of the time that the mad King Louis of Bavaria had been found drowned

in the waters of the lake. The unfortunate monarch, as will be recalled, had drowned himself and his keeper, the famous Dr. Gudden, on the eve of his threatened deposition from the throne of Bavaria. I was the first outsider on the scene. Boy that I was, the newspaper man awoke within me. So it happened that the news of King Louis's tragic death was read in New York and London before it became known in Germany.

Still such strokes of journalistic luck are rare. The opportunity to do war correspondence as a rule will not come of itself, but must be wooed. Even when sought for most eagerly it is apt to prove elusive. 'Tis a case of :

"Seeking the bubble reputation
Even at the cannon's mouth."

Nowadays wars break out so suddenly and are fought to a finish so quickly, that even the most enterprising special correspondents sometimes can barely manage to get to the scene of hostilities in time to be in at the death. At the time of the last Greek-Turkish conflict a score of English and American would-be war correspondents arrived in Athens and Salonika only in time to report the peace protocols. Our Spanish-American war was full of similar disappointments. The land fighting in Cuba, strictly speaking, was over after one short week,—the time that elapsed between the opening skirmish at Las Guasimas and the battles of San Juan Hill and Caney. Those correspondents who missed their opportunity there only found themselves doomed to worse disappointment when they followed General Miles to his all but bloodless campaign through Porto Rico.

A case in point was that of Frederick Palmer, an excellent American war correspondent, who early in 1898 had accepted a newspaper commission to follow the great rush of gold seekers to the uttermost regions of the Klondike. By the time he

had got well out of reach the Spanish-American war broke out. He dropped everything, and rushing back eastward, as fast as his feet, and boats and trains could carry him, he arrived on the Atlantic coast only in time to meet the victorious troops returning from Cuba. He had to content himself subsequently with following the rather listless fortunes of Aguinaldo's guerrilla warfare in the Philippine Islands.

So, too, the present conflict in the Far East, by the suddenness of its outbreak is known to have caught a number of well-known English correspondents at a disadvantage in the Near East, whither they had been drawn by the Macedonian uprising and rumors of impending hostilities in the Balkans.

When correspondents are thus delayed or sidetracked it is most often due to the shortsightedness of the people who send them. Just as commanders in the field or at sea are often seriously hampered by the cocksure interference of strategy boards at home, so correspondents are apt to be impeded by the publishers at home who boast of having despatched them to the front.

As a matter of fact, few war correspondents are really sent out by their publishers. The men mostly send themselves. That is, the initiative is all their own. Some fortunate few, who have ample means of their own, when war is imminent proceed to the most promising destination at their own expense and risk, and having arrived there come to quick terms with publishers at home by means of the telegraph. These men have the best chance of being the first in the field. On the other hand they run the risk of having to pay for their own mistakes, should events turn out against their calculations, or if sickness or other misfortunes of war overtake them.

Thus, I know one enterprising English correspondent, who, falling heir to a tidy sum of money last summer, promptly be-

took himself to Port Arthur, where he awaited the date of the long promised Russian evacuation of Manchuria. The eighth day of October came and passed. Nothing happened. Japan appeared quiescent. So did Great Britain and the United States. In disgust, my friend turned his back on the Far East, sailing by way of the Suez Canal he headed for Panama, where the republican *coup d'état* about that time seemed to promise lively doings. Arriving on the Isthmus at length, he found, of course, that the scene of action had shifted from Panama to Paris and Washington, and that the Far Eastern question after all was by no means shelved. Fearful of being misled again he returned to the Near East resolved to make for Russia by way of the Balkans, so that he could still turn to either scene of hostilities by the time he got to St. Petersburg. When this article was written, at Nagasaki, my friend was still stalled somewhere along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway on his way to Manchuria from the land side. Once he reaches the front, having spared no pains or money of his own to get there, some newspaper or magazine that will profit by his individual energy and pluck will doubtless advertise itself far and wide as having sent this man forth as its "own correspondent."

Other war correspondents, less fortunately situated than my friend, generally reach the front after much delay by volunteering to do so under the auspices of some powerful periodical. In order to get there within any reasonable time they must do their volunteering early and often. They must overcome all objections inspired by ante bellum skepticism with ardent arguments drawn from contemporary history, international politics, steamer schedules and time-tables, and must always be prepared to start at an hour's notice. This, in itself, implies a complete cessation of otherwise lucrative or useful activity, unless the volunteer enjoys the

advantage of already holding a staff position on the periodical he aspires to serve in the field. Put off again and again he must return to the charge at every favorable chance. By way of extra inducement would-be war correspondents often feel compelled to offer to risk their lives for a pittance, and they must submit to dicker-ing even on that score.

I know of one quondam war correspondent, whose eagerness to get to the fighting front led him to accept such an inadequate travel allowance from the editor who professed to send him, that by the time he sailed forth to witness certain hostile naval operations nine hundred miles away, he had just one dollar left in his clothes. That correspondent was myself.

I know of another war correspondent,—strictly speaking, he was a special photographer,—who, having been despatched to the front by a certain newspaper, to which he rendered striking services at great personal risk to himself, was stricken with yellow fever in Cuba. His comrades, finding him nearly destitute of funds, cabled to his editors for money.

No reply.

They placed him in a field hospital, and, explaining his serious predicament, again cabled for money.

No reply.

The poor fellow was transferred to a hospital ship, brought home at government expense, and nursed to life by women of the Red Cross. When he recovered and presented himself before his editor, it was explained to him that nothing had been done at the time the urgent cable messages of his friends came, because the senders were not personally known to the editor, and because nobody knew to whom to address telegraph remittances, the photographer himself being considered *hors de combat*.

The emaciated condition of the man, who had thus been left in the lurch, was so pitiable that in view of his sufferings as well as his sterling services and devotion to

his newspaper, he was at once re-employed with fulsome promises of a berth for life. Within a year, nevertheless, he was dismissed from employment, since without a war there were not sufficient topics of public interest to warrant the steady retention of a photographer.

This same man is now again serving at the fighting front in Korea, though it is said that he is wielding his camera on a more lucrative basis as a free lance. It should be remarked, by the way, that he is an Englishman, the son of a soldier of fortune who fell fighting somewhere in South America.

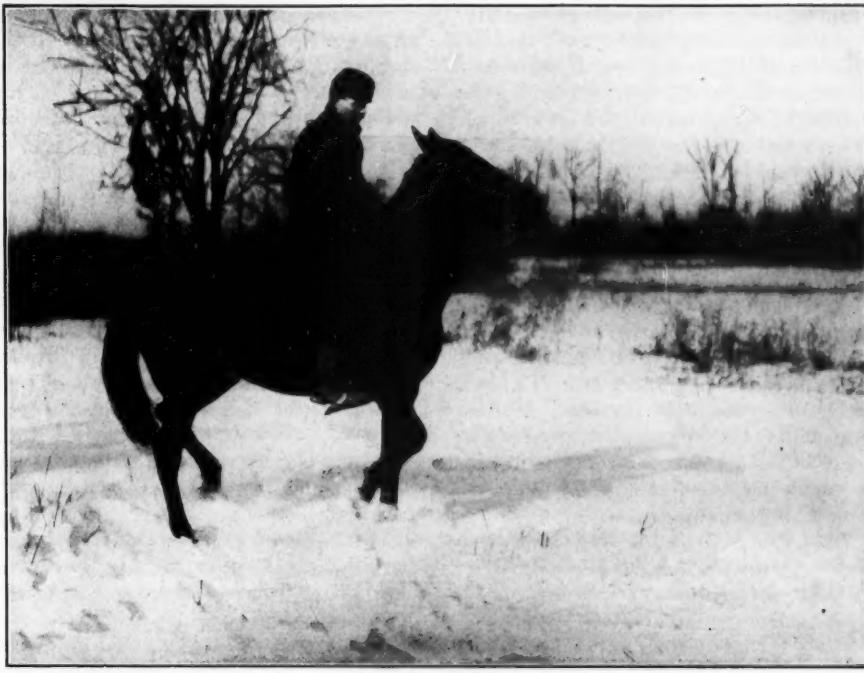
American newspaper readers must be more or less familiar with the case of Edward Marshall, the correspondent for the *New York Journal* during the Spanish-American war, who fell severely wounded in the first fight of the Rough Riders in Cuba. The fact that this correspondent had been struck down while in the service of the *Journal* was duly exploited in the columns of that newspaper and all the other newspaper organs controlled by Mr. Hearst. No mention was made of the fact that Marshall had gone to the front on his own initiative. Nor was it advertised that the unfortunate correspondent had to have his leg amputated, afterward, and became a paralytic. It was rumored though that Mr. Hearst had appointed him to a life position on the editorial staff of his newspaper. Next it was learned that Marshall had been suffered to sever his connection with Mr. Hearst. Mr. James Gordon Bennett thereupon took him up, entrusting him with the management of an important department of the *New York Herald*. Meanwhile Marshall's health became steadily worse. He had to be moved about in a wheel-chair. Presently he had to resign from the *Herald*. An invalid for life he is now left to his own devices. When I last saw him he was writing a novel.

Publishers will tell you that there is an obverse to this medal. They will tell you of correspondents full of promises, sent

out at great cost to earn distinction for themselves and for their papers, who spend their time lolling at hotels and places of amusement far from the front. Having accomplished little but the accumulation of heavy bills for expenses, they return in the end with nothing but specious excuses for their inaction.

One publisher, favorably known in America and England for his generous conduct toward his authors and correspondents, told me that at the time of the South African war he had sent out more than half a dozen men under salary with liberal advance allowances for expenses, from whom he received not a line in return that he could publish. Throwing good money after bad he engaged the services of two first-class correspondents. One of them, the late Julian Ralph, first got wounded, then caught enteric fever, for which he had to be invalidated home. In the end he died from the effects of it. The other correspondent, Arthur Lynch, chose to cast correspondence to the winds and became a fighting Boer. This same publisher, whenever a war has been in progress, has held out a standing offer to furnish all volunteer correspondents with free photographic material, promising at the same time to pay them ten dollars for every photograph available for publication. More than a hundred cameras have been given away in this manner with untold plates and films and in some cases special cash advances. Yet of all the men who availed themselves of this generous offer, but two sent in any acceptable photographs. As it happened they were a military and a naval officer in active service. They were also the only two who offered to return their cameras when the war was over.

Another complaint of publishers is that occasionally even the best of correspondents, whose reputation in itself-almost ensures excellent results, perform their services on so reckless and lavish a scale that the expense of their maintenance some-



EDWIN EMMERSON JR.

times far exceeds in value the advantage to the newspaper that may accrue from their work.

Thus, there is one brilliant correspondent whose habits of life have grown so exacting that he will not travel anywhere without a formidable retinue of attendants and servants as well as several pedigreed dogs. A man like that will not do things by halves, especially under the stress of action, and when all is told is bound to prove rather an expensive addition to a newspaper staff.

Everybody has heard the story of the eager war correspondent, who, reaching a telegraph station ahead of his rivals, cut off their access to the wire after filing his own despatch, by cabling the opening chapters of the Bible with instructions to the operator to keep this up until closing time. The alleged dramatic incident has been incorporated into the plot of "Michael Strogoff." Deponent saith not how

the home office must have enjoyed paying so much per word for this cabled version of the Book of Genesis.

There are other stories of like purport, —and better authenticated. I have it on the authority of Josiah Flynt, who was tramping through Russia at the time Richard Harding Davis was there to report the Czar's coronation, that Mr. Davis, on coronation day found himself utterly unable to persuade the chief manager of the telegraph office in St. Petersburg to forward his lengthy report of the affair to America at the usual press rate, payable at the other end. It was a case where time was more precious than money, so Mr. Davis was driven to produce several thousand rubles in spot cash to pay for his message in advance and at ordinary commercial rates. Later, according to Flynt, the muled correspondent recovered the excess charge by reclamation.

I had an experience akin to this a few

years ago in South America. It was after a battle on the Venezuelan-Colombian frontier in the Andes, and I had crossed the mountains and penetrated through an inundated region infested by lawless *guerrilleros* to reach the nearest cable station with my news. I was a journalistic free lance then, but the battle had been sufficiently bloody to make a good "story" for any paper except the *War Cry*. The first editor to whom I cabled an intimation of what I had to tell cabled back: "Send all you can!"

I did. Needless to explain, at press rates, payable at the other end. The commercial rate was \$1.20 per word in American gold. The operator obligingly kept his office open one hour after closing time to enable me to file all of my despatch, some eighteen hundred words.

Late that night I was awakened in my *posada* by the cable clerk. He told me that the addressee in New York had refused to accept the despatch, and that the head office in Martinique had wired him a peremptory order to collect the full tolls for my lengthy message at the regular commercial rate. Accordingly he presented me with a bill for over two thousand dollars and demanded payment in gold. Standing in the *patio* under a flood of bright tropical moonlight I tried to argue the matter out with him in passionate Spanish, but all to no purpose. He said if he did not collect the full amount from me it would be taken out of his salary. I retorted that it looked like an attempt on his part to collect his salary out of my cable tolls. After an hour's wrangling I refused point blank to transact any business in the middle of the night and bade him return,—*mañana*. He went away vowing to have the law on me if I failed to pay up the first thing in the morning.

I had ridden sixty miles to reach that town the day before. But I had also enjoyed some experiences with Spanish law as she is administered in South America.

I deposited a sufficient sum on my pillow to pay for my lodging, went out to the stable, saddled my horse and rode out of town, back toward the seat of war. I did not stop until I had put many miles between myself and that cable office.

A long time afterward, in Martinique, I learned that it had all been a mistake. The editor, staggered by the heavy demand for cable toll, had at first refused to receive my despatch, but, changing his mind later, under the stress of a scarcity of news, perhaps, had taken the "story." At all events it was printed in display type on his front page, and a handsome remittance for it was paid to my agent at home.

It may be inferred from the above that the cable and telegraph tolls on a "story" from some remote quarter of the world will often far exceed the price that is paid for it to the correspondent. In the case of high priced correspondents the expenses on this score will be nearly even.

A publisher once told me that in time of war fully one-third of the running expenses of his periodical, an illustrated weekly, had to be debited to the item of correspondents, and artists and photographers in the field.

C'est la guerre. As Moltke, among others, is credited with saying: "War means money; more money,—and again money." To make a good war correspondent it takes money,—an abundance of money.

The best credentials a special correspondent can carry in a foreign land are plenty of cash, preferably in gold, and a good letter of credit. Given some diplomatic address and an occasional pointed letter of introduction the other necessary credentials will follow of their own accord. Even without credentials, and without a knowledge of the language of the country, money will talk. I, for one, had rather talk sign language to a peasant or common soldier with a piece of money in

my hand, than undertake to pay him off with words revealing a complete command of his native idiom.

It is when overcoming such difficulties as the lack of ready money, lack of proper credentials and lack of idiom that the truly efficient war correspondent reveals his mettle. After all, the most valuable asset in the war correspondent's make-up is will-power. Even good health comes after that.

It takes will-power to secure your original commission to act as war correspondent,—will-power to obtain the right credentials,—will-power to get away,—will-power to reach the front and to keep up with the fighting,—will-power to get your despatches out,—and will-power to balk the censor. In the end it may require will-power to collect your earnings.

Incidentally it takes money,—lots of it,—robust health with all that goes with it: such as capacity for hard work, an indestructible appetite, readiness to eat, drink or smoke anything, elastic capacity for sleep, indifference toward hunger, thirst, cold, heat, drafts, wettings, fatigue, vermin, evil smells or general dis-

comfort; a knack for hard tramping, horsemanship, the management of a boat, and swimming,—in short, strenuous vitality and physical courage;—a sympathetic attitude toward firearms; a gift for picking up idioms and dialects in addition to the actual command of at least three European languages; an easy familiarity with polite usages and the requirements of etiquette, backed up by good social and official letters of introduction; a fondness for sport; broad tolerance of national, religious and political differences; a ready knowledge of geography, modern history and international politics; a love for truth for truth's sake; common sense; an even temper; and lastly a gift for literary expression, with some experience in photography thrown in.

All these attainments and attributes go toward the making of the ideal war correspondent. Though a man be endowed with all these talents and several others besides, it will avail him but little without will-power and determination. They alone, in a war correspondent, are the qualities that will move mountains.

HOMER

By Aloysius Coll

TIME scattered wide the magic of her seeds
Down the dark tangle of the centuries—
Her hidden thoughts, her deeply dusted deeds,
The whole fulfillment of her prophecies.

At last she gave a sightless singer birth,
Whom the bright world begrudged a passing look;
But all the joys and sorrows of the earth
He dreamed, and told them—in a little book!

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By Israel Zangwill

A HAPPY FAMILY

PEPITA will be seven to-morrow, and we are all assembled to see her dance the Sevilla in honor of the most naive wooden models of the poor crucified Christ neatly tucked up in a sweet little bed under a white counterpane. An old sedan-chair, in a forgotten recess by the staircase, invites the imagination to frame in its square front a lovely dusky face under a black mantilla. I never pass it without thanking my stars that I have not to pass instead an hotel-porter's chair, with that bothersome being touching his branded cap to me, as he welcomes me to the England I have left behind. These cosmopolitan hotels cut one off from the life amid which they pretend to place one. You are limited to external contemplation, and not even the most *al fresco* peoples live entirely in the event. She is a sweet child, with dark-brown hair and eyes, but she has none of the shyness of seven. Serene and self-possessed, she faces the company in the gallery.

The gallery, you must know, is a covered corridor bordering the patio of the palace. And the palace—let me confess at once—is sunk to a *pension*, though it still hankers after reputable persons, and even in its degeneracy harbors a Marqués. Nor has it abated a jot of its Andalusian dignity. The emblazoned escutcheon hangs as assertively as ever. The stately staircase, lined with great gold mirrors and grand, gloomy oil-paintings, steps down to the spacious patio, with its tiles, marble pillars, Moorish arches, arabesque decorations, stone portrait-medallions, and majestic palm-tree. We dine in a hall that

might have belonged to the Alcazar, or held a cover for Pedro the Cruel, albeit the azuléjos are but a painted show. Whoso will, may attend morning mass or evening rosary in our private chapel, as opulently over-gilded as the best, and holding, under a glass case, the tenderest, street. Here in my *palacio* I see Spanish people at home and in undress—at least one lady comes to lunch in her dressing-gown. I listen to good Spanish, and give bad in return—to my obvious profit. I am pampered with Spanish dishes and broken to goat's milk. I am denied saucers to my cups and butter to my bread and on Fridays I must fast. My one breach with Castilian custom is to fling the windows wide open, for my neighbors appear creatures of a different planet, able to live without oxygen, and even to prefer carbonic acid, which they manufacture by lighting the small brazier, the hole for which is arranged beneath every round table. In this, too, they must burn incense, for a strong suggestion of cathedrals is forever wafted to my nostrils, and everybody lives and dies in an odor of sanctity.

It is Friday night, to-night, but gaiety does not seem to be banned with the meat, and the most punefully pious of us lend countenance to Peptita's dancing. The old Priest, indeed, is not here: the black skull-cap which strikes so picturesque a note at the dinner-table, is conspicuous by its absence. But perhaps the Priest is taken up with reading his letter; he seems to get one almost every evening. One would almost think that the Postman, who makes his round of the table with

such marked disregard for the majority of us, gives him letters by favor. But the fact that each letter coming from Spain costs the recipient five céntimos lulls our incipient jealousy of the Priest. It seems just that the Church should for once contribute to the state, and, for my part, I felicitate myself that I do not live in Spain, exposed to a poll-tax on every anonymous fool who chooses to write to me.

It is the Colonel of Artillery who is going to play the music for Pepita's dancing, and so we are waiting till he shall have finished his game of chess with the Treasurer of the Tobacco Factory. The Colonel's castle has fallen, and it looks as if the layman's strategy will drive him to surrender. But we are not impatient. Impatience hardly accords with a palace in which there are no bells. At first sight it seems impossible to live cut off entirely from the outer world of service. But this is a modern delusion. Men were made before bells, and life soon accommodates itself to their absence. Pre-arrangement as to hours and requirements dispenses with much tintinnabulation, besides predisposing to punctuality. If you want anything unforeseen, you go out and wander in the corridors, in the hope of chancing upon the *camarera*. In the last resort there is always the great bell, whose iron cord hangs in the courtyard. You tug and tug, evoking slow solemn strokes, with a theatrical feeling of sounding a tocsin or a death-bell, and presently—*quién sabe*—a serving-woman may appear from some mysterious lair. After all, time is not money in Spain and in a land where the railway-trains idle at every station and the driver abandons the diligence to shoot a bird in a field, we can well wait till the Artillery is beaten by the other department of smoke. The Colonel's son—El Capitan of the same regiment—is playing cards with the twangy Spaniard who has become an American subject and whom no rancor apparently

attends. The Colonel and the Colonel's lady, the Captain and the Captain's lady, all inhabit the same apartment; a race, two generations of which can live side by side, must indeed be of placable temperament, and likewise of unprogressive. They live here, year in, year out, like most of the other inhabitants, to evade the problem of servants. But they are not the only happy family; indeed we are all one happy family, calling one another by our Christian names regardless of age or sex. To call one another by our surnames, would be wanting in friendly courtesy; indeed, for the most part, we are ignorant of them. A very grave and reverend Señor might be addressed by his surname—and his surname alone—but even he were better addressed by his Christian name, preceded by Don. Señor Don is reserved for letters, and then the honor costs you five céntimos. That the Portuguese are not to be confounded with the Spaniards is most lucidly learned from their methods of address, for so far from addressing a young lady as Juanita or Isabella, I should have to say "Her Excellency." Here, in our *palacio*, the very waiter has been heard to give the order: "Fried Eggs for Isabella." And Isabella is a very stylish demoiselle.

The Spanish waiter could indeed give points to the American. He reads his newspaper between the courses and even smokes his cigarette. At the popular theater in our town the members of the orchestra smoke while they are playing—unless they play wind instruments. The sexton smokes as he batters down the coffin-lid on the grandee. Perhaps it is the bull-ring that levels all ranks. However it be, all Spain tends—like our *pension*—to form a large family-party, all equally proud and all proudly equal! In refusing a beggar, you call him your brother and beg Heaven's dispensation, for the sin of not subscribing to his necessities. It seems a paradox, but I suspect that this Catholic, royalist country, has more de-

mocracy blowing through it than the United States. Just as each town has preserved its individuality and independence, never truly blending with the others, so each man has kept his sense of personality without too much fusion in the civic whole. The brawler is quick with the knife, the cabman despairs the tariff, the railway-passenger has sometimes to be coerced to pay his fare, and this is the chief function of the civil guards who travel on every train. Perhaps you have seen chromos of the great Tobacco Factory, the Treasurer of which is at last checkmating the Colonel of Artillery, perhaps you have been dazzled by the galaxies of Andalusian damsels, whose eyes could light the cigars they roll. The reality is less enchanting, but perhaps more truly pleasing, for the workshop of these five thousand poor women—and there are more pained elderly faces than young and beautiful ones—is the most humanized factory I have ever seen. The mothers are allowed to have their babies, whose cradles they rock with their foot, while their hands are rolling the tobacco. They eat and talk as they please, and it is all like a vast happy home. Not to mention that they are housed in a palatial, if preposterous, structure with a patio and fountain, and busts of Columbus and Cortes and a flying figure of Famè surmounting the façade.

The Colonel takes his place at the piano, and Pepita and her sister adjust themselves opposite each other, their gaily-beribboned castanets on their thumbs. Pepita's sister is almost twice her age and has her hair done up in two little plaits coiled on either side of the forehead, with a pigtail behind. Both girls wear heavy stuff dresses, as little suitable for dancing as the solemn black robes in which the majority of Spanish ladies still attire themselves. Yet the children achieve art even through this cumbersome medium; the lines of their figure sing as they curve and sway and glide through the mazes of the indescribable Sevilla. 'Tis a dance in

many episodes, but the music is ever the same and the Colonel pounds away assiduously, while the dancers keep setting the music ever to fresh motions, so that its monotony is utterly forgotten. And throughout everything goes the lively clack, clack of the castanets in their fingers. The guitar has grown rare, the serenade under the heavy-grilled windows almost extinct, but the castanets rattle on with undiminished vivacity in every Spanish household. One would imagine that the Spanish feeling for music was more a sense of time than of tune. A blind girl among us solaces herself by snapping her castanets in time to Pepita's dancing, and a buxom, black-bosomed lady rushes at Pepita to hug her in a frenzy of appreciation.

Allured by the music, the Marqués emerges from the seclusion into which his wife's death has plunged him. Those were bustling days when the Marquesa was ill, and everybody visited her from morning till midnight, as is the friendly foolish custom. But at last she was too far gone for these levées, and death hung awesomely over the *palacio*. One day the end approached and at the rumor the whole household, from the proudest guest to the lowliest servitor, hastened with taper or tallow candle to assist at the last sacraments. It is in the same democratic spirit that all the world now assists at Pepita's dancing.

THE PHILOSOPHIC SUPERMAN

THE centenary of Kant has passed without distracting attention from the Russo-Japanese war, yet who can say that the life of the great philosopher was not more important in the story of the human species? The appearance on the planet of a creature with such profound powers of thought—a superman, to adapt Mr. Bernard Shaw's rendering of Nietzsche's *Uebermensch*—was possibly of more vital moment in the destinies of mankind than the sanguinary rivalries of two

breeds of mere men. The advent of a Shakespeare or a Newton, in its revelation of the potentialities of our race, is the true epoch-making event in human history. Even if he remains a solitary peak he uplifts humanity. Philosophers have not yet become a common stock, but Kant has deepened and widened the common stock of thought for all mankind. His was the greatest intellect that had yet been applied to the problems of philosophy, not even excepting Aristotle's and Spinoza's. He tended indeed to become all intellect and, like some of Mr. Wells' Martians, to be reduced to a thinking mechanism. He lived and died a German Professor, whose sole recreation was walking to his class-room. The citizens of Königsberg set their watches by him, was Heine's immortal biography of the simple sage. Other than the citizens of Königsberg have set their watches by him since. Heine's sympathetic picture of the man was not accompanied by an equal appreciation of his message. Kant weighed the deity in the scales of a grocer, he complained. It would be difficult to give a falser summary of the thinker who, with Wordsworthian mysticism, coupled the infinitude of the starry universe without, with the infinitude of the moral law within. But then Kant was the least lucid of German writers as Heine was the most lucid, and it was a case of what Charles Lamb calls "imperfect affinities."

It remains a pity that Kant took seven years—I write on Mount Etna, which is barren of books, so it may have been eleven years—to excogitate his *Critique of Pure Reason*, and only as many weeks to write it in. It is a greater pity that he wrote it in German. But I fear that if he had not been a German, he would not have been able to write it at all. The complexity of German sentences is an index of the synthetic grasp of the Teutonic mind—it embraces in one conception, sometimes even in one word, what more discursive intellects require three sentences for. Kant's

masterpiece has page upon page of quite admirable exposition, but as a whole it unites all that is most obscure in German thought with all that is most involved in German syntax. A London fog is a searchlight compared with some sections of Kant's Critique, and though many Englishmen, from Coleridge downward, have groped about in it and there has even been a peculiarly British neo-Kantian school, I doubt if any one has ever felt he knew his way through every part of it.

And yet the general drift of the book is clear. Kant made a revolution in thought comparable only to Galileo's in astronomy, and the comparison is his own. Berkeley had already taught that our body is in our mind, rather than our mind in our body. Kant generalized this idealism, reduced the world we know to an appearance—a phenomenon—molded by the categories of Time and Space with which our mind can not help investing it. Of the Thing-in-Itself—the Noumenon—we know nothing. And not only our sense-perceptions but all our ideas (such is the fatal constitution of our mind) can not but fall into ready-made molds.

But which are these mental molds? To answer this question Kant went—not to his inner intuition, for he was no camel-evolving philosopher—but to the actual facts of our psychology. To get at our logical molds for example, he made an exhaustive analysis of the logical propositions systematized by Aristotle and the schoolmen. The anatomy of argumentation revealed the underlying assumptions of our mental machinery. Kant exposed the roots of all our thought in imprisoning preconceptions. It followed that all human thought, outside concrete experience was merely the barren play of the mind with its own forms. Mathematics was a glaring instance of a science whose very perfection arose from its emptiness. All efforts to prove God or the soul or free-will were foredoomed to failure. Mendelssohn's *Phaedon* and all such high sound-

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

ing theosophies were but empty drumming. In a brilliant series of "Antinomies," he revealed the inherent paradox of thought, the contradiction in which our poor intellect is involved, whenever it tries to creep beyond its bourne of concrete experience. Time, which has no beginning and yet which must have begun some time; Space, which has no end and yet must end somewhere; the Will, which we feel to be free, and which yet is bound up in the chain of motives and causes; these are the most obvious blind-alleys in which our apparently efficient mental machinery lands us. The impotence of Reason to verify humanity's fondest beliefs, was our philosopher's melancholy conclusion, and not without reason did Heine say that Kant's brain held deadlier destructive powers than Napoleon's.

And yet destruction was not at all the philosopher's design. There were, he declared, three questions of vital import to humanity:

What can I know?

What must I do?

What may I hope?

If the first of these questions could only be answered in a nihilistic spirit, the second found a clear reply in conscience, and the third was not without its enchanted horizons. In short, having swept the decks clear of God, the soul, freewill, immortality, etc., he at once proceeded to bring them all back again. His only objection to them, it appeared, was the sophistic proofs on which they were popularly based. It was the Practical Reason that was called in to undo the work of the Pure Reason. The Pure Reason revolves on its own axis, but the Practical Reason goes outside of itself and commandeers all the conceptions to which it can not prove its right, but which man can not live without. We do not know what Time is, but what time it is remains supereminently important. As a Practical Reasoner, this great skeptic invented the Categorical Imperative of Conscience, the mystic dutv

laid upon us to act so in every contingency that our action might be universalized as the model for all mankind in similar conditions.

It is not a little curious, this habit of philosophers, of building their really vital teaching upon the ashes of their thinking. I had occasion the other day to point out how little connection there is between Herbert Spencer's ethics and his theories of Evolution or the unknowable. Perhaps the final philosopher will be he in whose system yawns no such abyss. The Practical Reason can not lie down side by side with the Pure Reason, nor the Knowable with the Unknowable. What seems to emerge from these failures of homogeneity and harmony is the inadequacy of the philosophic method for the task the philosopher sets himself. Pure Reason is, perhaps, an imperfect and unsuitable instrument. Indeed it seems highly unreasonable to expect to squeeze into the mold of Reason the series of mysteries we call life and the world. Therefore, instead of operating with Pure Reason, like Kant or Spencer, and then, consciously or unconsciously throwing over the result, to prophesy boldly from the depths of their own faith, emotion and ethical aspiration, philosophers might do better to apply at once their whole selves, their triple instrument of Will, Emotion and Reason, to the understanding of the universe, instead of shredding themselves away into mere intellect, and then going back to get other things with which to cover up their failure. Schopenhauer, indeed, following immediately on Kant, perceived something of the barrenness of pure philosophic speculation and taught "The World as Will and Idea" but there is still a factor missing. Nor is Shopenhauer's interpretation of Will as the Will-to-Live at all adequate to the facts of the cosmos. The world as Will, Emotion and Idea—with these factors rightly interpreted—may perhaps be the true formula, and it is partly because the poets and the prophets

have been closer to the whole than the mere thinkers that they have always had more of the world's ear.

To men of science Kant has always been a stumbling-block. The man who applied to the evolution of the nebular system as scientific a hypothesis as any of Spencer's or Tyndall's, has been regarded as a metaphysical cloud spinner. Few understand what he is driving at or perceive that he dissects thought as scientifically as Huxley dissects a crayfish. The majority of scientists still approach their subject-matter as if their minds were all-efficient instruments in contact with pure objective truth, and as if their theories—whenever they attempt to offer elemental explanations—did not dissolve into a chaos of contradictions under the corrosive acid of Pure Reason. All the talk about atoms and ethers can not conceal that these are but elaborate mental creations, fictions on which to string the facts. And the facts themselves are largely mental, shaped by the Kantian categories.

When the scientist denies Kant, it is by mental categories which Kant has classified.

PIERRE LOTI ON JAPAN

If anybody has ever been inclined to take Pierre Loti seriously as an observer of life, a French Ulysses knowing the manners of men and cities, let him re-read "Madame Chrysanthème" in the light of events. Seldom has a man of letters been so ruthlessly shown up. Pierre Loti treats Japan as small, pretty-pretty, decadent. Its note is preciousity, grotesquerie. He can scarcely take it seriously; a smile is ever on his lips as he regards its comical, delicate, over-polite, topsy-turvy little folk. Even in a grave-yard, he can scarcely conceive them arriving at the dignity of death. The somber, immense temples, the superb Buddhas, fail to impress him. "In Japan things never arrive at more than a semblance of great-

ness; an incurable pettiness, a grimace, is at the bottom of everything." The word "little" indeed comes so often to his pen that he apologizes for it, like a pious stylist. But what can he do? The dictionary does not give one synonyms enough, and, "in describing the things of this country, one is tempted to employ the epithet twice to a line." Even his own thought and personality he felt shrinking in such a microscopic *milieu*. He was dwindling to the measure of the little desks, the toy meals, the miniature furniture, so minutely worked, the dwarf trees, the tiny gardens. Gulliver was growing like the Lilliputians; it was fortunate his ship was ordered to other waters. And as the gallant officer was about to sail away, the little imps of comedy who seem to have selected him for their sport, dictated to his pen his final fatuity. Never, he writes, had he seen so clearly. "And even more vividly than usual, I perceive Japan to be shrunken, aged, at the end of its blood, at the end of its sap. I feel its antediluvian antiquity, its centuries of mummified life, that are speedily about to wind up in pitiful grotesquerie and buffoonery, in contact with the novelties of the Occident." And a light smile of mockery was all that he found in his soul as *The Triumphant* sailed away from these swarming multitudes of obsequious dwarfs, smitten with incurable apery. But he laughs best who laughs last.

How came the eminent mariner to look so persistently through the wrong end of his telescope? The answer is simple enough. Instead of looking for "the soul of a people" (like our English observer in Burmah) Pierre Loti was simply looking for a woman. Ordered to Nagasaki with his ship, his great thought was to make a "morganatic" marriage with a Japanese damsel. The sailor, we know, tends to have a wife in every port, and with Loti there was the attraction of literature as well as of life. He was in love beforehand with this exotic variation of the eternal

feminine; she had to him the unreality of a figure on a screen, of a fantasy on a fan. Nevertheless he went to work with a prosaic celerity not very distinguishable from the cold-blooded methodicalness of the ordinary rake. No sooner is his ship in port, than he scuttles into a sampan; no sooner is his foot on shore than he steps into a jinrickshaw—though it is raining cats and dogs—and is carried hot-foot to the “Garden of Flowers,” using the few Japanese words he had painfully acquired for the long-projected expedition, and naming the “matrimonial agent” designated to him by some predecessor in the shady adventure. In a few days he has set up his establishment at Diou-djen-dji on the suburban heights of Nagasaki.

What was the exact nature of the bond that united the brilliant Frenchman with a *mousmé*, and gave him two Japanese sisters-in-law, five little brothers-in-law, and yellow cousins and aunts innumerable, is not clearly indicated in the book. There were ducats in the bond, of course, and there was some sort of quasi-legal contract, and “brother Yves” considered “Madame Chrysanthème” as good as Pierre’s wife. Yet Pierre parted from her without a pang, and his only feeling toward her at any time had been an unworthy jealousy of Yves. The last we see of poor Kihou-San is her respectful attitude of farewell salutation, her forehead to the threshold, till her husband pro tem. is out of sight, though from behind her fan she peeps through the cabin-window of a sampan to watch the departure of the great French ship. The fact that there is no tragedy, is, perhaps, the true tragedy of the situation, as it is the true explanation of Loti’s gross failure to read Japan. “*Cherchez la femme*” is no formula for the interpretation of a country. And it is of the country, not of the woman, that Loti deemed himself the interpreter. There seemed a good deal about her, he admitted, but the three real personages were “Me, Japan, and the

Effect of Japan on Me.” Yes, from the first moment, the woman stands between him and Japan: he sees the industrial smoke of modern Nagasaki but as a mist behind which the unknown cat-eyed creature he is about to marry waits mincing and purring. With such a leer one of the crews might have looked his first upon the new wonderful country. We expect other observations from a captain, and a member of the French Academy. But then, just as Lemaître persuaded himself that criticism was the adventures of his soul among masterpieces, so Loti seems to have persuaded himself that literature was the adventures of his soul among mistresses. True, these adventures of Loti’s were always in exotic settings, whose colors and forms he could reveal with magical beauty of style. It is not difficult to understand that the reading of Loti should have been one of the greatest pleasures of Lemaître’s life—the soul of the boulevardier was able to wander among the exquisite essences of impressions which Loti for his part had to acquire with all the toil and tediousness of the actual. And, to myriads of lesser souls than Lemaître’s, the reading of “Madame Chrysanthème” has been an enchanting adventure. The book presents a butterfly Japan, painted in iridescent tints. The external things are seen with an artist’s eye, but the judgments, too, are external. Of the memoirs which he is writing, Loti says they are “mere ridiculous details, minute notings of colors and forms, odors and sounds.” Loti judges himself correctly, though the humility veils an artist’s complacency in his exquisite susceptibility. Outside the sphere of sensation, Loti’s impressions of Japan are valueless. And this absence of insight is a necessary consequence of the superficial relation of his soul to Japan. He took it as “carriage-window-country,” something to amuse the eye as one flitted past. He attempted even to *live* in “carriage-window-country”—by marrying in

a wait between two trains—and he treated Kihou-San as a piece of the landscape. There is a fundamental maxim of jurisprudence that one should not treat a person as a thing. But Chrysanthème became his chattel, his toy. Never except once, when she plays on her *chamécen*, does he suspect she may have a soul. He married a bibelot, a Japanese doll! "A Doll's House" on an even lower plane than Helmer's and Nora's, but the nemesis in store was that Loti could only see Japan through its window. And all he saw was the life of the demi-monde, the life of lanterns and bonbons, and torches, and the tea-house of the Indescribable Butterflies. Imagine a Japanese arriving in Paris, taking a cab to the Hill of Montmartre, setting up house with a cocotte, and, on the strength of his gaddings about the Bois and the Moulin Rouge, writing pompously of "Me, France, and the Effect on Me." Pierre Loti took his Japanese bride visually, and the result was that Japan revealed itself to him only on the same superficial plane. He saw it scenically, and its soul escaped him. The laboring, aspiring nation of patriots showed like a fantasia of marionettes. If ever a gleam of intuition came to him, it was instantly extinguished. The great shrines and granite Buddhas were put aside as the work of an elder, stronger age, and when a depth of melancholy sounded to

him from their music, he made the inverted reflection: "Strange that such a laughing people should have such plaintive music!" Occasionally he saw that there was something to be learnt from the comical little country—Parisian boudoirs were too encumbered with bric-à-brac, and "for little practical things this people is without rival." But he never suspected that to this grasp of detail was added largeness of conception, and he reverted instantly to the grotesque phantasmagoria of lanterns and torches and parasols—the little practical things in painting which this writer is without rival.

The redeeming quality of "Madame Chrysanthème," apart from its verbal beauty, is its sincerity. He married a *mousmé* for amusement—and he was bored. The nightly climb up the hill to his Japanese home at Diou-djen-dji turned from romance to weariness. As a change from the French novels in which love is never anything but a delirious impropriety, this is distinctly refreshing. And if "Japan" and "The Effect" are alike caricatures, the "Me" of Loti remains fascinating in its sensuous receptivity, its wistful self-pity, its yearning back to the glamour of childhood. A pity that he can not find his spiritual bearings, and drifts about so hopelessly. His mere profession as a sailor should have given him a firmer grip on the wheel.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

(DIED APRIL 1, 1904)

By Carolyn Wells

YES, the gods loved him. In his one brief hour
They gave him all fair gifts within their power.
Yet oh, the pity of it! Would that they
Had paused ere they bestowed their final dower.

MARIANTHY'S MIRACLE

By Kenneth Brown

MARIANTHY sat looking into the West, her hands clasped over her head, debating with herself whether she should marry Bakoup-Bey, son of Shachran-Pasha, and brother of her friend and pupil, Guoul-Guoul. There were objections. He had two wives already, and there was no assurance that he would stop at three. Among his own country-people a few wives, more or less, was no objection: among the Greeks it was less of an objection than was his being a Turk. And yet to Marianthy the Turk was not the dark-browed monster, a-harrying and a-murdering, that he is to us. Indeed, Bakoup-Bey was not dark at all. Of the pure Turkish breed, he was fair of complexion and hair, tall, with gentle manners, and slow, graceful ways. No unspeakable Turk, this, but very speakable, almost marriageable, or Marianthy would not have been cogitating the question so earnestly. She liked him personally very much, though, of course, as a Greek she looked down on him. But this looking down on those who differ from us in the things over which we have no control is the universal happy heritage of the human race. So the North looks down on the South; the East on the West; the Protestant on the Catholic; the Indian on the White Man; the Mountaineer on the Lowlander. Are we not always a little more comfortable in an attitude of slight condescension? Is it not more blessed to be in a position where we can give, than where we have to receive? Are not the happiest marriages those in which our wives are a little our inferiors?

But it was not because she looked down on Turks that Marianthy hesitated about marrying Bakoup-Bey; it was because

such things were not done by Greek girls. She knew of only one who had so transgressed the unwritten law, and this one had been divorced in less than a year. (In Turkey every man is his own divorce court, though it is only fair to say that he rarely exercises his prerogatives in this direction unless he chances to have a foreign woman among his wives.) Marianthy knew that a Greek loses caste utterly by marrying a Turk; not only among her own people, but also among his. She has to change her religion, and wear a *feredge* and *yashmak*. But Marianthy was not in a position where she could pick and choose husbands. Her father, old General Komnino, had died a few months before, as poor as his blood was pure, and as he once had been famous. He left his daughter the old house in whose garden she was sitting, and almost nothing else. After his death, Marianthy had given lessons in embroidery and music to Guoul-Guoul; and in going to her lessons, had daily passed through Shachran-Pasha's garden, in which was a kiosk which Bakoup-Bey often inhabited. There he had seen her and desired her greatly—in this land where wiving was less selection than collection—and after suitable advances, had asked her to take her place in his *haremluk*.

Marianthy was not of the kind that does and dares. She was not new, not emancipated. She did not dream, like a western girl, of going out and conquering the world: of becoming professor, or doctor, or what not. She did not even dream of King Cophetua or the rising young lawyer riding by and falling in love with her and marrying her out of hand. Christian maidens in Turkey think-

ing of love and marriage, think along other lines than these. For her the outlook was not romantic. She had no dowry, and that meant no romance. To be sure she had had one offer of marriage totally unconnected with a mercenary consideration. Kyr Pantelis had seen her on the street, had fallen in love with the rounded lines of her figure, and had made a proposal for her hand, through old Kyria Nikolas, in due form. But Kyr Pantelis was sixty-five years old, and, besides which, his family was not really good enough, in spite of the money he had made exporting carpets to Europe, and *raki* to the Turkish colonies—so Marianthy had refused him.

Marianthy was not very practical, nor was her sense of proportion well developed. For every year of Kyr Pantelis's age there were two thousand *medjediés* in his pocket, and that made the number of his years not at all ridiculous. But Marianthy's thoughts, instead of dwelling on the relation of Kyr Pantelis's age to his assets, concerned themselves with less profitable matters. They busied themselves with the trees and flowers around her old home. They accepted the legends of her Turkish nurse as real. They filled the woods about Scutari with sprites and spirits. She watched the sunset each evening, and gazed longingly at the green and red and yellow world of mystery whose borders were made visible to her over the edge of the earth. All this was more real to her than the world around her, although the world, of late, had become real enough for her to know that she had very little money, and that little, in spite of the lessons to Guoul-Guoul, was dwindling. For this reason, on this evening, she did not ponder on the sunset, but, prosaically, whether she should become the third wife of Bakoup-Bey, and assure herself a home.

Wild-eyed, Marianthy stared at the purple of the sky, cut by the minarets of the mosques of the Scutari. They helped

her not at all in her decision, only reminding her of the difference of faith, which made her decision more difficult. As she looked at them, the sunset gun from Stamboul boomed across the Bosphorus, and the *imams* from the minarets gave their cry, *Allhèn-fahnâh*, "the world is bad."

Marianthy sighed. Yes, the world was very bad, and she did not know what was right to do. She had no friends in Scutari. General Komnino had held strictly to his position. His blue blood lifted him to cerulean heights—and now his daughter was all alone, a pathetic little figure in her deep black. Old Kyria Nikolas had come to her with proffers of help, but her sympathy was so manifestly the sympathy of the busybody that Marianthy had recoiled from her. Besides the servant, she had known none well except her father, and from him she had received hardly more than indifference. There was in her mind the dim memory of her mother, a beautiful mother, heavy-eyed with weeping. It was hardly more than a dream, a filmy, mist-wreath of thought, so faint it disappeared when she tried to fix it more clearly in her mind. Nevertheless, the idea, this ideal, was almost constantly with her in her solitary, brooding life. Her mother was not dead. She had known this since she could first remember, though she had never spoken of it to her father. He was a hard man—it had been an element of his greatness as a general—with seemingly no softer side to his nature; not one to whom one would confide one's cherished thoughts. This dream-mother—waxing and waning with the flow of life in Marianthy's veins: strongest when she was weakest—was a comfort, almost a companion to her. Yet to-night, when she felt so lonely and weak, it was sadly faint. Perhaps—the thought came to her for the first time—perhaps this beautiful dream-mother had never loved her, had abandoned her. Where was she, now when she needed her, this mother who had left

her so young, and had never once come back, even once, to see her?

To tell the entire truth about Marianthy, there was one other person who occupied some considerable share of her thoughts, and perhaps he had more to do with her state of indecision in regard to Bakoup-Bey than she herself knew. A Greek he was, whom she did not know, whom she had often met, and from whose eyes to hers had come a message which she felt sure would have been translated into deeds, or rather proposals, were it not for the cruelty of fate in leaving her without a dower. He was not so well born, naturally, as she; but still very well born, of the family of Kanello, connected with the great Vallianos and the Kallinikos. It may be doubted, however, if his birth carried as much weight with Marianthy as his eyes, and the curl of his hair, the inches of him, and the grace in those inches. And yet, alas! in spite of all this, his eyes alone must speak, his grace alone appeal to her; for he was not rich, and hence it was quite impossible that he should ask the hand of Marianthy.

II

Marianthy was roused from her reverie by the bell-ringing of the Christian church, a church that had claimed the devotions of her fathers, more or less strongly, for centuries. Instinctively she rose from the bench where she had been sitting and walked slowly through the streets of Scutari toward her church. She met a Turkish woman of the lower class carrying a pitcher of water on her shoulder, her face carefully veiled, but the evening breeze blowing her scanty skirt away from her stout white legs below her bloomers. A little beyond, a eunuch, with camp-stools on one arm and shawls on the other, was heading a returning picnic from the cemetery. Behind him came the wives, with their bright-colored *feredjés* and *charchafs*, leading the little boys,

whose pipe-stem legs were stuffed out into the semblance of great stoutness, and around whose fezes were strings of turquoises, cloves of garlic, and other objects useful in warding off the evil eye. Behind them came the servants with the little girls and the babies.

The sight brought all Marianthy's vague rumination to a focus. This would be her life if she married Bakoup-Bey, this life within the haremlik, with the companionship of the other wives, the occasional picnics to the cemetery, the listening to the *myratjous* telling their spicy stories, and the wearing of the *feredjé* and the filmy *yashmak*. She would henceforth look on the world through the lattices of a window. She would give up her race and her religion. But what was her race to her? What had her religion ever done for her: what was it except one set of time-worn maxims which she would exchange for another? A man was better than a religion.

She faced the problem squarely. She put Kanello out of her mind, together with her other fancies. He was no more real than the wood-sprites with whom she communed in the night when the wind soothed or whispered in the branches of the cypress trees. He had only been one romance more in a world full of sadly romantic things. In this hour of hard, materialistic reasoning she made up for all her impractical thoughts of the past. She would have a beautiful home, and luxury, and the love of Bakoup-Bey, whom she liked. Suppose it were only for a time. What then? It was still worth while. Life itself was only for a time.

Marianthy went into the church as one goes through the door that happens to be open; she prostrated herself, in matania, till forehead touched floor, and the words of prayer came from her lips as they had since childhood. Then she rose and stood upright. The large church was sparsely filled. The priests and the singers were slowly chanting the evening prayer. In-

cense dimmed the air. It was semi-dark, what light there was coming mostly from the silver lamps in front of the icons and the candles around the altar. Marianthy looked over to the right side of the church, where the men stood, as usual emptier than the left; and there, one of the few, stood Anastasio Kanello. He was gazing raptly up, and did not see Marianthy. She looked at him, for the last time as a free Greek girl, she thought—and then it was that the miracle happened. Whether it was the spirit of the religion she had never felt before, or the spirit of her race and lineage, the proud Komninos, whom for a hundred years the Sultans had found it cheaper to honor than to fight, or the sight of Anastasio's face—and a face has moved men and women much—who can say? The soft sensuousness of the scene, with the subtle influence of the perfume of the incense and the dim lights piercing the dusk, entered her veins. An exaltation came upon her. She, too, lifted her face with rapture: "God of mine!" she whispered, standing after the Greek manner of praying; "God of mine," she repeated, softly and sweetly, "forgive me for these years I have lived far from you and your love. I have found you, now."

The monotonous chanting seemed full of music; the clouded incense, the breath of heaven. Peace fell upon her. The world was beautiful, after all. The yellow gleam from the west, coming through the window-panes, was a celestial light indeed. All her materialistic thoughts dropped from her as if they had never been. She did not even trouble to renounce them, so foreign and impossible did they seem now.

She walked from the church, still in the same spirit of exaltation. She came to the old house she had quitted a short time before in such a different state of mind; she went in and was not even surprised to find the mother of her dreams awaiting her. Had not a miracle happened in the

church, and was not this a direct result? She did not reason out that the miracle had happened too recently to have brought her mother to her from a foreign land, but then miracles are best not reasoned out.

And they did not need reason, these two—nor hardly words. Their arms were around each other and they were mingling their tears of happiness and sorrow, and speaking in pretty broken phrases that said so little and meant so much. "Poor child!" the mother sobbed. "Poor Stefano would never let me pay anything. Perhaps it was my fault. He punished me in not letting me see you. Now we shall never be separated; and"—*das ewig Weibliche*—"you shall have pretty clothes; and we shall be so happy. . . . I kept hoping he would get tired of you and let me have you. I don't wonder he never did."

Marianthy blushed at the compliment she could not overlook. "You are coming now to live here?" she asked, timidly.

The mother laughed. "In this old house! No; you will come with me, to Paris. We will go to-morrow, and never see this horrid village again." (Why did a sudden chill come into Marianthy's little heart at this cheerful prophecy?)

III

And this thing happened in due course of time, though not on the morrow, as Madame Komnino had said, and they did live happily ever after. Lest, however, some may think—even good Americans who go there when they die—that going to Paris is an inadequate ending to a romance, I will add that Marianthy really married the young Greek whose eyes used to appeal to her in the streets of Scutari, and whose rapt expression in the church may have had something to do with the miracle that was wrought in Marianthy's heart.

It all came about in due and proper form, and hence to Western readers it may not seem very romantic. But Romance is in the heart, not in the circumstance. Is a hideous, big nose romantic? Yet think of *Cyrano* before you answer

rashly. So the human heart can flutter as softly in the maiden's breast when the young man approaches her after having cautiously inquired the amount of her dower, as when he swoops down with never a thought of the comfort-breeding penny.

BLAINE AND THE PRESIDENCY

HOW THE MYSTERY OF HIS FAMOUS FLORENCE LETTER WAS FIRST EXPLAINED, AND SIX OTHER STORIES OF JOURNALISM

By Julius Chambers

IN Paris on a vacation, after two years' absence! The night service from London was exceptionally bad in October, 1889, and eleven o'clock had struck before I reached my hotel in the Rue de la Paix. A friend was awaiting me and had ordered breakfast. He had "the newspaper instinct" largely developed and had put me on the track of many a "good story" aforetime.

He was on his way back to New York after a tour of Italy. A suggestion that he brought from Milan supplied the first rational solution of the mysterious and unexpected retirement of James G. Blaine from the presidential candidacy in the previous year. The former speaker of the House of Representatives was one of the most conspicuous figures in American political life, and all information about him was of the highest general interest.

"I was ill last week at the Hotel Cavour, in Milan," my American friend began, almost as soon as we were seated. "I summoned a doctor who 'fixed me up' all right; but during the conversation that developed between us, this physician told

me Senator Blaine had been a patient of his when in Milan last year. For more than two weeks, Dr. Fornoni assured me, Mr. Blaine was in a highly distressing mental and physical condition. Not only was he irrational, I was assured, but the distinguished American had repeatedly tried to write letters refusing the presidency of the United States. Of course, this Milanese physician felt little interest in Mr. Blaine's candidacy for the presidency; but he knew it to be a great post of honor and was doubtless anxious to pose as 'Physician in Ordinary' to the future chief executive. Therefore, he exerted himself to prevent the distinguished invalid from sending such a letter."

"But the letter was sent!" I interrupted; "and by that act, Mr. Blaine threw away the presidency to Benjamin Harrison!"

"True, and that is the curious part of the story," retorted my companion. "When Mr. Blaine went to Florence, some time later, an American physician there permitted him to write what will go down in history as 'the Florence letter.' Dr.

Fornoni holds that a great injustice was done Senator Blaine."

"This is a state secret of the first magnitude!" I exclaimed. "I shall leave for Milan to-night."

"Wait a few days, you are on your vacation," suggested the traveler.

"Not an hour; the train can not go too soon to please me."

We walked to the Hotel Splendide, where I bought a ticket and a *wagon-lit* for the eight o'clock train. It did mean the snuffing-out of vacation leisure, and I hadn't taken a day's rest in five months!

The gladly-made sacrifice is only an instance of a journalist's enthusiastic love of work.

Daylight found me at Basle,—that clapham junction of the continent,—at Lucerne for luncheon, and in the St. Gothard Pass and its tunnel late in the afternoon. The train rolled into the Milan station after nightfall.

Driving direct to the Hotel Cavour, I went to bed and summoned Dr. Fornoni, 26 Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. During the half-dozen professional visits that I insisted upon, all the sad circumstances of Mr. Blaine's terrible illness, which never had been whispered in the United States, were learned.

The senator had suffered a chill in the St. Gothard tunnel; a stroke of paralysis had followed at the Cavour. After his partial recovery, the invalid had passed most of his time trying to write letters. He would practice writing his name, for hours at a time. Repeated attempts were made to smuggle out a communication to L. F. Jones, chairman of the Republican National Committee; but they were always frustrated by Dr. Fornoni and the ever-vigilant Mrs. Blaine.

These were all the facts to be learned at Milan. The trail of the statesman led to Venice, across the battle-field of Solferino and past one of the most beautiful lakes of Italy. A gondolier carried me to the Hotel Danielli, where Dr. Fornoni had

sent his patient in search of the warm breezes from the Adriatic.

After two days' inquiry, I set out for the station, from the Bridge of Sighs. Mr. Blaine had not suffered a relapse there, but felt so much encouraged that he insisted on going to the beautiful city on the Arno,—the town that is older than Rome.

Thither led the chase. The Po was in flood, but was crossed on a new iron bridge that mocked a mile's width of muddy, foaming waters. Bologna at dusk and Florence at midnight!

Dr. Baldwin, the American physician, occupied one of the prettiest modern villas of the old City of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. When I called, at noon, he was absent but momentarily expected. Hardly had I walked to the window of his salon before I saw the alert, athletic man of forty coming up the pebbly path toward the house. I was glad to have seen him before he saw me, for in the half-minute that intervened before he entered the apartment, I decided to change all my plans for an interview.

A busy, nervous man never can be reasoned into giving information; he must be taken by storm, or the special correspondent will fail.

"I am Dr. Baldwin," said the American, entering the room at a bound and tossing a soft black hat upon a couch.

"Are you the man, the physician, who took it upon himself to advise Mr. Blaine to renounce the presidency and blast the hopes of thousands of Americans like myself who have given half of our lives to his service?" It was necessary to keep talking, to create the proper "atmosphere."

"I am," was the calm, confident rejoinder.

"Then, sir, I say to you that I have traveled here from New York to hear you give an explanation that will be satisfactory to the millions of American people who wanted to and would have seated Mr.

Blaine in the White House. I hope you have a reasonable justification for such a national disappointment,—even though your judgment may have been at fault." That last phrase touched the right chord.

"I did right, sir," was the firm reply, as Dr. Baldwin strode toward a large sofa at a window that gave upon a fountain. "Come and sit down, and I will guarantee to convince you, so you may tell the people in New York the absolute truth,—not half the truth, but all!"

For more than an hour I listened spellbound, to the recital of the days and nights of melancholia, despair and utter self-effacement suffered in Florence by a man I had intimately known since December, 1874, when, as speaker of the House, he made his first great upward step.

The doctor told me the name of a hotel at which these sad incidents had occurred; but I had been told it, at Venice, by the Danielli interpreter. It was the Hotel de Londres and Washington, overlooking the coffee-colored Arno.

"A presidential nomination would have been Mr. Blaine's death-warrant," was the final summing up of Dr. Baldwin.

I drove back to the hotel, because I had taken the precaution to put up where the Blaine family stopped, and after considerable discourse with Signor Gobo, the manager, and by the aid of influences more potent than speech, I was taken to the parlor in which the senator had passed the most miserable month of his life. There stood the table at which Mr. Blaine was wont to sit for days, writing, writing, always writing—or trying to write!

That was the table upon which Mr. Blaine dictated a letter refusing to be "King of the United States," my guide gravely informed me.

It was a small, round, cheap affair and answered to Dr. Baldwin's description, in the fact that it had a red leather top. I offered twenty lire for the article (more than twice its cost), but the manager, with

the avarice of his kind, shook his head and asked forty.

With a pang of regret that I had learned facts I would rather never have known, but that belonged to American political history, I spent the night in writing my long letter.

A whole day in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries did not suffice to drive the thrilling, rushing, impetuous defense of Dr. Baldwin from my mind.

The physician certainly thought he was right; but Mr. Blaine lived to be secretary of state,—to accept an office quite as laborious as that of chief executive,—an honor given to him grudgingly that he might have bestowed himself.

ADMIRAL CERVERA and 320 men, rescued from his destroyed fleet at Santiago de Cuba, were due to arrive at Portsmouth, N. H., and the *New York World* hurried me there, as a special correspondent, to describe the landing. It was not a task for a novice, because a *Herald* correspondent was known to be aboard the St. Louis, qualified by all the opportunities of the voyage, to describe the conduct of the distinguished prisoner and his staff.

Arriving at Portsmouth the day before the transformed American liner was sighted, I made application to the Rear-Admiral in command of the Navy Yard, at Kittery, Maine, who would become senior officer the moment the transport dropped anchor, for the necessary permit to board the St. Louis. It was peremptorily refused, despite the good offices of Colonel James Forney, of the United States Marine Corps.

In New Hampshire's only port all incoming vessels are boarded by an official, known as a "harbor-master." He lives at Newcastle, at the southeastern entrance to the harbor. The *World* correspondent drove five miles to that village, installed himself at its only hotel and secured the coöperation of its proprietor, in order

that an acquaintance might be formed with the harbor-master.

The official was invited to the hotel and joined the correspondent in the café.

Before midnight, by means of stories and good cheer, the stranger had thoroughly ingratiated himself with the retired ship-captain who held the important post of harbor-master. By one o'clock, he had secured an appointment as deputy harbor-master, entitling him to go in the boat with his chief.

The remaining hours of the night were passed by the special correspondent at a window of his room, overlooking the sea, watching for the lights of the St. Louis.

The big transport steamed into port the following afternoon; the deputy harbor-master was the second man to board her, following his chief up the gangway with all the assumption of authority he was able to affect. He explored every corner of the ship, as he was authorized to do; visited the deck stateroom of the captive Spanish admiral and obtained, by inquiry among the younger officers of the St. Louis, a complete account of the voyage.

The supposed official then approached Cervera, but having been informed that Captain Goodrich, the commander of the transport, had issued an order that nobody should speak to the unfortunate officer unless first addressed, an interview was not attempted. He stood very near the Spaniard, however, hoping that the Spaniard might speak to him.

That was what happened!

The admiral was gazing at a windmill on the hills behind Kittery, the arms of which were revolving like those on the little red mills of his native LaMancha, when he impulsively addressed the newly-appointed local official.

"What coast is that?" he asked, pointing.

"Maine!" was the reply.

The old admiral started, as if he had been struck.

He had heard the word "Maine" before! It had been borne to him with the victorious cheers at Santiago.

"I don't comprehend?" he said, slowly.

"The men go ashore in Maine, but you will be taken to Annapolis," was the explanation.

"Ah!" sighed the captive hero; "*Aora, iiendo!*" (Now, I understand!)

MANAGING editors of the old school were given to fighting under cover, and sometimes adopted desperate methods. A case that came under my own observation will suffice.

"I want you to go to Harrisburg," said the editor to a young reporter who had distinguished himself by a hazardous success. "Secure a charter for some kind of a corporation that will have to buy votes to get through. In my opinion, you will find it cheaper to buy a majority of the committee than to wait until the bill gets into the legislature. We want to show that this thing can be done. Of course, you take a chance of going to jail; but you have 'torn out' an insane asylum and lived among river thieves; and if you succeed, the chief will send you to Europe for a couple of years."

"Oakes Ames confessed to bribing Congressmen, and he didn't go to jail," replied the reporter. "I'll take that risk. Is there anybody you especially wish to have some of this money?" continued the reporter, divining a motive. He remembered that attacks of the most violent character had been recently made upon the editor of that newspaper by certain members of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

"That's not so important, but of course you might take a memorandum of these three names,"—which were mentioned,— "and if they need a little money, let them have it. Here's an order on the cashier for \$5,000; you will need more, no doubt. If so, wire me to my house and it will be sent to you by express."

The reporter established headquarters

at the Lochiel House two days later. He wanted to get a charter for an opposition gas company in Reading. He had new methods of making illuminating gas that greatly cheapened its production, and he ultimately hoped, he said, to give the people of several Pennsylvania cities the economic benefits of their use.

A lobbyist was employed. Several copies of the bill, which had been prepared by one of the best corporation lawyers of New York, were in readiness. It was introduced into senate and assembly before the end of a week, and the reporter began to feel "the pressure of a vigorous opposition." Entertainment was always to be had at his apartments, and the members of the committees to which the bill had been referred began to be frequent visitors.

Prompt mention was made of the day on which the bill would have consideration. A delegation was expected from Reading to oppose the measure; but a trusty coadjutor was sent to that city, and the offer of free railroad tickets, expenses and \$10 each "for loss of time,"—the entire outlay being less than \$500,—secured a highly representative collection of "the best citizens" who favored the new company as against the old. Incidentally, every member was promised free gas for five years "when the rival corporation began business."

This was a perfectly frank and truthful proposition and appealed to the cupidity of the "best people" exactly as the prospect of "graft" warmed the enthusiasm of the legislators. The session of the committee was highly humorous to the reporter.

Several of the members had already made delicate inquiries regarding "the extent of the interest the organizers of the Consumers' Gas Company felt in the passage of the act." The lobbyist and the reporter had several confidential talks as to the form in which the money should be paid. The \$5,000 deposit in the prin-

cipal bank of the capital had been increased to \$7,000, as the bank book attested to the lobbyist's eyes. That slippery gentleman was assured that payments would be made in cash.

The committee that the reporter wanted to bag was to hold an executive session that night, at which the fate of the charter was to be settled. The newspaper man purposely vanished until after the banks had closed. He returned to the Lochiel to find several members of the committee awaiting him. His regrets were intense. Inviting one legislator at a time into a private room adjoining his own, the agent of the mythical corporation explained matters in the most plausible fashion and offered a check for \$500 to each individual, coupled with a promise of \$1,000 additional, in the event of the passage of the bill. One man who positively refused the check and insisted upon cash, was placated by an increase of the amount to \$750. Of course, the legislators were told that the checks were merely given as tangible evidences of good faith for the moment and would be exchanged for money on the following morning, in banking hours.

Six checks were thus distributed; one wise old member from the oil region declining to take anything but "greenbacks,"—as he described government bills.

"The agent of the Consumers' Gas Company" had pressing business in New York, "to attend a meeting of directors" next morning, and did not go near the bank. Before his return, three days later, every one of those checks had been cashed. A few games of poker and the love of money, which is said to be "the root of all evil," stifled the caution of those practical politicians.

Opposition of the most stubborn character developed in the lower house, despite the favorable report made by the committee. The agent of the Consumers' Gas Company expressed great regret that

Reading was not to enjoy the blessings of cheap gas, withdrew his account, with the indorsed checks, and returned to New York.

The outcome of that escapade was an episode of the most curious character imaginable, and reflects, in the highest degree, the nobility of character of a newspaper proprietor. He had not been consulted and would not "stand for" the method of "getting square." That is "another story," and does not belong here.

As the Washington Centenary celebration of 1889 approached, the managing editor of the *New York World* spent many anxious hours mapping out novel methods of treatment. He finally hit upon an idea and wired W. L. Crouse, of the Washington bureau, to hire a four-horse stage-coach and a special artist and equip it for the journey from Mt. Vernon to Elizabethport.

Orders were to travel hour by hour, day by day, exactly as President-elect Washington had done,—stopping for meals and lodging where the general had halted, thereby reproducing, as nearly as possible, every incident of the triumphal progress, one hundred years agone. The "Lives of the First President," by Sparks and Irving, furnished the itinerary.

On the morning of April 15 the party set out from the front porch of the Washington homestead, at Mt. Vernon, and a series of admirable articles developed.

By this entirely legitimate means, contemporary interest was imparted to a theme that would have been intolerably dull, treated in a conventional manner. Although very few readers would have glanced at an historical account of the presidential journey, several hundred thousand people followed the progress of the *World's* Washington coach, hour by hour, until it reached the old town on the Kill Van Kull, at the sublime moment

of the naval salute of welcome to the president-elect of one hundred years before.

The writer of this article, in like manner, gave reality to the Lexington celebration, by sending a young sporting reporter, Mr. "Jack" Kirby, of Kentucky, to make Paul Revere's ride. Seeing a lighted lantern on the steeple of old South Church, as Paul Revere had seen one, the modern newspaper representative "rode out into the night and awakened all creation"—by a graphic description of the trip.

The ride of D'Artagnan, from Whitehall to Windsor and back, described in "The Three Guardsmen,"—being quite as real to every reader of books as any actual event in history,—might be effectively treated in the same manner by one of the progressive London newspapers of to-day.

The idea is offered to Messrs. Harmsworth, Pearson or "T. P." O'Connor, without price.

A DISTINGUISHED London journalist, Edmund Yates, was in this country lecturing, and it occurred to the managing editor of the *Herald* to send him to Washington to write a description of the pomp and ceremonies attending the inauguration of a president of the United States. I was at the capital for the occasion, as an assistant to the regular staff, and was working at my copy in the office.

Mr. Yates strolled in leisurely, about eleven o'clock; and after seeing that he had desk, pens and paper, I asked:

"Is there anything else you'd like, Mr. Yates?"

"Humph! Yes; I'd like a glass of brandy, and—a few facts!"

His was a very ordinary "story"; but whether due to the absence of one or the other articles asked for, I never have been able to decide.

IT is impossible to overestimate the value of a great international prize-fight as a circulation maker. The interest is well-nigh universal. If I ever had any doubt regarding the desirability of publishing accounts of such contests, it was removed after an acquaintance with Oliver Wendell Holmes and Canon Kingsley. They were enthusiasts in "the noble art of self-defense." The diminutive stature of the former had prevented him from participating in athletic games, but his interest was unflagging. His library walls were hung with portraits of prize-fighters and famous race-horses.

The successful production of the daily newspaper depends largely upon coöperation between all its departments, and this unity of purpose must be maintained by the managing editor. Various methods are employed to evoke enthusiasm in the breasts of special correspondents, far away from office influences and often working under utterly disheartening conditions. I speak from much personal experience "on the road" when I acknowledge the tremendous influence for success that an encouraging word from the home office has upon a special correspondent at a moment of critical doubt.

I have known such a message to save a "story," when every apparent resource had been exhausted and the situation appeared hopeless.

The Sullivan-Kilrain fight near New Orleans, in 1889, was a news event of the first magnitude. The New York *World* sent an able correspondent and an expert telegraph operator. The latter was armed with authority to construct a special line to the ringside, and to employ guards to protect it. Mr. Dickinson did his part of

the work effectively, and an hour before the contest began, sent word that a temporary office existed within a few yards of the roped-in bit of turf. He was thanked, in the name of the owner of the newspaper. Then the following despatch was sent to Mr. Cooke, the correspondent upon whose work success depended. The managing editor wired him this:

"Cooke, *World* Correspondent, at ringside, near New Orleans, La.: Every editor, compositor and pressman is at his post here; success depends upon you. Begin, the moment men enter the ring. Send one million words, if you can. God and the devil be with you. Julius Chambers."

The correspondent rose to his opportunity and his message of 10,000 words had no equal in the metropolis. He could feel, every moment, the close touch of his fellow workers in New York, striving, as earnestly as he, for his complete success.

AFTER he had graduated from Yale University and a theological seminary, Stagg, Yale's famous baseball pitcher, entered the ministry. His first sermon was delivered somewhere in Connecticut. Langdon Smith, the cleverest baseball reporter of his day, was sent to describe it as "Stagg vs. Sin—as seen from the Pitcher's Box." All the technique of the game was so admirably introduced that the report was absolutely inoffensive to the most religiously sensitive mind.

The report did not, of course, purport to be a transcript of Mr. Stagg's address; it followed the preacher's argument and exhortations in the third person and concluded with a verdict in favor of "the man in the box."

THE NEW MYSTICISM

By Claude Bragdon

WE people of America, obsessed by materialism, forgetful of the past, heedless of the to-morrow, if we would not perish unhonored on the rubbish-heap of our civilization, must needs produce men—seers, philosophers, poets, artists,—who shall reaffirm in no uncertain terms, the sovereignty of the spirit, for it is the spiritual element in nations, as in individuals, which makes for greatness, for immortality. Such men Egypt possessed in her priests, Judea in her prophets, Greece, Rome and Renaissance Italy in their artists. They stood,—in different ways, some ethical, some aesthetic,—for those things in human life which are fine, rare, and enduring; and because time winnows, and mankind conserves that which is best, oblivion has not overtaken the memory of those nations which have produced such men. “The really great rewards, the splendid and lasting prizes have never yet been accorded to any land or by any race to mere wealth,” and wealth is the only thing we appear to strive for.

The dense materiality of our social medium, the crudeness, the brutality, the luxury of modern life are not necessarily adverse factors in the development of a spiritual consciousness; they are perhaps favorable to it. Of all paradoxes this is the most sublime: that good comes from evil, purity from corruption.

“All’s lend-and-borrow;
Good, see, wants evil,
Joy demands sorrow,
Angel weds devil.”

The favorite food of epicures springs from the dung-hill, and the unspeakable saturnalia of Imperial Rome had issue in

Christians and martyrs. In human affairs, as in physics, action is equal to reaction, but in opposite directions.

Already may be noted presages of change: the soul of the world begins to stir in the chalice of pure hearts. Having no language, no symbolism, no images adequate for its self-expression it must needs reveal itself in strange and sometimes grotesque forms: in Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Dowieism, and in the re-animated rituals of the churches. The beginnings of Christianity in the Roman Empire were marked by similar phenomena. Bagehot says, “The times of the first church were times of excitement: great ideas falling on a mingled world were distorted by an untrained intellect, even in the moment in which they were received by a yearning heart.” Then, also, strange faiths were prevalent,—Millennarianism, Gnosticism, Ebionitism. The “isms” of our day disturb the current of modern life no more, perhaps, than submerged springs disturb the surface of a river, but they purify and renew it, just as from hidden springs the river is replenished.

The wind of the spirit “bloweth where it listeth,” in new and always unpredictable ways, but wherever and whenever it comes it stirs the harp of the world to melody; that is, it transforms inanimate, common, familiar things into symbols eloquent of it. Interior truth seeks to become exterior beauty, to find expression, that is, in art, and in an art which is natural and organic in contradistinction to the arranged and artificial productions of the purely rational consciousness. Another indication, therefore, of the imminence of inner change is to be found in

our newly awakened craving for beauty, which takes the form of an aesthetic activity, crude, it is true, but widespread, popular, and vital. As yet this is scarcely more than the dawning consciousness of the ugliness of our self-created environment coupled with a desire to render it less ugly; but the recognition of a need must come before the fulfilment of it, and no careful student of present-day tendencies can doubt that we stand on the threshold of a period of artistic endeavor which shall concern itself with the whole of life, and not merely statues and pictures. Taine says, "The transient and precious flower (art) is only seen to bloom at the confluence of two epochs, betwixt heroic and epicurean habits, at the moment when man, terminating some long and painful war, or foundation, or discovery begins to take repose and look about him." Ours is a period of great and assured material prosperity succeeding one of effort and stress: we have conquered, we have prospered, and now those into whose hands money has come are minded to spend it on precious and costly playthings. Already our millionaires are depleting Europe of such of its art treasures as are obtainable and portable, and they are building palaces wherein to display their acquisitions.

Art of some sort we are bound to have, but whether it be aristocratic or democratic will depend on what forces now at work finally preponderate. If those which seem to be dominant just now subject us our art will be aristocratic: the creation of slaves and sycophants for masters,—formal, joyless, pedantic. If, on the other hand, the slumbering soul awakes and comes near the surface of life, art will be democratic: the creation of a people truly free,—animate, joyous, germinative. At the present moment it is impossible to predict which turn we will take; all our essays are tentative, ambiguous, contradictory, like the tuning of an orchestra before the performance of a symphony.

The times are critical,—"big with fate"—however little they may appear so to the skeptically minded, who, since they never look for portents never perceive them. Ethical and altruistic ideas again sway men's souls and prompt them to strange renunciations. The germinative and dynamic power of ideas of this class is never apprehended by secular and worldly persons. Conceive how astounded Pontius Pilate would have been could he have known that his Roman Empire would crumble, while the utterances of a prisoner he had condemned to crucifixion would so prevail and endure that time would come to be reckoned from his advent. This is, of course, an extreme example, but the ideas for which Christ stood are again operative in human society, and they are as little remarked. There are numbers of men and women living to-day in the sanctuary of whose hearts the "new life" burns like a vestal fire, but they are afraid or ashamed to declare it. The vice of democracy is cowardice: a man no sooner overcomes the fear of a king than he falls a victim to the fear of his neighbor. The cowardice of the sane and temperate minority made possible the excesses of the Terror, and the first great modern experiment in democracy ended in the shambles. Now it is not the fear of death, but the fear of ridicule which constrains the best men to silence when Truth is brought bound and bleeding to the public guillotine. They pass by on the other side, "clamping the nose and blinking the eye," they fly no flag, they flash no signal, each one believes himself to be alone and singular, and so they miss one another in the dark, these "lantern bearers," not realizing that they are many, that they are powerful, that they are indeed the Cognoscenti, the knowers, the understanders, and that if they would only let the new currents of thought and feeling flow through and out of them they might become the prophets of a religion which would include and transcend the farthest

reach of science: the practitioners of an art which would express this religion in concrete symbols of new beauty.

They are afraid, and not without reason, for even in this tolerant age the man who has the courage of his convictions and would "honor every truth with use" makes for himself no bed of roses. The truths seeking to enter phenomenal life are not of the acclaimed and popular order,—new truths never are,—for they are calculated to undermine some of the most cherished institutions which man has built up for himself to hide him from the face of God. It is not easy to live ascetically in an epicurean and self-indulgent society. In a competitive industrial civilization, such as ours, any one who refuses to acquire more money than his needs demand is looked upon as a shirker by "the man on the street." In an Imperialistic administration, embroiled in ignoble wars, he who regards war as licensed murder is no better than a coward and a traitor in the eyes of the militant majority. These are perhaps small things, but they are hard to bear, for man is a gregarious, sympathy-loving creature, enamored of approbation, sensitive to ridicule above

all things,—willing, perhaps to become a martyr, but hating to be called a crank. Yet the martyrs, the men who sacrifice themselves for humanity, always seem cranks to the majority of their contemporaries.

The physical evils incident to our chaotic, blundering half-civilization are indeed many and grievous, but they are not so fruitful a source of unhappiness as that spiritual poverty which afflicts us, and from which the rich are as little exempt as the poor. Indeed, spiritual poverty is the prime cause of physical evil, and any attempt to remedy the one without regard to the other is like trying to cure a disease by the suppression of its symptoms. The Cognoscenti, who "know the master word and clue," are the true physicians, the true saviors of the race, but they still hesitate to declare themselves, though they detect the quackery which masquerades as knowledge. Will they continue so to hesitate until another experiment in human brotherhood, begun in wisdom and hopefulness shall have become a synonym for that inequality, aggression, and injustice from which the Fathers of the Republic thought to save us?

REWARDS

By S. E. Kiser

I BEING small and weak, am prone to fret
Because my efforts bring me little gain;
I count my slender winnings with regret,
And deem them poor returns for all the pain
And all the steadfast care that they have cost—
I eat my crust and sigh o'er labor lost.

The patient toiler Nature, seons past,
Smoothed with her glacial trowel yonder spot,
And after all these busy years, at last,
Beholds the prize her laboring has brought:
She toils a thousand ages for a flower
That blooms and dies within the selfsame hour.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By Harold MacGrath

XI

THE next morning Warburton was shown into a neat six-by-eight, just off the carriage-room. There was a cot, running water and a wash-stand, and a boot-blacking apparatus. For the rest, there were a few portraits of fast horses, fighters, and toe-dancers (the adjective qualifying all three!) which the senator's sporting groom had collected and tacked to the walls. For appearance's sake, Mr. James had purchased a cheap trunk. Everything inside was new, too. His silver military brushes, his silver shaving set, and so forth and so forth, were in charge of a safe-deposit storage company, alongside some one's family jewels. The only incriminating things he retained were his signet-ring and his Swiss timepiece.

"Have you had your breakfast, sir?" asked William, the stable-boy.

"Yes, my lad. Now, as Miss Annesley has forgotten it, perhaps you will tell me of just what my duties here will consist."

"You harness, ride and drive, sir, and take care of the metals. I clean the leathers and carriages, exercise the horses and keep their hides shiny. If anything is purchased, sir, we shall have to depend upon your judgment. Are you given to cussing, sir?"

"Cussing?" repeated Warburton.

"Yes, sir. Miss Annesley won't stand for it around the stables. The man before you, sir, could cuss most beautifully; and I think that's why he was fired."

Warburton smoothed his twitching mouth. "Don't you worry, William; it's against my religion to use profane language."

William winked, there was an answering wink, and the two became friends from that moment on.

"I'll bet you didn't say a thing to Pirate yesterday, when he bolted over the wall with you."

"Well, I believe I did address a few remarks to Pirate which would not sound well on dress-parade; but so long as it wasn't within hearing distance, William, I suppose it doesn't matter."

"No, sir; I suppose not."

"Now, what kind of a master is the colonel?" asked Warburton, strapping on his English leggings.

"Well, it's hard to say just now. You see, I've been with the family ever since I was six. The colonel used to be the best fellow I ever knew. Always looking out for your comfort, never an undeserved harsh word, and always a smile when you pleased him. But he's changed in the last two years."

"How?"

"He doesn't take any interest in the things he used to. He goes about as if he had something on his mind; kind of absent-minded, you know; and forgets tomorrow what he says to-day. He always puts on a good face, though, when Miss Betty is around."

"Ah. What night do I have off?" of a mind that a question like this would sound eminently professional in William's ears.

"Sundays, possibly; it all depends on Miss Annesley, sir. In Virginia nearly every night was ours. Here it's different." William hurriedly pulled on his

rubber boots and gloves, grabbed up the carriage sponges, and vanished.

Warburton sat down on the edge of his cot and laughed silently. All this was very amusing. Had any man, since the beginning of time, found himself in a like position? He doubted it. And he was to be a butler besides! It would be something to remember in his old age. Yet, once or twice the pines of his conscience pricked him. He *wasn't* treating Nancy just right. He didn't want her to cry over his gracelessness; he didn't want her to think that he was heartless. But what could he do? He stood too deeply committed.

He was puzzled about one thing, however, and, twist it as he would, he could not solve it with any degree of satisfaction. Why, after what had happened, did she hire him? If she could pass over that episode at the carriage-door and forget it, *he* couldn't. He knew that each time he saw her the memory of that embrace and brotherly salute would rise before his eyes and rob him of some of his assurance,—an attribute which was rather well developed in Mr. Robert, though he was loath to admit it. If his actions were a mystery to her, hers were none the less so to him. He made up his mind to move guardedly in whatever he did, to practise control over his mobile features so as to avert any shock or thoughtless sign of interest. He knew that sooner or later the day would come when he would be found out; but this made him not the less eager to court that day.

He shaved himself, and was wiping his face on the towel when Celeste appeared in the doorway. She eyed him, her head inclined roguishly to one side, the exact attitude of a bird that has suddenly met a curious and disturbing specimen of insect life.

"M'sieu Zhames, Mees Annesley rides thees morning. You will *prepairre* yourself according," and she rattled on in her

absurd native tongue (every other native tongue is absurd to us, you know!)—

"He is charming and handsome,
With his uniform and saber;
And his fine black eyes
Look love as he rides by!" —

while the chef in the kitchen glared furiously at his omelette soufflé, and vowed terrible things to M'sieu Zhames if he looked at Celeste more than twice a day.

"Good morning," said M'sieu Zhames, hanging up his towel. His face glowed as the result of the vigorous rubbing it had received.

"*Bon jour!*" admiringly.

"Don't give me any of your *bong joors*, Miss," stolidly. "There's only one language for me, and that's English."

"*Merci!* You Anglaise are *so conceit*! How you like *me* to teach you French, eh, M'sieu Zhames?"

"Not for me," shaking his head. She was very pretty, and under ordinary circumstances . . . He did not finish the thought, but I will for him. Under ordinary circumstances, M'sieu Zhames would have kissed her.

"No teach you French? *Non?* *Extraordinaire!*" She tripped away, laughing, while the chef tugged at his royal and M'sieu Zhames whistled.

"Hang the witch!" the new groom murmured. "Her mistress must be very generous, or very positive of her own charms, to keep a sprite like this maid about her. I wonder if I'll run into Karloff?" Karloff! The name chilled him, somehow. What was Karloff to her? Had he known that she was to be in Washington for the winter? What irony, if fate should make him the groom and Karloff the bridegroom! If Karloff loved her, he could press his suit frankly and openly. And, as matters stood, what chance on earth had he, Warburton? "Chuck was right; I've made a mistake, and I am beginning to regret it the very

first morning." He snapped his fingers and proceeded to the right wing, where the horses were.

At nine o'clock he led Jane and Dick out to the porte-cochère and waited. He had not long to loiter, for she came out at once, drawing on her gauntlets and taking in long breaths of the morning air. She nodded briefly, but pleasantly, and came down the steps. Her riding-habit was of the conventional black, and her small, shapely boots were of patent-leather. She wore no hat on her glorious head, which showed her good sense and her scorn for freckles and sunburn. But nature had given her one of those rare complexions upon which the sun and the wind have but trifling effect.

"We shall ride north, James; the roads are better and freer. Jane has a horror of cars."

"Yes, Miss Annesley," deferentially. "You will have to teach me the lay of the land hereabouts, as I am rather green."

"I'll see to it that you are made perfectly familiar with the roads. You do not know Washington very well, then?"

"No, Miss. Shall I give you a . . . er . . . boot up?" He blushed. He had almost said "leg up."

She assented, and raised her boot, under which he placed his palm, and sprang into the saddle. He mounted in his turn and waited.

"When we ride alone, James, I shall not object to your riding at my side; but when I have guests, always remember to keep five yards to the rear."

"Yes, Miss." If he could have got rid of the idea of Karloff and the possibilities which his name suggested, all this would have appealed to him as exceedingly funny.

"Forward, then!" and she touched Jane's flank with her crop.

The weather was perfect for riding: no sun, a keen breeze from the northwest, and a dust-settled road. Warburton confessed to me afterward that this first ride

with her was one of the most splendid he had ever ridden. Both animals were perfect saddle-horses, such as are to be found only in the South. They started up the road at a brisk trot, and later broke into a canter which lasted fully a mile. How beautiful she was, when at length they slowed down into a walk! Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes dancing and full of luster, her hair was tumbled about and tendrils fluttered down her cheeks. She was Diana: only he hoped that she was not inclined to celibacy.

What a mistake he had made! He could never get over this gulf which he himself had thrust between them. This was no guise in which to meet a woman of her high breeding. Under his breath he cursed the impulse that had urged him to decline to attend the ball at the British Embassy. There he would have met her as his own true self, a soldier, a polished gentleman of the world, of learning and breeding. Nancy would have brought them together, calls would have been exchanged, and he would have defied Karloff. Then he chid himself for the feeling he had against the Russian. Karloff had a right to love this girl, a right which far eclipsed his own. Karloff was Karloff; a handsome fellow, wealthy, agreeable; while James was not James, neither was he wealthy nor at present agreeable. A man can not sigh very well on horseback, and the long breath which left Warburton's lips made a jerking, hissing sound.

"Have you ever ridden with women before, James?"

"Several times with my major's daughter," thoughtlessly.

"Your major's daughter? Who was your regimental colonel?"

James bit his lips, and under his breath disregarded William's warning about "cussing." "Permit me, Miss Annesley, to decline to answer."

"Did you ride as an attendant?"

"Yes; I was a trooper."

"You speak very good English for a stableman."

"I have not always been a stableman."

"I dare say. I should give a good deal to know what you *have* been. Come, James, tell me what the trouble was. I have influence; I might help you."

"I am past help;" which was true enough, only the real significance of his words passed over her head. "I thank you for your kindness."

If she was piqued, she made no sign. "James, were you once a gentleman, in the sense of being well-born?"

"Miss Annesley, you would not believe me if I told you who I am and what I have been."

"Are you a deserter?" looking him squarely in the eye. She saw the color as it crept under his tan.

"I have my honorable discharge," briefly.

"I shall ask you to let me see it. Have you ever committed a dishonorable act? I have a right to know."

"I have committed one dishonorable act, Miss Annesley. I shall always regret it."

She gave him a penetrating glance. "Very well; keep your secret."

And there was no more questioning that ride; there was not even casual talk, such as a mistress might make to her servant. There was only the clock-clock of hoofs and the chink of bit-metal. Warburton did not know whether he was glad or sorry.

She dismounted without her groom's assistance, which somewhat disappointed that worthy gentleman. If she was angry, to his eye there was no visible evidence of it. As he took the bridles in hand, she addressed him; though in doing so, she did not look at him, but gave her attention to her gauntlets, which she pulled slowly from her aching fingers.

"This afternoon I shall put you in the care of Pierre, the cook. I am giving a small dinner on Monday evening, and I

shall have to call on you to serve the courses. Later I shall seek a butler, but for the present you will have to act in that capacity."

He wasn't sure; it might have been a flash of sunlight from behind a cloud. If it *was* a smile, he would have given much to know what had caused it.

He tramped off to the stables. A butler! Well, so be it. He could only reasonably object when she called upon him to act in the capacity of a chambermaid. He wondered why he had no desire to laugh?

XII

Pierre was fierce and fat and forty, but he could cook the most wonderful roasts and ragouts that Warburton ever tasted; and he could take a handful of vegetables and an insignificant bone and make a soup that would have appeased the jaded palate of a Lucullus. Warburton presented himself at the kitchen door.

"Ah!" said Pierre, striking a dramatic pose, a ladle in one hand and a pan in the other. "So you are zee new groom? Good! We make a butler out of you? Bah! Do you know zee difference between a broth and a soup? Eh?"

The new groom gravely admitted that he did.

"Hear to me!" and Pierre struck his chest with the ladle. "I teach you how to sairve; I, Pierre Flageot, will teach a hostler to be a butler! Bah!"

"That is what I am sent here for."

"Hear to me! If zay haf oysters, zay are placed on zee table before zee guests enter. *V'la?* Then zee soup. You sairve one deesh at a time. You do not carry all zee deesses at once. And you take zee deesh, *so!*" illustrating. "Then you wait till zay push aside zee soup deesh. Then you carry zem away. *V'la?*"

Warburton signified that he understood.

"I carve zee meats," went on the amia-

ble Pierre. "You haf nozzing to do wiz zee meats. You rest zee deesh on zee flat uf zee hand, *so!* Always sairve to zee left uv zee guest. Vatch zat zay do not move while you sairve. You spill zee soup, and I keel you! To spill zee soup ees a crime. Now, take hold uf thees soup deesh."

Warburton took it clumsily by the rim. Pierre snatched it away with a volley of French oaths. William said that there was to be no "cussing," but Pierre seemed to be an immune and not included in this order.

"Idiot! Imbecile! *Non, non!* *Thees* way. You would put zee thumb in zee soup. Zare! you haf catch zat. Come to zee dining-hall. I show you. I explain."

The new groom was compelled to put forth all his energies to keep his face straight. If he laughed, he was lost. If only his old mates could see him now! The fop of Troop A playing at butler! Certainly he would have to write Chuck about it! (Which he most certainly never did.) Still, the ordeal in the dining-room was a severe one. Nothing he attempted was done satisfactorily; Pierre, having in mind Celeste's frivolity and this man's good looks, made the task doubly hard. He hissed "idiot!" and "imbecile!" and "jackass!" as many times as there were knives and forks and spoons at a course dinner. It was when they came to the wines that Pierre became mollified. He was forced to acknowledge that the new groom needed no instructions as to the varying temperatures of clarets and burgundies. Warburton longed to get out into the open and yell. It was very funny. He managed, however, on third rehearsal, to acquit himself with some credit. They returned to the kitchen again, where they found Celeste nibbling crackers and cheese. She smiled.

"Ha!" The vowel was given a prolonged roll. "So, Mademoiselle, you haf to come and look on, eh?"

"Is there any objection, Monsieur?"

retorted Celeste in her native tongue, making handsome eyes at Warburton, who was greatly amused.

"Ha! if he was hideous, would you be putting on those ribbons I gave you to wear on Sundays?" snarled Pierre.

Warburton followed their French without any difficulty. It was the French of the Parisian, with which he was fairly conversant. But his face remained impassive and his brows only mildly curious.

"I shall throw them away, Monsieur Flageot, if you dare to talk to me like that. He is handsome, and you are jealous, and I am glad. You behaved horribly to that coarse Nanon last Sunday. Because she scrubs the steps of the French Embassy you consider her above me, *me!*"

"You are crazy!" roared Pierre. "You introduced me to her so that you might make eyes at that abominable valet of the secretary!"

Celeste flounced (whatever means of locomotion that is) abruptly from the kitchen. Pierre turned savagely to his protégé.

"Go! And eef you look at her, idiot, I haf revenge myself. Oh, I am calm! Bah! Go to zee stables, cattle!" And he rattled his pans at a great rate.

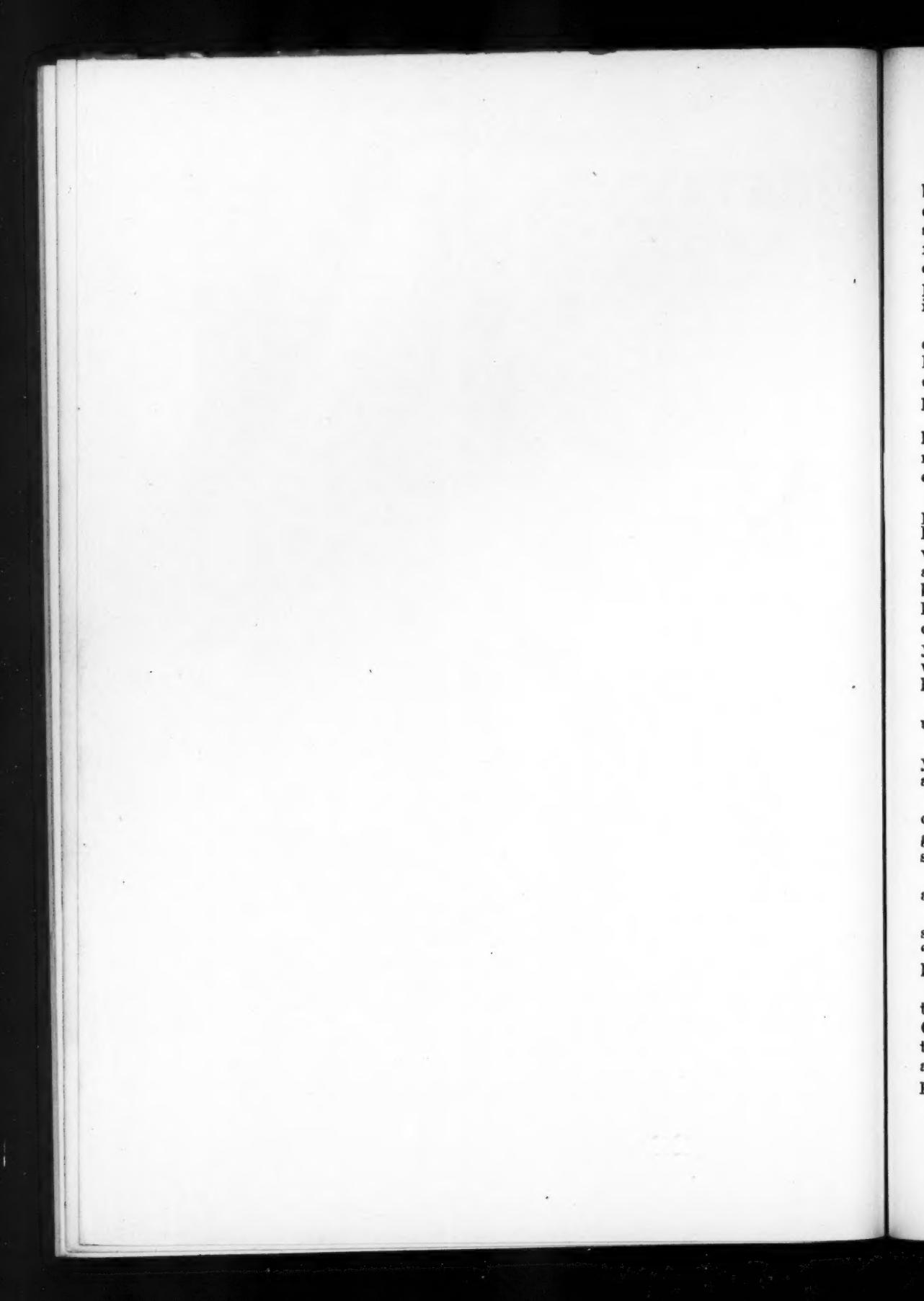
Warburton was glad enough to escape.

"I have brought discord into the land, it would seem."

But his trials were not over. The worst ordeal was yet to come. At five orders were given to harness the coach horses to the coupé and have them at the steps promptly at eight-thirty. Miss Annesley had signified her intention of making a call in the city. Warburton had not the slightest suspicion of the destination. He didn't care where it was. It would be dark and he would pass unrecognized. He gave the order no more thought. Promptly at eight-thirty he drove up to the steps. A moment later she issued forth, accompanied by a gentleman in evening dress. It was too dark for Warburton to distinguish his features.



"WITH FEAR AND LOVE AND LONGING IN HIS EYES"



"I am very sorry, Count, to leave you; but you understand perfectly. It is an old school friend of mine whom I haven't seen in a long time; one of the best girl friends I have ever known. I promised to dine with her to-night, but I broke that promise and agreed to spend the evening."

"Do not disturb yourself on my account," replied the man in broken English, which was rather pleasant to the ear. "Your excellent father and I can pass the evening very well."

Karloff! Warburton's chin sank into his collar and his hands trembled. This man Karloff had very penetrating eyes, even in the dark.

"But I shall miss the music which I promised myself. Ah, if you only knew how adorable you are when you play the violin! I become lost, I forget the world and its sordidness. I forget everything but that mysterious voice which you alone know how to arouse from that little box of wood. You are a great artist, and if you were before the public, the world would go mad over you . . . as I have!"

So she played the violin? thought the unhappy man on the box of the coupé.

"Count, you know that that is taboo; you must not talk to me like that," with a nervous glance at the groom.

"The groom embarrasses you?" The count laughed. "Well, it is only a groom, an animal which does not understand these things."

"Besides, I do not play nearly so well as you would have me believe."

"Whatever you undertake, Mademoiselle, becomes at once an art," gallantly. "Good night!" and the count saluted her hand as he helped her into the coupé.

How M'sieu Zhames would have liked to jump down and pommel Monsieur le Comte! Several wicked thoughts surged through our jehu's brain, but to execute any one of them in her presence was impossible.

"Good night, Count. I shall see you at dinner on Monday."

She would, eh? And her new butler would be on duty that same evening? Without a doubt. M'sieu Zhames vowed under his breath that if he got a good chance he would make the count look ridiculous. Not even a king can retain his dignity while a stream of hot soup is trickling down his spinal column. Warburton smiled. He was mentally acting like a school-boy disappointed in love. His own keen sense of the humorous came to his rescue.

"James, to the city, number — Scott Circle, and hurry." The door closed.

Scott Circle? Warburton's spine wrinkled. Heaven help him, he was driving Miss Annesley to his own brother's house! What the devil was getting into fate, anyhow? He swore softly all the way to the Connecticut Avenue extension. He made three mistakes before he struck Sixteenth Street. Reaching Scott Circle finally, he had no difficulty in recognizing the house. He drew up at the stepping-stone, alighted and opened the door.

"I shall be gone perhaps an hour and a half, James. You may drive around, but return sharply at ten-thirty." Betty ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Our jehu did *not* wait to see the door open, but drove away, lickety-clip. I do not know what a mile in lickety-clip is generally made in, but I am rather certain that the civil law demands twenty-five dollars for the same. The gods were with him this time, and no one called him to a halt. When he had gone as far away from Scott Circle as he dared go, his eye was attracted by a genial cigar-sign. He hailed a boy to hold the horses, and went inside. He bought a dozen cigars and lit one. He didn't even take the trouble to see if he could get the cigars for nothing, there being a penny-in-the-slot machine in one corner of the shop. I am sure that if he had noticed it, it would have enticed him, for the spirit of chance

THE MAN ON THE BOX

was well-grounded in him, as it is in all Army men. But he hurried out, threw the boy a dime, and drove away. For an hour and twenty minutes he drove and smoked and pondered. So she played the violin? played it wonderfully, as the count had declared? He was passionately fond of music. In London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, he had been an untiring, unfailing patron of the opera. Some night he resolved to listen at the window, providing the window was open. Yes, a hundred times Chuck was right. Any other girl, and this jest might have passed capitally; but he wanted the respect of this particular woman, and he had carelessly closed the doors to this regard. She might tolerate him; that would be all. She would look upon him as a hobbledehoy.

He approached the curb again in front of the house, and gazed wistfully at the light windows. Here was another great opportunity gone. How he longed to dash into the house, confess, and have done with it!

"I wish Chuck was in there. I wish he would come out and kick me good and hearty."

(Chuck would have been delighted to perform the trifling service; and he would not have gone about it with any timidity, either.)

"Hang the horses! I'm going to take a peek in at the side window," and he slid cautiously from the box. He stole around the side and stopped at one of the windows. The curtain was not wholly lowered, and he could see into the drawing-room. There they were, all of them; and Miss Annesley was holding the baby, which Mrs. Jack had awakened and brought down-stairs. He could see by the diffident manner in which Jack was curling the ends of his mustache that they were comparing the baby with him. "The conceited ass!" muttered the self-appointed outcast; "it doesn't look any more like him than it does like me!" Here Miss Annesley kissed the baby, and Warburton

hoped that they hadn't washed its face since he performed the same act.

Mrs. Jack disappeared with the hope of the family, and Nancy got out a bundle of photographs. M'sieu Zhames would have given almost anything he possessed to know what these photographs represented. Crane his neck as he would, he could see nothing. All he could do was to watch. Sometimes they laughed, sometimes they became grave; sometimes they explained, and their guest grew very attentive. Once she even leaned forward eagerly. It was about this time that our jehu chanced to look at the clock on the mantel, and immediately concluded to vacate the premises. It was half after ten. He returned to his box forthwith. (I was going to use the word "alacrity," but I find that it means "cheerful readiness.") After what seemed to him an interminable wait, the front door opened and a flood of light blinded him. He heard Nancy's voice.

"I'm so sorry, Betty, that I can't dine with you on Monday. We are going to Arlington. So sorry."

"I'm not!" murmured the wretch on the box. "I'm devilish glad! Imagine one passing soup to his sister! By George, it was a narrow one! It would have been all over then."

"Well, there will be plenty of times this winter," said Betty. "I shall see you all at the Country Club Sunday afternoon. Good night, every one. No, no; there's no need of any of you coming to the carriage."

But Brother Jack *did* walk to the door with her; however, he gave not the slightest attention to the groom, for which *he* was grateful.

"You must all come and spend the evening with me soon," said Betty, entering the carriage.

"That we shall," said Brother Jack, closing the door for her. "Good night."

"Home, James," said the voice within the carriage.

I do not know whether or not he slept

soundly that night on his stable cot. He never would confess. But it is my private opinion that he didn't sleep at all, but spent a good part of the night out of doors, smoking very black, strong cigars.

Celeste, however, could have told you that her mistress, as she retired, was in a most amiable frame of mind. Once she laughed.

XIII

Four days passed. I might have used the word "sped," only that verb could not be truthfully applied. Never before in the history of time (so our jehu thought) did four days cast their shadows more slowly across the dial of the hours. From noon till night there was a madding nothing to do but polish bits and buckles and stirrups and ornamental silver. He would have been totally miserable but for the morning rides. These were worth while; for he was riding *Pirate*, and there was always that expectation of the unexpected. But *Pirate* behaved himself puzzlingly well. Fortunately for the jehu, these rides were always into the north country. He was continually possessed with the fear lest she would make him drive through the shopping district. If he met Nancy, it would be, in the parlance of the day, all off. Nancy would have recognized him in a beard like a Cossack's; and here he was with the boy's face, the face she never would forget.

He was desperately in love. I do not know what desperately in love is, my own love's course running smoothly enough; but I can testify that it was making Mr. Robert thin and appetiteless. Every morning the impulse came to him to tell her all; but every morning his courage oozed like Bob Acres's, and his lips became dumb. I dare say that if she had questioned him he would have told her all; but for some reason she had ceased to inquire into his past. Possibly her young mind was occupied with pleasanter things.

He became an accomplished butler, and served so well in rehearsals that Pierre could only grumble. One afternoon she superintended the comedy. She found a thousand faults with him, so many in fact, that Pierre did not understand what it meant, and became possessed with the vague idea that she was hitting him over the groom's shoulder. He did not like it; and later, when they were alone, Warburton was distinctly impressed with Pierre's displeasure.

"*You can not please her, and you can not please me.* Bah! Zat ees vat comes uf teaching a groom table manners instead uf stable manners. And you vill smell uf horse! I do not understand Mees Annesley; no!"

And there were other humiliations, petty ones. She chid him on having the stirrup too long or too short; the curb chain was rusting; this piece of ornamental silver did not shine like that one; Jane's fetlocks were too long; *Pirate*'s hoofs weren't thoroughly oiled. With dogged patience he tried to remedy all these faults. It was only when they had had a romping run down the road that this spirit fell away from her, and she talked pleasantly.

Twice he ran into Karloff; but that shrewd student of human nature did not consider my hero worth studying; a grave mistake on his part, as he was presently to learn. He was a handsome man, and the only thing he noticed about the groom was his handsome face. He considered it a crime for a servant to be endowed with personal attractions. A servant in the eyes of a Russian noble excites less interest than a breedless dog. Mr. Robert made no complaint; he was very well satisfied to have the count ignore him entirely. Once he met the count in the Turkish room, where, in the capacity of butler, he served liqueur and cigars. There was a certain grim humor in lighting his rival's cigar for him. This service was a test of his ability to pass through a room with-

out knocking over taborets and chairs. Another time they met, when Betty and the two of them took a long ride. Karloff did notice how well the groom rode his mettlesome mount, being himself a soldier and a daring horseman. Warburton had some trouble. Pirate did not take to the idea of breathing Jane and Dick's dust; he wanted to lead these second-raters. Mr. James's arms ached that afternoon from the effort he had put forth to restrain Pirate and keep him in his proper place, five yards to the rear.

Nothing happened Sunday; the day went by uneventfully. He escaped the ordeal of driving her to the Chevy Chase Club, William being up that afternoon.

Then Monday came, and with it Betty's curious determination to ride Pirate.

"You wish to ride Pirate, Miss?" exclaimed James, his horror of the idea openly manifest.

"Saddle him for me," peremptorily. "I desire to ride him. I find Jane isn't exciting enough."

"Pardon me, Miss Annesley," he said, "but I had rather you would not make the attempt."

"You had rather I would not make the attempt?" slowly repeating the words, making a knife of each one of them, tipped with the poison of her contempt. "I do not believe I quite understand you."

He bravely met the angry flash of her eyes. There were times when the color of these eyes did not resemble sapphires; rather disks of gun-metal, caused by a sudden dilation of the pupils.

"Yes, Miss, I had rather you would not."

"James, you forget yourself. Saddle Pirate, and take Jane back to the stables. Besides, Jane has a bit of a cold." She slapped her boot with her riding-crop and indolently studied the scurrying clouds overhead; for the day was windy.

Soberly Warburton obeyed. He was hurt and angry, and he knew not what besides. Heavens! if anything should happen to her. His hopes rose a bit. Pi-

rate had shown no temper so far that morning. He docilely permitted his master to put on the side-saddle. But as he came out into the air again, he threw forward his ears, stretched out his long black neck, took in a great breath, and whinnied a horse challenge to the elements. William had already saddled Dick, who looked askance at his black rival's small compact heels.

"I am afraid of him," said Warburton, as he returned. "He will run away with you. I did not wholly subjugate him the other day. He pulls till my arms ache."

Miss Annesley shrugged and patted Pirate on the nose and offered him a lump of sugar. The thirst of freedom and a wild run down the wind lurked in Pirate's far-off gazing eyes, and he ignored the sign of conciliation which his mistress made him.

"I am not afraid of him. Besides, Dick can outrun and outjump him."

This did not reassure Warburton, nor did he know what this comparison meant, being an ordinary mortal.

"With all respect to you, Miss Annesley, I am sorry that you are determined to ride him. He is most emphatically not a lady's horse, and you have never ridden him. Your skirts will irritate him, and if he sees your crop, he'll bolt."

She did not reply, but merely signified her desire to mount. No sooner was she up, however, than she secretly regretted her caprice; but not for a hundred worlds would she have permitted this groom to know. But Pirate, with that rare instinct of the horse, Pirate knew that his mistress was not sure of him. He showed the whites of his eyes and began pawing the gravel. The girl glanced covertly at her groom and found no color in his cheeks. Two small muscular lumps appeared at the corners of her jaws. She would ride Pirate, and nothing should stop her; nothing, nothing. Womanlike, knowing herself to be in the wrong, she was furious.

And Pirate surprised them both. Dur-

ing the first mile he behaved himself in the most gentlemanly fashion; and if he shied once or twice, waltzed a little, it was only because he was full of life and spirit. They trotted, they cantered, ran and walked. Warburton, hitherto, holding himself in readiness for whatever might happen, relaxed the tension of his muscles, and his shoulders sank relievedly.

As for the most beautiful person in all the great world, I am afraid that she was beginning to feel self-important. Now that her confidence was fully restored, she never once spoke to, or looked at, her groom. Occasionally from the corner of her eye she could see the white patch on Dick's nose.

"James," she said, maliciously and suddenly, "go back five yards. I wish to ride alone."

Warburton, his face burning, fell back. And thus she made her first mistake. The second and final mistake came immediately after. She touched Pirate with her heel, and he broke from a trot into a lively gallop. Dick, without a touch of the boot, kept his distance to a foot. Pirate, no longer seeing Dick at his side, concluded that he had left his rival behind; and the suppressed mischief in his black head began to find an outlet. Steadily he arched his neck; steadily but surely he drew down on the reins. The girl felt the effort and tried to frustrate it. In backing her pull with her right hand, the end of her crop flashed down the side of Pirate's head: the finishing touch. There was a wild leap, a blur of dust, and Mr. Pirate, well named after his freebooting sires, his head down where he wanted it, his feet rolling like a snare-drum, Mr. Pirate ran away, headed for heaven only knows where.

For a brief moment Warburton lost his nerve. He was struck with horror. If she could not hold her seat, she would be killed or dreadfully hurt, and perhaps disfigured. It seemed rather strange, as he recalled it, that Dick, instead of himself, should have taken the initiative. The

noble sorrel, formerly a cavalry horse, shot forward magnificently. Doubtless his horse-sense took in the situation, or else he did not like the thought of yonder proud, supercilious show-horse beating him in a running race. So, a very fast mile was put to the rear.

The girl, appreciating her peril, did as all good horsewomen would have done: locked her knee on the horn and held on. The rush of wind tore the pins from her hair which, like a golden plume, stretched out behind her. (Have you ever read anything like this before? I dare say. But to Warburton and the girl, it never occurred that other persons had gone through like episodes. It was real, and actual, and single, and tragic to them.)

The distance between the two horses began slowly to lessen, and Warburton understood, in a nebulous way, what the girl had meant when she said that Dick could outrun Pirate. If Pirate kept to the road, Dick would bring him down; but if Pirate took it into his head to vault a fence! Warburton shuddered.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, the space lessened, till Dick's nose was within three feet of Pirate's flowing tail. Warburton fairly lifted Dick along with his knees. I only wish I could describe the race as my jehu told it to me. The description held me by the throat. I could see the flashing by of trees and houses and fields; the scampering of piccaninnies across the road; the horses from the meadows dashing up to the fences and whinnying; the fine stone and dust which Pirate's rattling heels threw into my jehu's face and eyes; the old pain throbbing anew in his leg. And when he finally drew alongside the black brute and saw the white, set face of the girl he loved, I can imagine no greater moment but one in his life. There was no fear on her face, but there was appeal in her eyes as she half turned her head. He leaned across the intervening space and slid his arm around her waist. The two horses came together and twisted his leg cruelly. His jaws snapped.

"Let the stirrup go!" he cried. "Let go, quick!" She heard him. "Your knee from the horn! I can't keep them together any longer. Now!"

Brave and plucky and cool she was. She obeyed him instantly. There was a mighty heave, a terrible straining of the back and the knees, and Pirate was freed of his precious burden. The hardest part of it came now. Dick could not be made to slow down abruptly. He wanted to keep right on after his rival. So, between holding the girl with his right arm and pulling the horse with his left, Warburton saw that he could keep up this terrible effort but a very short time. Her arms were convulsively wound around his neck, and this added to the strain. Not a word did she say; her eyes were closed, as if she expected any moment to be dashed to the earth. But Dick was only a mortal horse. The fierce run and the double burden began to tell, and shortly his head came up. Warburton stopped him. The girl slid to the ground, and in a moment he was at her side. And just in time. The reaction was too much for her. Dazedly she brushed the hair from her eyes, stared wildly at Warburton, and fainted. He did not catch her with that graceful precision which on the stage is so familiar to us. No. He was lucky to snatch one of her arms, thus preventing her head from striking the road. He dragged her to the side of the highway and rested her head on his shaking knees. Things grew dark for a time. To tell the truth, he himself was very close to that feminine weakness which the old fellows, in their rough and ready plays, used to call "*vapours*". But he forced his heart to steady itself.

And what do you suppose the rascal did—with nobody but Dick to watch him? Why, he did what any healthy young man in love would have done: pressed his lips to the girl's hair, his eyes filling and half a sob in his parched throat. He dolefully pictured himself a modern Antiochus, dying of love and

never confessing it. Then he kissed her hair again; only her hair, for somehow he felt that her lips and cheeks were as yet inviolable to his touch. I should have liked to see the picture they made: the panting horse a dozen rods away, looking at them inquiringly; the girl in her dust-covered habit, her hair spreading out like seaweed on a wave, her white face, her figure showing its graceful lines; my jehu, his hair matted to his brow, the streaks of dust and perspiration on his face, the fear and love and longing in his dark eyes. I recollect a picture called "*Love and Honor*", or something like that. It never appealed to me. It lacked action. It simply represented a fellow urging a girl to elope with him. Both of them were immaculately dressed. But here, on this old highway leading into Maryland, was something real. A battle had been fought and won.

Fainting is but transitory; and by and by she opened her eyes, stared vaguely into the face above her. I do not know what she saw there; whatever it was it caused her to struggle to her feet. There was color enough in her cheeks now; and there was a question, too, in her eyes. Of Warburton it asked, "What did you do when I lay there unconscious?" I'm afraid that there was color in his face, too. Her gaze immediately roved up the road. There was no Pirate, only a haze of dust. Doubtless he was still going it, delighted over the trouble he had managed to bring about. Warburton knelt at the girl's side and brushed the dust from her skirt. She eyed him curiously. I shan't say that she smiled; I don't know, for I wasn't there.

Meanwhile she made several futile attempts to put up her hair, and as a finality she braided it and let it hang down her back. Suddenly and unaccountably she grew angry, angry at herself, at James, at the rascally horse that had brought her to this pass. Warburton saw something of this emotion in her eyes, and to avoid

the storm he walked over to Dick, picked up the reins, and led him back.

"If you will mount Dick, Miss," he said, "I will lead him home. It's about five miles, I should say."

The futility and absurdity of her anger roused her sense of the ridiculous; and a smile, warm and merry, flashed over her stained face. It surprised her groom.

"Thank you, James. You were right. I ought not to have ridden *Pirate*. I am punished for my conceit. Five miles? It will be a long walk."

"I shan't mind it in the least," replied James, inordinately happy; and he helped her to the saddle and adjusted the left stirrup.

So the journey home began. Strangely enough, neither seemed to care particularly what had or might become of *Pirate*. He disappeared, mentally and physically. One thing dampened the journey for Warburton. His "game leg" ached cruelly, and after the second mile (which was gone without speech from either of them), he fell into a slight limp. From her seat above and behind him, she saw this limp.

"You have hurt yourself?" she asked gently.

"Not to-day, Miss," briefly.

"When he ran away with you?"

"No. It's an old trouble."

"While you were a soldier?"

"Yes."

"How?"

He turned in surprise. All these questions were rather unusual. Nevertheless he answered her, and truthfully.

"I was shot in the leg by a drunken Indian."

"While on duty?"

"Yes." Unconsciously he was forgetting to add "Miss", which was the patent of his servility. And I do not think that just then she noticed this subtraction from the respect due her.

It was eleven o'clock when they arrived at the gates. She dismounted alone. Warburton was visibly done up.

"Any orders for this afternoon, Miss?"

"I shall want the victoria at three. I have some shopping to do and a call to make. Send William after *Pirate*. I am very grateful for what you have done."

He made no reply, for he saw her father coming down the steps.

"Betty," said the colonel, pale and worried, "have you been riding *Pirate*? Where is he, and what in the world has happened?" noting the dust on her habit and her tangled hair.

She explained: she told the story rather coolly, Warburton thought, but she left out no detail.

"You have James to thank for my safety, father. He was very calm and clear-headed."

Calm and clear-headed! thought Warburton.

The girl then entered the house, humming. Most women would have got out the lavender salts and lain down the rest of the day, considering what she must go through that night, the routine of a fashionable dinner.

"I am grateful to you, James. My daughter is directly in your care when she rides, and I give you full authority. Never permit her to mount any horse but her own. She is all I have; and if anything should happen to her—!"

"Yes, sir; I understand."

The colonel followed his daughter; and Warburton led Dick to the stables, gave his orders to William, and flung himself down on his cot. He was dead tired. And the hour he had dreaded was come! He was to drive her through the shopping district. Well, so be it. If any one exposed him, very good. This groom business was decidedly like work. And there was that confounded dinner-party, and he would have to limp around a table and carry soup plates! And as like as not he would run into the very last person he expected to see.

Which he did.

(To be continued)

WRITERS AND READERS

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AUTHORS, BOOKS AND THE DRAMA

MR. Herbert Putnam, Librarian for Congress, is a man with a reputation for making the crooked ways straight. He took hold of his present work upon the death of John Russell Young, a seasoned journalist, who had found the Congressional Library too much for him, he having been put in charge after Ainsworth R. Spofford, librarian for a generation, had been overwhelmed with the ever increasing literature of the time. Mr. Putnam was a librarian of the new sort. He was a modern and of a mind to accommodate himself to the needs of his time. He had been graduated from Harvard, had taken a partial course in the Columbia Law School, been admitted to the bar in two states, practised for a time and then had taken up library work. He began his career as a librarian at the Minneapolis Athenæum, and was later appointed to the Minneapolis Public Library. From there he went to the Boston Public Library, and later received the presidency from the elective votes of those alert young librarians who have formed themselves into the American Library Association.

When he was, in 1899, appointed Librarian of Congress he found a tremendous task awaiting him. The modern methods of keeping a library had barely been heard of in that vast institution. The work of cataloguing was badly in arrears, and the system was clumsy and old-fashioned. The copyright department had been conducted in a slovenly manner, and here, also, the system was antiquated.

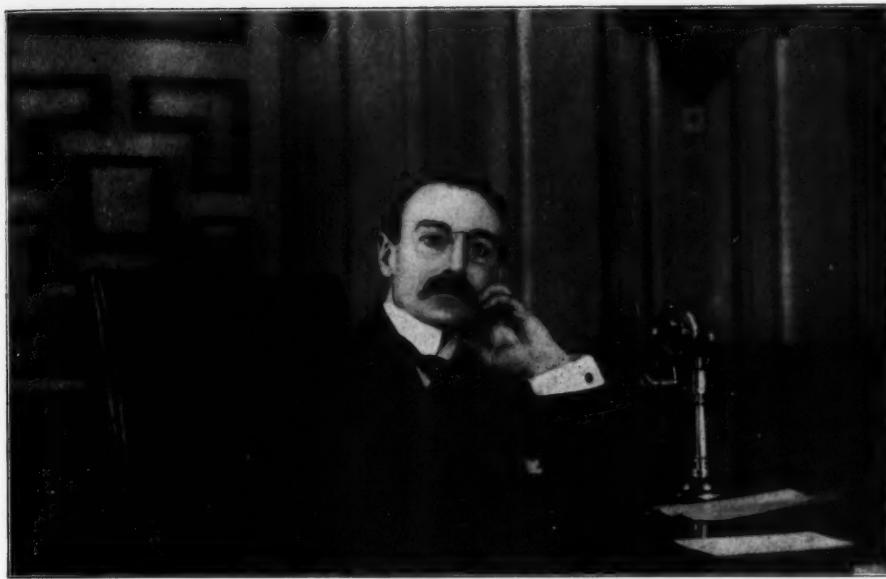
Within a year Mr. Putnam had completely revolutionized the whole library and brought order out of what had ap-

peared to be hopeless chaos. He made a plan of work, and carried out his campaign according to it. It was so business-like that it appealed at once to the practical men of Congress, and Mr. Putnam has had no trouble in securing appropriations for all the improvements desired by him.

To mention only one of his methods, he has had printed in catalogue style the titles of all new books as they appear, no matter in what language. These slips are sold to librarians at about one-twentieth of what it would cost them to do the cataloguing themselves. As soon as a library has ordered a batch of books, a copy of the list is sent to the Congressional Library, which immediately picks out the catalogue slips containing those books, and sends them out. The saving in work to librarians by this is incalculable, to say nothing of the accuracy of the work.

Mr. Putnam is in the very prime of life, having been born in 1861 in the city of New York.

IT will not surprise Americans to learn that Booker T. Washington's autobiography, "Up From Slavery" has been translated into French, and has received the honor of a subscription from the French Minister of Public Instruction. Europe might, perhaps, be even more alert than America to perceive the value and significance of this document. The story is concerning a matter of ever-vital conditions—the rise of the under man to a position of power and influence. There are, as has been truly observed, only a few stories in the world, and of these the two most fascinating are, perhaps, those of the wandering prince and of the emergent



HERBERT PUTNAM

slave. Mr. Washington approaches his theme as few men in all history have had the opportunity of doing, and this, added to his simplicity and directness of style, his conviction and manliness, make his book one which will not be forgotten.

THERE is a great deal of talk about the numerical strength of American writers. "Every one is writing," it is the fashion to say. But really, considering the extent of our population, taking us from shore to shore, it is surprising that so few of us write. The other day I chanced to visit a large, prosperous and interesting city in the middle West. I asked, naturally enough: "What writers have you here?" The answer was that there was none. Upon reflection, however, it was recollected that one maiden lady had written a few stories for a juvenile periodical, and another maiden lady had all but lost the regard of her friends and her social position because she had been so reckless as to translate what may, for lack of

more specific indication, be termed the scarlet masterpiece of a certain decadent contemporary Latin author.

The town contained six hundred thousand souls, and only two persons who had the slightest claim to authorship! That, it will be held by the scornful, speaks well for the town. Nor is it to be gainsaid that there are towns in plenty where the inhabitants exercise an equal self-control. Whether this is a virtue or an accident may be determined by the philosophers—or, mayhap, by the geographers. It may be that there is a literary belt. Or geologists may find sporadic outcroppings of authorship. It is not to be denied that there are whole states in which no author is to be found. Montana was horrified at Mary McLane, when, really, it had cause to thank its lucky stars that the first gleam of creative art had lightened its heavy gloom of materialism and political autocracy. Nebraska has only William Lighton, whose steadily growing reputation it is reluctant to admit. And there

are a number of other states which possess but one or two writers of repute. So it appears that the world is not mad with literary ambition after all. Men think first of being merchants, professional men, miners, speculators and almost anything, indeed, rather than authors. They recognize an insistent literary bent with diffidence, doubtful of the advisability of taking up with a career to which they will not be permitted to make reference without blushing. For while a man may say without need of apology: "I am a coal dealer," or "I am an attorney," he is not allowed to say: "I am a writer." He would blush to be so bold, and his listeners would detest him for his temerity. A pirate might, perhaps, make reference to his calling and not offer extenuating facts. A writer, never. He must conceal his authorship as scrupulously as he would a good deed. Others may refer to his occupation, if they be bold, and the chances are that they will, if related to him, display some irritation, or at least, follow up the remark with an explanation that may be taken as a defense.

It is little wonder, therefore, that energetic young men and women prefer other careers. It is understandable that there should be whole cities full of ambitious and capable men and women who never put pen to paper save in the way of writing their letters or making their accounts.

MR. Samuel T. Pickard's new literary guide, "Whittier Land," has been written and published with a disinterested purpose. The profits are to be devoted to the care and preservation of the Whittier houses at Haverhill and Amesbury. These are to be kept open for pilgrims as may desire to visit the places hallowed by one of the most purposeful and pure-hearted of American poets. The time has passed when Americans need explain that they understand quite clearly the fact that they have been glorified by no poet of the first class. The critics have tabu-

lated our poets—Longfellow and Whittier, Whitman and Poe, Stoddard and Lowell, Bryant and Lanier. They have been set without the walls of that mystic city in which the immortals dwell. It remains now for the uncritical, who have found their words a daily food, to offer them hospitality. Let them open the door of memory and renew their old associations. Let them recall the significance of each poet to his day, and, above all, the lofty passion of "Whittier's white line."

THOUGH this is the day of complex music, it is notable that the simplest musician of all the masters, Mozart, is to be celebrated in a commemorative festival at Salzburg, the composer's birthplace. Here, for several years, Mozart labored, setting forth with spontaneous joy those melodic compositions whose simplicity and charm are the despair of men much more learned musically than himself. The festival is to last from August 12 to August 16, and will see presented, among other things, the C minor mass; the G minor string quartette; and the E flat symphony. The Philharmonic Society of Vienna will participate, under the direction of Von Schuch, of Dresden. Two famous string quartettes will be pressed into service, and Mmes. Lilli Lehmann, Erika Wedekind, and Edith Walker, and Messrs. Burrian Mayr and Egenieff, Eugene Ysaye, Eugen d'Albert will lend their voice and their instruments to the occasion.

MISS Florence Wilkinson, whose poems had been attracting more and more attention, has just had published a volume of Scriptural drama, under the title "Two Plays of Israel." One of them is *David of Bethlehem*, the other *Mary Magdalen*. It is interesting to know that the former was written before any of the other David plays, and that likewise *Mary Magdalen* had been written

before Mrs. Fiske conferred distinction and popularity on Mr. William Winter's translation from the German, of Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala." *David*, in



MISS FLORENCE WILKINSON

fact, was accepted by Mr. Sothern, and would have been played by him had not Miss Wilkinson, being an amateur in the ways of the stage, grown impatient at a postponement due to his success in "If I Were King." There was another play written with David as subject, and at Mr. Sothern's suggestion, by Cale Young Rice. Oddly enough, McClure, Phillips & Company are the publishers of both versions, Miss Wilkinson's in prose and Mr. Rice's in verse.

Miss Wilkinson is at present at Unadilla Forks, N. Y., where, in this country, she likes best to spend her summers. As a poet should she takes increasing delight not more in unspoiled nature there than

in the quiet villagers, among whom she has many good friends.

She has in preparation at present not only another volume of plays, but a novel on which she is putting the finishing touches. She is also the author of "Lady of Flagflowers" and "The Strength of the Hills", so that she is not entering a new field, but returning to old pastures.

SINCE 1865 Marquet de Vasselot, the sculptor, has been an exhibitor in the Paris Salon, and during that time he has, independently of his chosen art, won a reputation for himself as a writer and a critic. His works on French portraiture and French sculpture rank high as critical commentaries. He has passed away at a ripe age, leaving behind him a group of sculptural portraits and monuments. These include Balzac, Abraham Lincoln, Lamartine, Scribe, Henri Martin, J. J. Rousseau, the Comte de Chambord, Gambetta, Rochefort, the Emperor Dom Pedro, Canovas del Castillo, and Patti. At the outset of life M. de Vasselot thought of entering diplomacy, and had unusual encouragement, but he relinquished his pretensions for a student's life under Bonnat and Jauffroy, and rose, rapidly, to a position of distinction.

APROPOS of the Salon, twelve columns in the Paris *Temps* confess to keen disappointment. Mediocrities reign. The "line" is monopolized by men who have exhibited long and often, whose names carry a certain weight, and who have really nothing to say that is not hackneyed. Here and there appears a charming thing, but it is usually trifling. Technique is run mad, and the fear of being thought literary has caused the artists to deny themselves the pleasure of painting interesting things. It is an exhibition for painters, and the general public finds it difficult to feign an interest.

WHAT quality of disdain or inefficiency is it that renders some of the best actors all but incoherent? Irving was, from the first, a slovenly declaimer, and Terry, who had almost faultless enunciation, deported herself with an insolent disregard for her audience, and passed over her lines with obvious dislike for the necessity of uttering them. Maurice Barrymore became a creature of wild and sporadic utterance, and other actors of less grace and talent imitated him. And now Mrs. Fisk has become almost impossible to follow. She speaks with great rapidity, has permitted her throat to close till her words are metallic, and she is guilty of elisions, and curious inflections which make it appear at times as if she were speaking a foreign language.

This tendency is, in one of the most intellectual and subtle of American actresses, nothing less than a great misfortune. For it is not likely that Mrs. Fisk will take the trouble to correct the fault. Like Terry, she appears to have reached the place where she regards her audience with indifference, perhaps even with impatience. She relies upon herself to the utmost, and does not take the pains to carry her audience with her.

This peculiarity assailed her most notably when she took the role of Becky Sharp. In her desire to have the scenes move with great vivacity, she emphasized her naturally quick tempo. It may be said that Becky exercised a profound and regrettable influence upon Mrs. Fisk's career. That daring, insolent, clever little jade amused and interested Mrs. Fisk, and something of Becky has appeared here and there where it least ought to do so. There are traces of her even in *Hedda Gabler*, who becomes in the hands of Mrs. Fisk, a woman of insatiable inquisitiveness, of small mind, contemptible spirit and futile ambition. *Hedda* was, by all measurements, a baleful creature, but Miss Mary Shaw—to

speak of one conscientious interpreter of Ibsen—has shown her to be a stormy and murky spirit, ripe with revolt, and breaking at last through the trammels of a life which hampered and tortured her, into the unknown—an unknown before which she disdained to falter.

But be Mrs. Fisk's interpretations what they may, they will lose their effectiveness if she insists upon a high-pitched, petulant and voluble utterance in which the words trip over each other in reckless incoherence.

It may be remarked at this point, that not for many years has there been such an exhibition of exquisite delivery as that which Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave in the curious and interesting plays which she had the valor to put on the stage. As Clara Sang she held the audience spell-bound during one act in which she did not move from her bed—an act in which the interest depended solely on her recital. Without effort or affectation, she told the story of a life of enforced quietude and inner stress, in tones so clear, so vibrant, so moving, that the story might have been a symphony played on an instrument of fine-drawn strings.

A STRONG brief might be written for Miss Ida M. Tarbell as our most distinguished American woman of letters. She gives her attention wholly to large matters and she handles them in a large way. She possesses in marked degree the journalist's detective sense, coupled with the painstaking methods of the trained historian. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is what she seeks, —fearlessly and tirelessly. Her searching study of Lincoln's early life disclosed new and invaluable material in an oft-gleaned field. Her story of the Standard Oil monopoly is already accepted as one of the most important contributions ever made to American commercial and social history. The accompanying portrait only hints at the charm and distinction of



MISS IDA M. TARBELL

Miss Tarbell's personality. Troops of friends admire a sweet "reasonableness" that makes her a delightful companion. Her presence and bearing mark her as belonging to the royal line of gentle-women. She is not an agitator,—not, in the usual sense, a woman with a mission. All wholesome and amiable things appeal to her. It is doubtful whether any other woman in New York is welcomed in so many or so varied social circles as she.

PHILIP Verrill Mighels, whose story, "Bruvver Jim's Baby," represents a new and genuine success in American fiction, was born in Carson City, Nevada, in 1869. Young Mighels was educated for the legal profession, and went so far as to practice a short time. But the fatal step had already been taken—at the age of eighteen he had published in the *Sacramento Bee* a story for which he received no pay. He abandoned the law, went to San Francisco, and earned a limited living as a sketch artist and as a reporter. Finding this unsatisfactory, he went to New York, and edited three trade journals for a year. Then "dead broke and friendless," as he himself says, he started out to work for himself. The first individual work for which he was paid was a "Carrier's Address," in verse, for which a syndicate paid him seventy-five dollars. Then he wrote advertising verses and finally struck into story writing, and, as the saying is "found himself." He has recently contributed a number of stories to *Harper's Magazine*.

IT is noticeable that a growing courage shows itself in young men with the "literary habit." Whereas, a few years ago, they clung to the salaried positions on newspapers and other periodicals, leaving their "creative work" to represent their moments of leisure, they now launch boldly out as "writers," willing to take their chances in literature as they would in any other profession.

To do this a young man must be one

of two things—either very much of an enthusiast over what he has to say, or else a deliberate and practical watcher of the literary market. There are many more of the latter than of the first denomination. They are college men with a love for writing, who would not deny their commonplaceness, and who set store by their adaptability. They expect to train themselves much as a newspaper man trains himself. They have intelligence, industry, health, sense and a typewriter. They meet the common demand of the common people, and the whirring presses of the magazines make a stirring accompaniment to their reasonable dreams. They are not idealists, they do not assert any claims. They merely enter the profession, as a lawyer, a physician or an actor would enter the profession. It is true that the first two are pronounced upon by a more or less competent board of examiners before they are permitted to assume their responsibilities, whereas the actor and the writer, dealing, as they do, with matters of taste rather than matters affecting life, property and liberty, are to a great extent, the judges of their own ability.

It is unquestionably true that in these days, when the reading habit is all but universal, the intelligent man of fair talent is in the way to earn his living by the use of his pen in less or more creative writing. He is under no illusions about himself or his public. He knows no more of transports than does a railway ticket agent. He has no more message than any good school teacher. He does not look for laurels, and would, perhaps, be embarrassed by them. He is an artisan of letters, sane, brisk, and up to the times. He is a worker of good mediocrity in a day when the public school, the increased prosperity of the country, and the ambition of the people have acted as great levelers—a period of publicity, of democracy, of complaisant comfort, without splendor, genius, or great opportunity.

GUY Wetmore Carryl was born in 1873 and died April 1, 1904. Thirty-one years is a short time in which to do a worthy thing that shall catch the much-fretted ear of the great public, even



GUY WETMORE CARRYL

in this day of the young man. Yet Carryl's death is mourned on both sides of the Atlantic and his written word has given joy to countless thousands. He lived a full life, though he died at the very threshold.

MR. Robert Herrick and Mr. James Weber Linn are not now the only novelists among the faculty of the University of Chicago. Mr. Robert Morss Lovett has ventured to try his hand at fiction, and has written a story about the New England conscience. "Richard Gresham" is the title of the novel and also the name of the man in whom the previously mentioned conscience has its tyrannical way. Gresham sacrifices his

natural career in life that he may earn money to pay back a large sum which his father was supposed to have dishonestly appropriated. Gresham, a tender and dreamful nature, passionately loyal to those he loves, goes out into the world and encounters bitter hardships in remote lands among coarse and selfish men. But his "white visions" do not desert him, nor yet his faith in the future. And the end—is the beginning. Mr. Lovett shows himself to have a delicate imagination and a fine facility in language. He makes a worthy member of the good trinity of Chicago University novelists. He is, perhaps, more imaginative than Mr. Herrick or Mr. Linn; but Mr. Herrick has strong definite ideas. He is never vague or incoherent; and Mr. Linn has grace and romance.

IT is rather late in the day to scold about Carlyle. One generation nearly wore itself out doing it, and it would seem as if the edge of asperity ought to be dulled by this time. But two recently published volumes of correspondence brings once more to mind the inferiority of this philosopher to other men in all that relates to self-control. These two books are: "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle", edited and annotated by his nephew, Mr. Alexander Carlyle; and: "H. Taine, Sa Vie et Sa Correspondance: le Critique et le Philosophe, 1853-1870", compiled by Mme. Taine.

The "new letters" are produced with the intention of showing Carlyle in his more amiable, casual and friendly moods, and it may be said, indeed, that they are offered in apology and defense. They contain undeniably, some sympathetic and gracious epistles; but the unhealth and turbulence of that mind which never knew equanimity, of those digestive organs which, like certain criminals, succeeded in attaining a celebrity for villainy, underlie all. Carlyle was in a bog, poor wretch, and the fact that now and then his feet

touched a hillock of solid ground only made his inevitable flounder more pitiful. He rent the heavens with his dyspeptic cries, he confided his insomnia to generations yet to come, and gloomed over his inconveniences with an epic passion.

It is curious to contrast with this prodigious complainer the letters of a patient man. Taine had as much need for industry as had Carlyle. He made a happy marriage—Mme. Taine had not the acrid brilliancy of Mrs. Carlyle—and he sustained her devotion with his amiability and consideration. He, like Carlyle, had a keen perception of the inherent sorrow of life; but he had, at least, the desire to meet the conditions of existence with as much fortitude as less cultivated men. And he labored under serious physical disadvantages. He suffered from an acute disease of the throat and from general disability so great that for years he was unable either to study or to write. He even wrote guide books to defray the expenses of traveling, which he undertook in the interests of his health. But his fortitude never failed, and even when he was forced to the conclusion that his work lacked its best attainment, and but partly expressed himself, he confronted that profoundly disappointing fact with patience and a noble sadness.

Carlyle hunted down the shams and slew them to the glory of right and the advantage of all men. But Taine was not looking for wild beasts that he might slay them, but for amenable truths, that he might walk with them.

CHARLOTTE Perkins Gilman, the author of that interesting new book, "Human Work," has, first and last, made a tremendous stir among women. She probably has more opponents in a larger variety of places, classes of society and previous and present conditions of servitude than any other woman in the country. She has written chiefly about human liberty, and this is always an intensely irritating subject to those who covertly sus-

pect they may not be free, but who wish to think themselves so.

There are certain sacred words, it is said, which can be uttered in such a manner as to throw the devotee into an ecstasy. To utter the name of Charlotte Perkins Gilman is to precipitate many excellent women into a frenzy. It has been resolved that she is a dangerous influence—not an evil one. Far from it. Merely an explosive agency, like dynamite—a thing which it would be difficult to get along without. It is rather more than possible that before Mrs. Gilman is through she is going to dislodge some large obstacles in the sea roads of progress; but it must be admitted that it is the part of caution to get out of the way while the blast is going on.

"Human Work" may be termed an investigation of many modern forms of slavery, and an attempt to understand them. Mrs. Gilman is not a person to be taken in by tradition. Custom is not a bogey to her. She is not awed by a thing because it is usual. She manages to dissipate that curious mist which familiarity makes between the sociologist and society. She has a genius for looking at things with the fresh and unprejudiced eyes of one who steps upon the planet for the first time. If she had not a vast number of preconceived ideals and theories, this might be more illuminating than it is. But Mrs. Gilman could hardly have her true inheritance from the Beechers, and not be either a theorist or a rhapsodist. At times she is both, and then, for paragraphs, she is lacking in coherency. "Human Work" is, what of all things Mrs. Gilman would least like it to be, an essentially feminine work. That is to say, it appears to be inspirational rather than thoughtful. Mrs. Gilman has an incandescent glow mentally, and she is, sporadically, a brilliant student. But she is as like to fly as to walk on solid ground, and when she flies sensible folk, being of the unwinged tribe, will not essay to follow her.



F. C. YOHN
ARTIST AND ILLUSTRATOR

JACK London writes much and well, but he lets his similes have their way with him now and then. In his latest book, a collection of short stories, entitled "The Faith of Men," he has been guilty of a number of curious phrases which lead the reader to wish that Mr. London would revise his work with patience before placing it in the hands of a large and trusting constituency. In a moment of sympathetic delineation, Mr. London refers to a man who had long arms, "like prehistoric man's," and "whose hands were like soup-plates, twisted and gnarled, and big-knuckled from toil." Gnarled soup-plates are, indeed, extraordinary vessels. At another moment of inspired description Mr. London depicts his hero. "In his pale blue eyes," he observes, "as in summer seas, immortal dreams swam up and burned."

The suggestion of fishes putting up their grotesque heads and snapping for flies might be endurable, if the word "burned" had not brought further visions of a careless cook. Mr. London is inimitably clever, but he must take a little more time to follow out the lines of thought suggested by his own breathless Muse.

IT is difficult—when the wind is sou'-sou'-west—to tell a hawk from a young eagle. And the wind has, for some time, been sou'-sou'-west. That is why one wastes time wondering which sort of a bird Joseph Conrad is going to be—which of the sinister brood nested him. When he wrote "Typhoon", and "Youth", and other things, he was somewhat vague, but he was, after all, masterful. His grotesques emerged, formidable and of heroic stature, but half-way from the stone. He was the young Rodin of literature, and his work bore the qualities of a melancholy and passionate amateur, who had not yet come to his own. But now he has written a novel, and, unfortunately, has not written it alone. Mr. Ford M.

Hueffer has been his collaborator. This is not saying that Mr. Hueffer is not a good workman, but that the interpolation of his personality has made it impossible to judge of Mr. Conrad as the writer of a long novel.

"Romance"—for such is the title of this extraordinary book, which appears bearing the stamp of McClure, Phillips & Company—is of unusual length. It is in five parts and has over four hundred pages. It is a study of youth, in its utmost prodigality, gallantry and inquisitiveness. This is not intended as a review of the book, but merely a suggestion in regard to Mr. Conrad's characteristics. Reference has been made to the vagueness of his previous work. This was not a feature of the character delineation, which was, indeed, graphic and distinctive. It showed itself in the lack of intention and outcome of his tales. The heroes were, for no very understandable reason, sent upon journeys—murky and horror-haunted as those of Ulysses—and they emerged, scorched in spirit and broken in body. The fascination that such a tale held for the imaginative reader was, of course, extreme. The curious feeling that he had been in the company of men with supernatural qualities awed and, at moments, revolted him. These characters were not merely men—they were reptile-men, octopus-men, cormorant-men, tiger-men. Their qualities were not simply primitive; they were primordial. They seemed to belong to the days before men and beasts had parted ways.

"Romance" is of a piece with these stories, but it shows the assistance of some one who has facility with plots, who does not disdain a climax, and who knows how to meet the popular taste. In other words, this collaboration on the part of Mr. Conrad and Mr. Hueffer represents a concession on the part of the former. He has become conscious of his defects. He has asked in his neighbor to help him remedy

them. It is, as might have been expected, a mistake. "Romance" is a book pitched in a tumultuous minor, and from the first menacing notes of the overture, to the curious cadence of sorrow-in-happiness at the last, it is as bewildering, fantastic and wild as Walpurgis night. But it is, in all ways, overdone. There is too much villainy, too much murk, too much blood, too many lies. It is possible to count the serpents in the Laocoön, but in "Romance" one is in a disgusting writhe and tangle of them, and grows nauseated with their slime.

Actually the story belongs with those monstrous pictures of Böcklin's! And if Mr. Hueffer had not brought his influence to bear, the public would have had the privilege of reading one of the weirdest and Coleridgian of novels. As it is, the novel is cumbersome, tedious at times, weighted down with terrors and tricked out, finally, with certain conventions, which give the effect of a widow who has taken a notion to wear corals with her weeds.

SIGNORA Ada Negri is much enamored with the loveliness of sorrow and the passion of tragedy. In her latest book of poetry, "Maternita," she indulges herself like a Greek of other days, in a luxury of melancholy. The joys of life do not attract her. Perhaps she does not see them. Such obliquity would be no more amazing than the inability of many American writers to see the sorrows and tragedies of life. Mr. Howells has never arisen to the perception of a dignified and heroic sorrow. A tiny cheerfulness has long been the fashion in this country, and it is only now that some reaction is showing itself.

The reactionary movements of life and literature are interesting and surprising things. It is little less than astonishing, for example, in these days when women as well as men are urging their right to

select their occupations, to find Ada Negri looking forward to the day when every mother shall suckle her child in joy and peace, and no woman shall be forced to leave her home and desert the cradle "for a law of servile toil," but shall be free to devote herself to the rearing of the hero. That is all very well, and it has an epic sound, but the verity is that nowhere is there more depressing servile toil than in the home of the poor woman, who must alone minister to all the needs of her family, and who finds in the ever-filled cradle, the chain that fastens her down to nights of broken sleep, of long days, unilluminated by any knowledge save that of the domestic round. Civilization brings its privileges and penalties—more of the former than the latter—and it has brought, among other things, the mitigation of what may be termed squaw labor. Never was the cradle so seldom vacated by death as now, that new maternal standards rule, never did so many efficient "heroes" emerge from it as in these later days, when the mother can contribute to the education of her sons, and never has the mother preserved her youth and love of life as now, that domestic responsibilities are varied with the other interests of life. "Maternita" is no longer the heavy burden. The times have mitigated it. The depressed Signora Negri dwells too much on the classics, sees too much of the sad-eyed peasants of her own country. If the gay winds of the present day world could reach her where she broods, she might understand that seclusion is not the thing that woman requires for her happiness. For where women are most secluded they are most abject. It is liberty they want, even as all human creatures want it. Liberty is the sweetener of life, and the longer it is enjoyed, the more judiciously will it be used. The epic view is pleasing, but the facts of the case are much more interesting, not to say comfortable.

"THE Loves of Edwy" is the name of a novel by Rose Cecil O'Neill announced for early appearance. A year or more ago Miss O'Neill became the wife of Harry Leon Wilson, editor of *Puck* and author of "The Spenders." As "O'Neill" Mrs. Wilson is known as a brilliant and humorous illustrator. Most of her work has appeared in *Puck* and *Life*. If the characters in her first novel are as charming and as clever as is the author herself then the "Loves of Edwy" is certain and deserving of success.



ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

WHEN summer comes and all the world goes mad and nomadic, deserting its homes and attiring itself in fantastic garments, a few persons retain definite ideas of utilizing the summer months. They find work and study adapted to the season. They form themselves

into Summer Schools of Philosophy, or Chautauqua societies, or, if they be concerned about their souls, go to camp meeting, or they retire to mountain heights to contemplate, or they fall to and turn themselves into artisans, and they chant of Morris while they make cabinets or pottery with careful handicraft.

One such interesting community is to be found at Glenmore in the Adirondacks, where, long since, Professor Davidson, one of the most distinguished of American scholars, founded the "Summer School of Cultural Sciences and Philosophy." This is imposing nomenclature to be sure, but the life is simplicity itself, and it is said that no more wisdom is talked than may be assimilated by a good mental digestion. The place is one of great beauty and wildness. The hills have done their utmost to induce the eyes of men to be lifted up unto them, and in the choicest spots stand the rude cottages where the "philosophers" and "cultural scientists" gather. They have, at times, their formal lectures and classes. More frequently their discussions are casual. Mr. Thomas Davidson is the head of the society. Mr. Stephen Weston, the president of Antioch College, frequents the place; so does Mr. Burns Weston, who is a pillar of the Ethical Culture movement of Philadelphia. Madame Neyman, that disinterested worker among the Poles in America, is of the company; so at times is Mr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education at Washington. Dr. Dewey and Mrs. Dewey, of Chicago, the well-known educators, take their summer outing there; Felix Adler and Jacob Riis are guests. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins S. Gilman visits the home of Mrs. Martin, a socialist, who gathers many of that unfaith about her, and Mrs. Asbury Johnson, conspicuous in various liberal movements in Chicago, prefers this for her summer abode. And in a solitary house, Miss Marie Little, weaver and philosopher, plies her web of art fabric and of sociological ideas.

Another community deals not with ideas so much as with the work of the hands. This stands up above Kingston in the Catskills, and has as its head Mr. Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead, a gentleman who does not like American city life and who is devoted to ancient Greek ideals. He has, it is said, some hope that he will eventually induce a proportion of Americans to understand, or perhaps even to adopt them. He has written several books in series, the title of the series being "Arrows of the Dawn." These are, in a subliminal sense, text books, and are a projection of the Greek idea. About Mr. Whitehead has gathered a group of artists and artisans who understand so much of the Greek idea at least as enables them to do handwork that Morris might have scrutinized without pain. Hervey White and Carl Linden have a place there which they call the "Lark's Nest." Miss Mary Manning and Miss Olivia Dunbar, two of the younger generation of story writers, work there during the summer. Hermann W. Murphy, Dawson Watson and Birge Harrison, the artists, frequent the place. Miss Jeannette Gilder sometimes goes there for a few days when she can get away from the editorial chair. Mrs. Lou Moore, the versatile sculptor of Chicago, rests here when she is not at Eagle's Nest, where Chicago artists most do congregate. Miss Krysher, the illustrator, makes this her vacation place, and Dr. Martin Schütze, the poet, who is of the faculty of the University of Chicago, and his wife, Eva Schütze, renowned for her photographic portraits, seek out this place.

The spot is well equipped for work. There is a cabinet shop, a forge, a fine library on design and kindred topics, and there are studios of several sorts. The rule of the place is handicraft. The writers are tolerated, but even they, it is said, fall to making furniture or vessels of silver and gold. The summer solstice can not bring idleness to this place. There

are hours of work under a director, weekly criticisms and displays of achievement, and awards of merit.



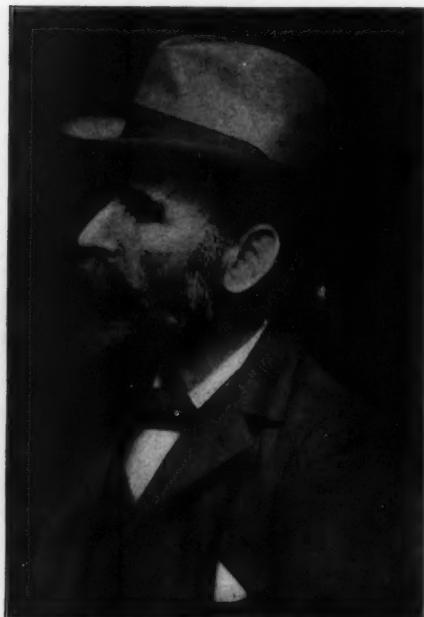
ROBAN KODA

KOYO OZAKI

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THE life of Michael Davitt, whose book, "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," has just been published by the Harpers, runs like a romance. He was born in Ireland in 1846. At the age of seven he had his first experience of being evicted by a landlord. At ten he was working in a Lancashire cotton-mill, where he suffered the loss of his right arm in the machinery. Thus handicapped, he became successively a newsboy, a printer's devil, and an assistant letter-carrier. He joined the Fenian Brotherhood and after five years was arrested and tried for treason-felony and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. In '77 he was released as a "ticket-of-leave" man; but, so far from taking any warning from this experience, he joined Parnell and other agi-

tators and founded with them the Irish Land League. Several times he landed again in prison for short terms. His parliamentary career has been a stormy one,



Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

MICHAEL DAVITT
Author of "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland"

owing to the opposition of enemies. He is the author of several other volumes, but "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland" sums up the valuable results of the life-work of Parnell, Davitt, and their fellow-agitators.

MRS. Voynich, the author of "The Gadfly"—that sinister and unforgettable book—has put a new novel upon the market. The title is "Olive Latham," and it has to do with Russian life. An English girl and an eccentric Pole are the leading characters. Mrs. Voynich is never hackneyed. She has her own unabashed way of looking at things, and a style which never fails to be distinguished. Although her books are full of stirring inci-

dent, her own life, she confesses, has been singularly placid. She was, before her marriage, Miss Ethel Lillian Boole, daughter of an eminent logician. Her husband is a native of Lithuania, a quiet, cultivated gentleman, who, not approving of the methods of the Russian government, prefers to live in the most securely representative of countries, England. As a collector of book plates he has an international reputation. "Olive Latham" is the third of Mrs. Voynich's novels, the first being "The Gadfly," which brought her into immediate celebrity, and the second, "Jack Raymond," a powerful study of the old theme of the "black sheep." This was a stirring book, but owing to the peculiar theme, did not obtain much popularity, though it might have been read with profit by many who passed it by.

WHATEVER else may be said of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, he is not bourgeois. He has never condescended, as did Mrs. Humphrey Ward, to come down to those curious standards of morality and improbability which stultify much American writing and to a greater or less extent limit the power of contemporary English literature. Even Mrs. Atherton, who complains of the narrow limits of present day fiction, would accord to Mr. Hewlett a free imagination and an untrammelled pen. Moreover, the author of "The Forest Lovers" is in a position to stand for his literary convictions, even against the publishers, who have regard for the censorship of the British Matron, the American Girl and the public librarian.

Certainly Swinburne himself has not been more frank in regard to that pale Queen of the Heart's Desire, Mary of Scotland, than has Mr. Hewlett in his ingenious novel, "The Queen's Quair." That delicate, avid, desirous lady, impelled by the inheritances of a race in which something of the artist's temperament united itself to that of inherent royalty, has never received a more realistic delineation. He

has been as frank and as detailed as Brantôme himself. And he has made of the Royal Enigma a simple problem—that of a woman always seeking for love, submitting fatally, at last, to masculine domination, and passing into life's nadir with the pure star of love yet unrisen. For those who have been fascinated by

that immortal mortal, Mary Stuart, this study of her has extraordinary interest. It simplifies her, no question. And it awakens pity for her, though it does not at any time, idealize her. The book belongs to the aristocracy of literature. It is a bold book, and above the scruples of the cautious. It is not "bourgeois."

WHAT I THINK OF KEATS

By Arthur Stringer

ALL over-thumbed, dog-eared, and stained with grass,
All bleached with sun and time, and eloquent
Of afternoons in golden-houred Romance,
You turn them o'er, these comrade books of mine,
And idly ask me what I think of Keats.

Yet let me likewise idly question you
Round whom the clangor of the Market clings:
In Summer toward the murmurous close of June
Have you e'er walked some dusty meadow path
That faced the sun and quivered in the heat,
And as you brushed through grass and daisy-drift,
Found glowing on some sun-burnt little knoll
One deep, red, over-ripe wild-strawberry?—
The sweetest fruit beneath Canadian skies
And in that sun-bleached field the only touch
Of lustrous color to redeem the Spring,—
The flame-red passion of life's opulence
Grown over-sweet and soon ordained to death!

And have you ever caught up in you hand
That swollen globe of soft deliciousness?
You notice first the color, richly red;
And then the odor, strangely sweet and sharp,
And last of all, you crush its ruddy core
Against your lips, till color, taste, and scent
Might make your stained mouth stop to murmur: "This
The very heart of Summer that I crush!"—
So poignant through its lusciousness it seems!

Then what's the need, Old Friend, of foolish words;
I've shown you now just what I think of Keats.

KOYO OZAKI

By Yone Noguchi

FROM Japan was taken away, two months ago, one of the greatest figures of the modern literature of Japan, through the death of Koyo Ozaki (Koyo being his pen name, which means the beautiful "maple leaves"). His writing has been compared with a furisode (long sleeve of a young girl's dress) dyed in Yuzen,—the figures being, doubtless, maple leaves glowing to the setting sun. He attained, in the Japanese estimation, to the highest point in the art of writing, speaking more exactly of the writing of beauty and love. He was the most painstaking writer. How often he blackened his manuscript changing the words, and had to renew the paper. It is said that it was not an unusual thing for him to reach the next morning while struggling with a few lines. He usually worked at night.

He wanted to be an artist, and was always dissatisfied with his own work, although it appeared perfect to us. He told his friends surrounding his death bed that he would be re-born eight times more and study the art of writing.

His works—forty-three stories in all—were stories of Tokyo. What his master, Saikaku Ibara, of the seventeenth century did for his Osaka (Ibara was a resident in Osaka), Koyo Ozaki did for Tokyo. To be a genuine Tokyo writer was something in Japan. And to be the greatest of Tokyo writers was the greatest distinction. He built his stories on clean morality, which he learned from the Western literature. He improved his Saikaku Ibara with the light and shadow of the Occidental art. His works will be regarded in the future as a history of Tokyo in our Meiji era (yes, our enlightened Meiji era, as we say sentimentally). There was no writer in Japan who grasped the spirit and pas-

sion of Tokyo as he did. Isn't it a delight to read his "Without a Word, Without Saying"? His "Three Wives" is like cherry blossoms. When he died he was a year or two under forty.

There appeared in Tokyo many a Koyo number of magazine, eulogizing his charming character. He was a Tokyonian through and through, that is to say, he was gallant, he was always ready to help his friends, and he was fastidious in his taste and manner. He was like a cloisonné vase, for which no care or expense was spared, as one of his friends said. He left word how things were to be done when he died. He told his wife to send out the round white cakes with a red maple leaf stamped on them on the eighth day after his funeral. His body shouldn't be laid in his coffin, though it is our custom, as it would be impolite to lay himself down while the other people walked at his funeral. He said he should sit on a chair in the casket.

It was said in the paper that Mr. Yakumo Koizumi, who is none other than Lafcadio Hearn, is expected to have a paper on Koyo. Why shouldn't he write about him? He is a Japanese in the truest meaning. (What a delightful name he has, by the way! Yakumo means the "eight-fold clouds.") There was a deluge of articles about Koyo. One of his pupils Kyoka Izumi, no mean novelist, is said to be going to write his life. And the Hakubunkun, the biggest publishing house in Japan, has started the publication of his whole works in six volumes. He is enough honored.

His life is the history of the modern literature of Japan. We did not have any magazine or newspaper some forty years ago. His little magazine, which he pub-

lished under the name of "Garakuta Zoshi" ("waste paper"), when he was yet in his teens and a student of the Imperial University, was the first in Japan. He originated the use of personal pronouns and of the dash, interrogation and exclamation points, which were the newest things in those days. He minted a new vocabulary, combining Chinese, Japanese and English. It was quite natural for Ashton to comment, in his History of Japanese Literature, that "he frequently gives the impression of having thought in English, and then presented his readers with a literal translation in Japanese." But that was in the early days of his literary career. Since ten years ago his style became crystalized and distinctively his own. His phraseology was the best in our Japanese literature, frequently interrupted by a charming touch of frivolity in hiring a phrase from the English or Chinese. He learned much about characterization from Dickens and Thackeray. He regarded Dickens as the greatest novelist in the world. He was an earnest student of English literature. Only a few weeks before his death he bought a set of the Times' Encyclopedia and the Century Dictionary. He meant to study further. His last work was the translation of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" though an English edition.

It was his ambition, for many a year, so I was told, to study English, and to leave a story or two, at least, in English for the Western library—though it may be impossible to be remembered by the busy Western public,—behind him. He often declared that he had many a thing to tell or to teach to the Occidental world. "I agree with the Chinese scholar," once he observed, "who declined all the other books except Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' as not worthy for translation. I think the Chinese literature is far superior to English, so far as only the writing is concerned. What a magnificent conciseness in Chinese phrases! What a strength

and suggestion in the vocabulary! And I dare say even our Japanese literature is higher than English in such a matter. But what a poverty in our thought! I fancy our Oriental writers cultivated how to say as they did not have what to say. I look upon Dickens with every respect and all admiration. But his long sentences and slow characterizations make me mad. If he ever had learned our "Hokku" (seventeen syllable poem), and studied how to express everything in short sentences! Not only Dickens, nearly all the English writers wrote and are writing now too long altogether. The other day I was sent some six best selling stories from America. They made me almost despise American literature. They didn't appear as art at all. Washington Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne are great, after all. Some part of Irving's "Sketch Book" sounds just like Japanese. And it seems to me that the modern English writers do not know how to choose the titles for their books. They use the names of the heroines frequently, or a phrase which explains the motives of their stories. They are not interesting or suggestive, they are like the sign-board of a laundry. I thank God that I was born in Japan, where mystery is a virtue. Suggestion is the spirit of our national literature. It may be the American writers' idea to give such a plain, clear title in order to explain what the book may be. But I love mystery. I like to sit in a room with many a screen and closet, having pictures and kimonos here and there, and smelling certain odors from a mysterious corner. In America, even the novelists are doing their work from a practical business view-point."

When he was asked which title was best among his books, in his idea, he replied that he liked "My Neighbor's Girl."

"Doesn't everybody want to know something about the neighbor, and especially about the girl, whether she be pretty or how old? Suggestion,—but nothing else!" he exclaimed.

A TALK WITH PLACIDA

By Sewell Ford

I WAS talking with Placida about books, or, rather, Placida was talking about books to me. She takes them seriously and in large lots, does Placida.

"Some day," said she, "I'm going to make a list of all the Delectable Youngsters I've met in fiction. What a lark it would be if one could get them all together in the flesh, a sort of all-star company, and see how they would take each other? Don't you think Tom Sawyer and T. Sandys would make a team? Sentimental Tommy, I mean; not the T. Sandys of 'The Letters,' but the one who played with Corp in the Glen."

"You would have to have Grizel, too."

"Yes, she could come, but I should draw the line at Elspeth. Tommy was never at his best when she was around. And Huck-leberry Finn should come with Tom Sawyer. Rollo should be there, the delicious little prig, and the Sawyer boy should have him for his own especial victim. Then there would be Gavroche, for this is to be a cosmopolitan affair. Fancy Gavroche and Huck Finn taking stock of each other! I should introduce Becky Sharp, the Becky of the boarding-school era, to Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, just to show that we don't give a snap for centuries."

"Then you don't allow your Delectable Youngsters to grow up, do you?"

"Not as long as I can keep them inside the books. But the trouble is I can't. I find them outside. For a while after my discoveries I am delighted, but they're bound to grow up and send pictures of their babies, which makes you feel how old you're getting."

"One would never guess it to look at you."

"Don't guess, then,"—Placida doesn't

like clumsy compliments,—"I was saying that they grew up. Oh, I've seen them do it. I remember a Sentimental Tommy who—well, I supposed for a time that he thought a great deal of me."

"And why shouldn't he?"

"Perhaps he did. But he liked too many of us at once. When I found out about all the others I felt like a decimal fraction with a lot of ciphers between me and the point. Yet I took pride in Tommy and expected him to do great things."

"Did he get too stout and choke himself to death climbing a gate?"

"No. He invented a plan for getting a lot of money without working for it. He was almost rich enough to be spoken of as 'highly respectable' when they put him in jail, which wasn't at all like a Barrie ending. My Becky Sharp was a disappointment, too. She didn't even go on the stage. She married a Methodist minister, buried her brilliancy under hats three seasons old and seemed to enjoy sanctified poverty."

"I knew an Oliver Twist, too. He ran away from an orphans' home, fell among thieves, escaped, sniveled his way into the confidence of a rich old widow, accepted a college education, became so pious that he couldn't wear darned socks and got to be cashier of a bank. After he had absconded it was found that he had spent the widow's fortune playing the races."

"Placida, you ought to give up the habit of discovering juvenile originals."

"I wish I could. I have on my hands now a Philip, one of the kind who has mad days, and a Lovey Mary. They're quite as delectable as their prototypes, but in the end they're sure to be disappointing."

As I left, Placida was putting the paper-knife into a yesterday's book.



REVIEWS



PORT ARGENT. By Arthur Colton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A BRUPT, forceful, not to be minutely foreshadowed is this Carlisle-esque trick of expression; futilities and effectualities talked about, and sharp analyses going suddenly to the heart of things. Yet Mr. Colton's is a somewhat modified form, not so angrily volcanic in the throwing of words into each other's teeth, and savage not at all, but admirably suited to the story he has to tell. And he has a story. A weak, theatric adventurer-preacher has a remarkable love for a wayward brother in whose weaker character his own communistic tendencies and sensational preaching have developed an impulsive and unregulated penchant for murder. There is a tumultuously sentimental heroine, with shadowy, abstract ideals and concrete instincts, to whom he weakly goes for help and gets it, and there is an eminently sane and strong young hero, who gets her out of trouble. The tale has its tragedies told with never a wasted word and much resultant dramatic force, forming a striking background for the picture of sweet content that closes the volume. The portraiture is more than good, made better by the fewness of the brush-marks. The girl is a bit shadowy, to be sure, but the men are living likenesses of types so frequently found in the cities of the Middle West. Aidee, fully conscious that he is an eloquent fraud and despising himself occasionally therefor; Hennion, cool, practical and ruggedly honest, and Wood, the really beneficent political boss, tolerant in his philosophy and sunny in his temperament, are true to life. Even such minor characters as Mrs. Tillotson, endeavoring vaguely and miscellaneous to be the center of a movement, and Coghlan, with his bread-

winning blarney, are done with care and excellence. But, far and away the best of these secondary studies is Secor, the shrewd, plunging capitalist, as willing to "stake" a preacher to a church as a politician to a campaign fund, buying a railroad with the same carelessly wise judgment he would use in backing a jockey to win. He is a work of genius, not the least evidence of which is his natural pride in his only son. "Ted is a drooling damn fool, of course, but he's no quitter!" The book is worth reading—and it requires no effort to do it. A. E. W.

FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. The Century Company, New York. \$1.50.

THE word "novel" does not convey a very definite meaning, since it covers anything from a tale of the Christ to the newest form of dog story, and it would, therefore, not mean much to say that this is one of the best novels of the year, since that depends on the kind of novel one likes. If he be fond of the study of character and finished literary work, he could not do better than read it. There is very little incident of the tangible kind, just enough for a reasonable setting. A young widow finds her happiness in the love of the right kind of a man, and for this happiness renounces the millions she had inherited under conditions of celibacy. Before her renunciation she looks into other hearts and into her own.

Anne Blythe is one of the best studies of a woman since *Becky Sharp*, albeit she is a much more lovable type. Mixed with her impulsiveness is a certain amount of practical instinct and honest combativeness, nor does her bigness of heart eliminate the feminine propensity to discover the faults

and puncture the false pretense of another beautiful woman. But to delineate all her varying moods and tenses would require almost as much space as the book itself.

And Mrs. Goodwin is evidently a student of men, as well as of women. Fleming, Yates, Walford and the others are types one meets with, and all are flesh and blood. Fleming, the hero, does nothing heroic at all, unless the brushing aside of all egotism and sham be recognized as heroic. It is none too common, at any rate. But he is the kind of man that sleeps well at night and is fairly serene in that trying moment when one sits down before his fire and tells himself the truth, as he knows it in his heart, concerning his motives and methods.

R. M. S.

THE DESCENT OF MAN AND OTHER STORIES.
By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

HERE is nothing new or different to be said about the grace, beauty, refinement, brilliancy of epigram, cleverness of description and general literary and artistic perfection of Mrs. Wharton's work. All this is taken for granted, by this time, by those who know. But in regard to this new volume of nine short stories, it may be said that it is likely to be more popular than any of her previous books. I had occasion to say the same thing of "Sanctuary," her last book, because that contained more of vital, human interest than any former work; of this volume I say it, because it contains four distinctly humorous stories (Mrs. Wharton has often been accused of a lack of humor, even of a lack of the sense of humor, which is a wholly different thing, though the two are sometimes confounded), and because more of the stories, save "The Dilettante," can be called "blind." They are, surely, for the most part, a little less involved, their subtlety is a little, not less subtle, but more evident. In other words, they do not need to be read twice—though they are all worth many readings. That a story does not need to be read twice is unquestionably a great merit in a magazine, and to many people in a book. But to some of us who like a book to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, this easy quality is

not so valuable, and for the very lack of it we have, perhaps, loved Mrs. Wharton's stories the more; and, because she is acquiring it, we may, perhaps, be a bit sorry; and also, perhaps, a bit jealous because we have to share her with a wider circle.

This does not mean that this volume shows any evidence that Mrs. Wharton is in danger of becoming "a popular author." Heaven forfend! but it does mean that "The Descent of Man" is quite sure to appeal to a wider circle than the other books. No, in adding humanity and humor to her stories Mrs. Wharton has been clever enough not to yield a point in brilliancy and perfection of finish. These stories are just as clever, just as well written, just as perfect in manner as the others—they are simply, all but two of them, just a little less subtle in thought and expression, therefore likely to be a little more popular.

H. C.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER. D. Appleton & Company, New York. 2 vols. \$5.50.

THAT this, the last and somewhat belated link to that trinal chain of biography dealing with England's three great evolutionists, would be a monumental work was something more than a foregone conclusion. The "natural history" of such a man as Herbert Spencer, however disappointing it might prove in form, or however esoteric it might be in note, could scarcely escape eminence. The self-revelations of the greatest intellect since Aristotle, the career and confessions of the synthesizing analyst who stripped and reclothed modern Truth, dominating as he has done the scientific thought and language of the Victorian era, could never indeed be without interest, however limited they might be in appeal.

This Autobiography, accordingly, may not reveal the charm and crisp geniality of Huxley's "Life and Letters." It may even be without the blitheness, the mellow urbanity, and the gentle magnanimity of "The Life and Letters" of Darwin. Yet reflecting brokenly, as it does, the gradual widening and ultimate magnitude of a mind and an activity quite unparalleled in the history of modern philosophy, its twelve hundred

closely printed pages at once take rank, in their necessarily qualified way, as one of the world's few great lives.

Beyond this, too, the volumes stand an autumnal flowering of that passionate scrupulousness, that uncompromising candidness, that carefully deliberated restraint even while piercing to the inmost core of things, which marked practically all of Mr. Spencer's earlier and more vigorous volumes. So austere naïve is this Autobiography at times that the reader soon understands what prompted Huxley, after going through the proof-sheets many years before its final publication, somewhat misleadingly to class it with Rousseau's "Confessions."

There is, however, little or no gossip in its pages, no delectable scandal-mongering, no wayward and accidental sparks of personality from the great and grim wheel of mental industry. It was seldom, during his life, that strangers were favorably impressed with the philosopher. Into this Autobiography seems to have filtered many of those characteristics which made the dour and preoccupied scholar often more admired than loved. There is none or little of that scintillating humor touched with kindness which endeared Huxley to his colleagues. Through a haystack of intellectual entities we seek in vain for some little needle of Pepys-like vanity, some redeeming and humanizing viciousness. It is always the cold white light of abstraction, with none of that wavering and many-tinted warmth of color so often transfused through a less lucid emotionalism. The work, as it stands, is more the design of an architect than the dream of an artist. Although fine feathers, with philosophy, may seldom make a fine bird, it is very different with biography. The recountal of a life consecrated to investigative thought and almost destitute of incident and emotion obviously demands some little fineness of touch. But with Herbert Spencer the willow of toil grew too near the well of life, drinking and draining up its waters to the very last. Even when, some ten years ago, the author of "*The Synthetic Philosophy*" came to a tardy decision as to writing his own life, it was then realized that no time remained, in his already overtaxed and weakened condition, for that bush of verbal beauty which

serves to warn the hurrying wayfarer just where may be found the oldest and best of wine. So day by day, battling against that nervous disorder which beset his later years, a little of the matter was dictated to an amanuensis, and month by month and year by year the volumes slowly grew. They became, as had already become his continuous departure into new fields to reëmbrace developing phenomena and ever altering physical data, an example of heroic and passionate devotion to one great and single aim. Yet to-day many of the older ideas incidentally reintroduced into the Autobiography seem to lack the vigorous touch of, say, the "*Social Statics*." They here give the impression of being strangely air-drawn, poignantly reminding one how implacably the scientific world must move on past the very pioneer who first blazed its path into the wilderness of the unknown.

The final and almost inevitable impression of this Autobiography is that Herbert Spencer would have remained a more complete and a more imposing figure if some hand other than his own had written his life. A natural enough modesty, obviously, prevented even such a relentlessly candid mind from dwelling on the unparaded sweetness simplicity, and heroism of an arduous and all too lonely life. Only a nervous and emotional hand, fired with the zeal of comparative youth, could adequately have written of a subject so nerveless and unemotional. The scrupulously open-minded and simple record of his existence, as this quiet scholar remembered it through many years, may constitute more or less valuable material for the psychologist. But candor with so little to be candid about, explicitness as to publishers' accounts, and reiterations as to indispositions, to be interesting, must come to us at least a little embellished with that art about which Mr. Spencer wrote with such scientific precision.

He is not engaging, but he is always just. He may not always seem generous, but he is always honest. At first sight he is icily egoistic; in the end one finds him supremely aloof and detached. If he shows no sweetening sense of humor, his life-long friendships and his love of children attest to some vestigial softer feeling. He is truly heroic, yet he is often enough peevish

and irascible. He is studiously and deliberately ingenuous, and yet he is guardedly and discreetly reticent. He is seldom intimate, and never garrulous. Lewes, Huxley, George Eliot, even Tennyson and Gladstone, he leaves to flit through his pages ghost-like, shadowy, indistinct, well hidden behind the veil of his abstraction. For, although he discovered co-relationships between outwardly alien subjects, he seemed able to establish none as to himself and his circle.

Yet all these are only the passing faults of a great work. To every mind of this century, alert or intelligent enough to care anything for the wider issues of modern thought, the magnitude and range of Herbert Spencer's intellectual career, as reflected in this Autobiography, must be of supreme interest. Had these two volumes not come to us bearing the stigmata of exhaustion and neurosis, carelessly written and unimpressively conceived, showing, even while attesting to the taming effect of life, that the mind after all is only as deep as the viscera, they would have been welcomed as the greatest and best of the world's Autobiographies.

A. S.

THE QUALITY OF YOUTH. By Louis Evan Shipman. Scott-Thaw Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE quality of courage is needed by the author who essays at the present time to interest the public with a novelette of frills and ruffles; but Mr. Louis Evan Shipman has acquitted himself bravely. His latest book has the charm and daintiness of a Watteau fan. With French beaux and belles, English villains, an American hero and a heroine of French-English parentage he has woven a little romance that makes the reader forget for the moment that he is somewhat weary of stories in which the male characters take snuff and fight duels with equal grace and facility. Though dealing with a period when candied expletives were familiar to the lips of all he has mercifully spared us, and our old friend "Egad!" is nowhere to be found in these entertaining pages. While the story is unfolded with pleasing directness and simplicity there are

one or two occasions when the conscientious reviewer with an ordinary working vocabulary is made to seek humbly the guidance of his dictionary—and even then is not wholly convinced. "Toising" with the apparent meaning of measuring seems a trifle strained while "etiolated" as a descriptive adjective applied to "night" covers one with surprise and confusion. But these are trifles that can readily be overlooked in a fascinating tale that is offered by its publishers to the summer reader in a pleasing and appropriate form.

P. M.

LIFE OF DEAN FARRAR. By R. A. Farrar. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$2.00 net.

THIS volume is absurdly misnamed. It is, rather than a life, a series of obituary notices, with a small number of letters addressed to Dean Farrar and a scant score written by him thrown in. These notices might be interesting if they were signed by people whose view of a distinguished man the reader might reasonably be expected to care to hear; but why should any one wish to read what "A Harrovian," "A Parent," "A Boy who had been expelled," "An Old Marlburnian" or even Prof. E. Spencer Beesly say about any one? When Edwin Arnold or Charles Darwin writes, we do read with interest; but the little they have to say is hopelessly lost under the communications from the mob of gentlemen who exhaust the alphabet to fit themselves out with initials.

No scheme of writing a book could be easier for the author and harder for the reader. Since each contributor writes independently, and since, apparently, most of the contributions are published in full, the plan results in a great amount of repetition, and also in entire lack of continuity. The first contributor, for instance, who is supposed to tell of Canon Farrar's school days, does not confine his account to that period but continues his narrative to the end of the Dean's life. Another weakness of the plan is that the contributions are naturally exceedingly laudatory, being addressed, as they are, to a loving son very soon after the death of his father. The effect on the

perverse human mind of so much praise is to create a dislike for the subject of it. It is very probable that few readers would feel as much admiration for Dean Farrar after reading these three hundred pages of panegyric, as they felt when they thought of him as the beloved Canon of Westminster, the Dean of Canterbury, the author of the Life of Christ. So the son, not through any fault in his subject but by his unhappy bungling, has created a prejudice against the father whose fame it was intended to increase. Moreover, a fine subject for biography has been spoiled. There certainly must be in the life of a man who was the great head-master of two of England's great public schools, the rector of a teeming London parish, a Canon of The Abbey and the Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, a man too, who had for his friends Maurice, Tennyson, Browning, Edwin Arnold, Holman Hunt, Jean Ingelow, Tom Hughes and Matthew Arnold, a man who was a part of English life in the stirring days of the nineteenth century. Till it had been done, it seemed impossible to make a dull book from such material.

T. H.

HIGH NOON. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THE title of this book almost challenges a counter-phrase, "Winter Twilight,"—a phrase possibly more appropriate to the book's subtle gleams and shadows than the warm summer felicity of the chosen title.

There are a dozen short stories and sketches, all of them showing a keen feeling for words, a sense of form, and an alert and fine, if not a hearty, imagination.

It is not an easy matter to understand the modern, complex, sophisticated, but ideal-worshiping man or woman that belongs to the type Miss Brown writes most about. Miss Brown herself understands the type; and, better still, is able, within the limitations of the type, to differentiate the characters so that the individual speaks for himself. Her high-bred, high-souled people are the chosen of the earth,—noble, sensitive, a trifle ascetic, perhaps, forceful with the strength of idealism, not passion.

Such characters,—on this high-charged,

swift-rolling ball of chance and fate,—seem to invite the lightning stroke; the fragile tempts rain and hail and thunder. Therefore are there hints of soul-tragedy,—shadows in the picture, with the lovely, half-mysterious, ironic quality that belongs only to shadows. But there is also sunshine and warmth, as must always be where honor, nobility, or even fine philosophy, gain the victory of the hour.

A distinct maturity and reasonableness characterizes this book,—not only from the fact that there is no amateurish workmanship, but because, in almost every story, the motive is one that appeals to the thinking man or woman. The slight exceptions are in the two sketches, "There and Here," and "The Tryst," in which the situations,—based on the possibility of the soul's separating itself from the body and appearing to the loved one at the moment of death,—will, in the minds of many, be classed with the fantastic and unreal. It seems to be a short step from the psychological to the spiritualistic, since so many good and clear thinkers take that step.

"The Runaway Match" is a charming story, with the rollicking spirit of gentle youth let loose for a brief play. The best and most appealing of all the stories are "The Miracle" and "His Enemy,"—and these are simple, tender, human, fine.

The whole book is a heart-lyric,—sometimes gay and sometimes sad, but full of the music of spoken vows, high endeavor and faithful love.

M. F. B.

DAUGHTERS OF NIJO. By Onoto Watana. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

"WILL the august one deign to permit me to hold her honorable wrap?" If the correspondents, now cooped up in Tokyo, had been close readers of Onoto Watana's novels before leaving these Occidental shores, they would not be so astounded by the universal politeness of the Japanese, nor could they possibly make the grave blunder one or two of them have made in mistaking this sort of thing for servility. It is merely a national trick of manner and speech, and fits in well with the other quaint things this charming young Japanese writer puts into

her books. The theme of the story is as old as civilization, the renunciation of royal state for the sake of love and the simple life, but the time and the state of the national morals during the transition, give the author opportunity to introduce some variations. Nijo, a prince of the blood, once kidnapped the child wife of a young farmer and hid her for months in his seraglio, whence she was rescued by the Mikado's interest in the case and restored to her husband. On the same day the farmer's wife and the royal consort of Nijo give birth to daughters, who grow up exactly alike in appearance, but utterly unlike in disposition. Sado-ko, the princess, is of sweet and loving temperament and of simple tastes, while Masago, daughter of the farmer, now become a rich merchant, hates her plebeian surroundings and yearns for the gaieties of the court, the more so after she learns the secret of her birth. She is betrothed to a man she has no interest in and this same man arouses the love of Sado-ko. A secret exchange is arranged, and, after various complications and some suffering, all goes well.

The charm of the story does not lie in its plot, but in its telling, in the strange method of expression, in the delightful descriptions of Japanese methods and habits of life and thought and in the somewhat mysterious success, with which the author gives the reader the Japanese point of view, almost without his becoming aware of it.

R. M. S.

BRAVE HEARTS. By W. A. Fraser. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

"**BRAVE HEARTS**" is a book of man talk. To read it is like spending an evening at a good club and hearing the best stories of the gentlemen sports. It is a glorification of the race-track that makes the sport of kings furnish a background for much clever romancing. Not only the horses, but the characters, are thoroughbreds, and despite the amount of betting and "good things" the atmosphere of the book is virile and wholesome. While any reader who enjoys spontaneous humor and dramatic situations will find this string of stories to his taste, the finer points can

only be understood by those who have purchased much experience.

One feature of Mr. Fraser's horsemanship that will appeal to all humanitarians is his aversion to the use of either spur or whip. His winners invariably have riders with whom they are in sympathy and for whom they do their utmost through love of the game. Horses that lose are constantly being thrown out of their gait by punishment, and if the author's philosophy of racing is correct, it is too bad that it is not more thoroughly appreciated by both owners and jockeys. Not the least charm of these stories is due to the genial character sketching and humorous horse sense, in its broadest meaning, that pervades them. Occasionally, the reader stumbles on a little apothegm like the following, which would not look out of place in the pages of the most pretentious philosopher:

"When fate undertakes to arrange matters there is seldom a hitch. Everybody works for fate,—everybody."

Mr. Fraser's book furnishes a pleasant relief in this age of automobiles and motor cycles. Many parts of it smack of the stable, it is true, but the change is pleasant after petrol and gasoline.

P. M.

HOW ENGLAND AVERTED A REVOLUTION OF FORCE. By B. O. Flower. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. \$1.25.

IT requires a pretty fair stretch of the imagination, even on the part of such an enthusiast on all matters of reform as Mr. Flower, to declare that the repeal of the Corn Laws averted the revolution threatened by the Chartist movement. Free Trade was no part of the program of Fergus O'Connor and his following, nor were its apostles, Cobden and Bright, ever at any time prepared to advise adherence to Chartism, in case their program of the repeal of the duties on bread-stuffs should fail. Moreover, the repeal bill passed Parliament in 1846 and it was not until 1848 that the Chartist "revolution" reached its climax and its collapse. Of course, England, like the continent, was the scene of various kinds of popular unrest and agitation during the "awakening" that followed the gen-

eral overturning of things brought about by the French Revolution and the subsequent Napoleonic wars, but this was, after all, only a reflection of the fiercer turbulence of Central Europe, and it was met more wisely. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a step in the right direction, and the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 was another, but neither satisfied the extremists, and it was the energetic military measures of Wellington that finally caused the collapse of the uprising just when the discontent seemed to have reached its highest pitch in the great gathering on Kensington Commons in 1848.

However, if you can just bear in mind that Mr. Flower's viewpoint is not correct, you can find a good deal of interesting material in this book that you will find nowhere else, not the least valuable of which is the collection of songs and verses that were potent in the agitation carried on by the Anti-Corn-Law League. S. M.

How to Know Oriental Rugs. By Mary Beach Langton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.00.

ALMOST everybody tries to buy oriental rugs occasionally and nearly everybody feels very uncertain about the proposition. Miss Langton has thus done a real service with her book, which describes very minutely all the different types of rugs, tells the characteristics of design and coloring and shows the texture. A little study of the book gives a very fair understanding of rugs and their value. R. M.

Fort Amity. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$1.50.

MMR. Quiller-Couch has been a prolific writer of books and stories, usually good ones. On these he has builded much reputation as an author. If his previous efforts had resulted in books similar to this one under consideration his building would not have been so high. Still "Fort Amity" is not without merit. It is a historical novel descriptive of the stirring times about Fort Ticonderoga a century and a half ago when the British were battering down the walls

of New France and converting them into the Canadian structure of to-day, and the story is told as well as almost any other writer could have told it. But there is no apparent reason for its being, and its portrayals of English, French and Indian character of that time do not concern the world interest sufficiently at this time to be especially thralling or thrilling. Perhaps they may be to the summer tourists who frequent Lake George and vicinity, but beyond this comparatively small number of the reading population the interest flags. There is much Indian life and folk-lore and much talk among soldiers, French and English, and many French phrases and songs, but they do not materially advance the story. That particularly applies to John à Clive, a young English ensign, and to Diane de Noel, daughter of the Monseigneur and Commandant at Fort Amity. John had been shot and captured at Fort Ticonderoga and was being conveyed by a French sergeant to Montreal with other prisoners. *En route* they stopped at Fort Amity, after many adventures on the way, and John was forced to assume the character of a Frenchman by the notorious lying of Menehwehna, an Ojibway Indian guarding him, yet befriending him. John was no liar, but in this character he met Diane, who hated the English worse than snakes, and told her of his nationality after he had told her of his love with his eyes, and knew she loved him. Then he became an Ojibway Indian to forget his other troubles, and as such saved Diane's life in the fight at the fort when her father was killed. She saved his life when the English caught him as a deserter, which he was not, and fifteen years afterward they were married, because, as she naïvely said when they met again during the siege of Quebec, she a nurse, he an officer, "Fifteen years is a long time, John. I don't think I can do without you any longer." John thought so, too, and "So in the street, under the dawn, they kissed for the first time." The Indian fights, the shooting of the rapids, the battle of Fort Ticonderoga and the storming of Fort Amity, are moving incidents, and John's part in them is almost weird at times, but still they do not bring the book up to the Quiller-Couch standard. W. J. L.

THE PASTIME OF ETERNITY. By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$1.50.

BEFORE one has read deeply into this novel, which, by the way, is not lacking in the quality of interest, he is conscious of meeting words which are not often enough out of the dictionary to be immediately recognized in the large group of familiar words one acquires during the course of several years' reading. For example, he meets "bombilation," and pauses an instant at the unexpectedness of it, then reads "bombilation of a 'cello," and he wonders just a little what the 'cello has been doing. Again he meets "cunctative," and he can almost catch the fleeting fragrance of dictionary moth-balls. When he reads "cunctative sound of carriage wheels," he regrets that he has ridden so long in street cars as to have forgotten the more subtle characteristics of carriage wheels. But he reads on, although he has met these two strangers in the first five pages of the book. Later he meets "neoterism" and "eupatrid" and "illation" and "aphony" and "exaucotoration" and "commatic" and "nonprossed" (nolprossed would have been less strange) and a lot more not found as often in modern novels as in modern lexicons. Just why the writer should have called upon so many strangers for help in expression does not appear, because she has told a really interesting story, with a weak hero, Oliver Holbein, who is unhappily married. He loves only music, but is ready to love anything when the opportunity offers, for as soon as a beautiful young girl, Lea Bésarique, has led him out of the life of a recluse which his wife could not or would not do, he falls in love with her, and almost simultaneously falls in love with Hulda Senger, his wife's housemaid, and homely. However, Hulda is only a housemaid in disguise, and she is the strongest woman character in the book. Lea's father, the Chevalier Bésarique, is an unusual character, and the devotion to his house, which impels him to sell everything salable in order to pay his unworthy son's debts, and then sitting down among the priceless heirlooms of the Bésariques and slowly starving to death with riches all around him, is presented with a dramatic

intensity that makes one forget to find fault with what leads up to it or follows after. Not one reader in a thousand would not say the Chevalier was an "old fool," but he would be admired none the less.

The author finds it easy enough to kill off the wife of the hero by running her over an Alpine precipice in an automobile with a married man who wanted her to elope with him, notwithstanding his wife was of their party and had left the auto only long enough to take luncheon, and then the way is clear for her husband to propose to Hulda, who refuses him because she knows he really wants Lea. He had proposed to Lea before his wife had been killed, and they were about to run away when they discovered the dead body of the starved Chevalier. Which, of course, makes the story all the more interesting. The language is not professional English, in fact, it is almost amateur at times, but the story is all there. The scene is laid in New York City, but no such people ever lived and moved and had their being in New York, and the quality of "local color" is negligible. There are no pictures, which is rather surprising, seeing what startling effects some illustrators might have produced from the material provided. Omar Khayyam furnishes the title. W. J. L.

To WINDWARD. By Henry C. Rowland. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

WHEN one reads a book of this particular sort one is almost persuaded that there is something in Mr. Charles Augustus Davis's doctrine of the necessary uplift. Mr. Davis holds that unless a work of art leaves one with the impulse for betterment—it may be for creative, or moral, or merely material betterment—it is not the best sort of art, and, whether one subscribes to that test or not, there is no denying that Mr. Rowland has, herein, conveyed the stimulant. "To Windward" is a book which one puts down with a renewed faith in the sanity of life. That long, lean Yankee, Amos Knapp, master-mariner, who has passed his summers in ship-yards, or in taking coasting-vessels down to Florida, and his winters in fighting for an education at Yale and in wrestling a

diploma from the medical-school, is a helpful host in himself, and the gruff, kind-hearted Dr. Couteau is a real man, whether at home or in the operating-room. The superficial and witty Douglas Ellsworth is less so, is, in fact, a rather conventional and "stagy" villain; Hope Stanley, the clergyman's daughter whom he seduces, is also rather artificial, and the heroine is altogether too conscientious for this conscienceless world. For these Amos and the surgeon amply repay.

Familiar with the promise of Dr. Rowland's briefer tales, gathered from the magazines between the covers of "Sea Scamps," one detects, at the delay in getting the story started and the pauses for the introduction of characters, something of the natural hesitancy of the short-story writer "expanding a theme" into a first novel, but once he gets under way the author's sailing is as smooth as his hero's is perturbed. It was to be expected that his realism would be at its best in the passages describing the struggles of a physician's life in New York and that, afloat, he would not fail to give us the tang of the open sea. For the rest, his theme is not, fundamentally, a new one, but it is capitally unfolded and—to repeat—it has "the uplift."

R. W. K.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. By Elizabeth Davis Bancroft (*Mrs. George Bancroft*). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50 net.

IT is unfortunate that these letters of the wife of George Bancroft, the historian, sometime Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, should have been published subsequently, and at so short an interval, to those of Madame Waddington. Persons who read the one will almost surely read the other, and Madame Waddington's are far more interesting, not only as to matter, but also for style, and the personality which is revealed. However, these of Mrs. Bancroft are delightful, and it is amusing to contrast the difference between these two women as unassuming annalists of the worldly best in foreign society. Mary King and Elizabeth Davis were both American born, of distinguished family and of

cultivated taste. Speaking by the card, Mrs. Waddington was *grande dame* and *mondaine*, absolutely at home even in court society. Mrs. Bancroft was not: at least, her letters suggest that she is more of a stranger to the circle in which she was set in London.

Every one knows how much the charm of letters or of a journal depends on the personal touch. However much personages, events or scenes may gratify curiosity in themselves, you want the tang of the intermediary through whom they are presented to you as a constant concomitant. It may as well be frankly admitted that Mrs. Bancroft is rather colorless as a narrator, and there is even a guide-book flavor now and then to her comment.

The events, too, in which Mrs. Bancroft had part during her husband's diplomatic term of three years (1846-1849), were by no means as important, socially or politically, as those which Mme. Waddington enjoyed during the period covered by her letters (1883-1901). Naturally, therefore, although there is a general resemblance of *milieu* and their relation to it on the part of these two ladies, the value of their respective delineations is readily discriminated. Such comparison seems permissible, not only from the fact that it is instituted about writings that have become public, but also because no general criticism could give a more correct notion of Mrs. Bancroft's letters to those who have read Mrs. Waddington's. There is, moreover, hardly a gleam of humor in the letters of the former, while those of the latter have very agreeable touches of it.

The first half of the nineteenth century seems a little remote to this galloping generation. An ocean passage then was decidedly another affair. The *Great Western*, in which the Bancrofts sailed from New York, after a stormy passage, arrived at Liverpool nineteen days and twelve hours later! "Oh, how I wished it had pleased God to plant some little islands as resting-places in the great waste of waters, some resting station. But no, we must keep on, on, with everything in motion that your eye could rest on. Everything tumbling about," she writes in her first letter.

When they were to return in 1849, Mrs.

Bancroft was more than content. "Happy as we have been here, I have a great satisfaction that we are setting rather than rising, that we have done our work rather than have it to do. Like all our pleasures, these here are earned by fatigue and effort, and I would not willingly live the last three years over again, or three years like them, though

they have contained high and lasting gratifications." Perhaps here is the reason for the sedate and ungossipy character of these collected letters. The lady wrote, conscientiously, to her relatives to let them know what she was doing. Mrs. Waddington did that, too, but liked what she was doing and the telling of it.

J. J. à B.

THEIR WORKS LIVE AFTER THEM

A Chronological List of Literary Men and Women Who Have Died During the Last Month
Compiled by Howard S. Ruddy

SIMONTON, JUDGE CHARLES H., of Charleston, S. C., at Philadelphia, April 25, in his seventy-fifth year. Judge of the Fourth Federal Circuit Court. Author: Lectures on Jurisdiction and Practice of U. S. Courts; Digest of the Equity Decisions, State of South Carolina (1857); The Federal Courts, Organization, Jurisdiction, and Procedure (1898).

GREARD, VALLERY CLEMENT OCTAVE, at Paris, April 26, aged seventy-six. Former French Minister of Education, Member of the Academy, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. Author: Prévost-Paradol (1895), and many valuable educational works.

McGOLDRICK, REV. THOMAS C., at Dorchester, Mass., April 28, aged forty. Author: Life of Cardinal Newman, and other Roman Catholic works.

POWELL, FREDERICK YORK, at Oxford, Eng., April —, aged fifty-four years. Regius Professor of Modern History in Oxford University. Author: Early England up to the Norman Conquest; Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror; Old Stories from British History; History of England to 1509; Collaborator in other historical works and editor English History from Contemporary Writers.

POWERS, EDWARD, at Delavan, Wis., April 28, aged seventy-two. Civil engineer of note. Author: War and the Weather.

FAWCETT, EDGAR, at London, Eng., May 2, aged fifty-seven. Author: In verse: Fantasy and Fashion; Romance and Reverie, etc.; in prose: An Ambitious Woman; A New York Family; Purple and Fine Linen; A Mild Barbarian; A Demoralizing Marriage; Agnosticism and Other Essays, etc.

DUCLAUX, PIERRE EMILE, at Paris, France, May 2, aged sixty-four. Famous chemist and author of scientific works on agriculture and rural economics.

DE L'ARMITAGE, MRS. ARABELLA ROOT, at Chicago, May 3, aged fifty. Song writer and poet.

HOPKINS, DR. WILLIAM BARTON, at Philadelphia, May 4. Author of valuable surgical works.

JOKAI, MAURUS, at Budapest, May 5, aged seventy-nine. Author of 142 volumes of romances. First literary work a drama, "The Jew Boy," in 1843. Produced his first novel three years later. Of his English novels the better known are: Black Diamonds;

Eyes Like the Sea; Pretty Michal; The Lion of Janina; Timar's Two Worlds. Author of a History of Hungary.

SOMERVILLE, MAXWELL, at Paris, France, May 5, aged seventy-five. Professor of glyptology in University of Pennsylvania. Author: Engraved Gems; Siam on the Meinam from the Gulf to Ayuthia; Sands of Sahara; A Wanderer's Legend; Joliffe; The Triumph of Constantine; Jupiter Aegiochus; Grand Cameo of France; Buddhist Temple.

GERHART, REV. EMANUEL VOGEL, D. D., LL. D., at Lancaster, Pa., May 6, aged eighty-seven. President Theological Seminary of the (German) Reformed Church in the United States. Author: Philosophy and Logic; Monograph of the Reformed Church; Institutes of the Christian Religion; Junior Heidelberg Catechism.

STANLEY, SIR HENRY MORTON, G. C. B., at London, Eng., May 10, aged sixty-three. Famous African explorer. Author: How I Found Livingstone (1872); My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave (1873); Coomassie and Magdala (1874); Through the Dark Continent (1878); The Congo and the Founding of Its Free State (1885); In Darkest Africa (1890); My Dark Companions (1893); My Early Travels in America and Asia (1894); Slavery and the Slave Trade (1894); Through South Africa (1898).

CROZIER, WILLIAM, at Northport, Long Island, May 10, aged seventy-one. Author: How the Farm Pays.

BARTHOLOW, DR. ROBERTS, at Philadelphia, May 10, in his seventy-third year. Emeritus professor of materia medica in Jefferson Medical College. Author: Qualifications for the Military Service; Hypodermic Medication; Treatise on Materia Medica and Therapeutics; Practice of Medicine (translated into Japanese); Medical Electricity.

JOHNSON, HENRY CLARK, at New York, May 10, in his fifty-third year. Editor of text-books: First three books of Homer's Iliad; The Satires of Aulus Persius Flaccus;

The Bucolics and Georgics of Vergil; The Agricola and Germania of Tacitus; Book I. of Vergil's Aeneid; Cicero de Amicitia; The Satires of Juvenal.

PUTZER, REV. JOSEPH, at Ilchester, Md., May 15, aged sixty-eight. Priest of the Redemptorist Order. Author: Commentarium in Facultates Apostolicas.

MAC VICAR, REV. DR. MALCOLM, at Cato, N. Y., May 18, in his seventy-fifth year. President of Virginia Union University. Author: Manual on the Principles of Education, and various works on mathematics.

GIBSON, REV. DR. FREDERICK, at Baltimore, May 22, aged seventy-seven. Author of a standard work on liturgies.

BUELL, COL. AUGUSTUS C., at Philadelphia, May 23, in his fifty-seventh year. Author: The Cannoneer—Recollections of a Private Soldier; Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy; Life of Sir William Johnson; William Penn.

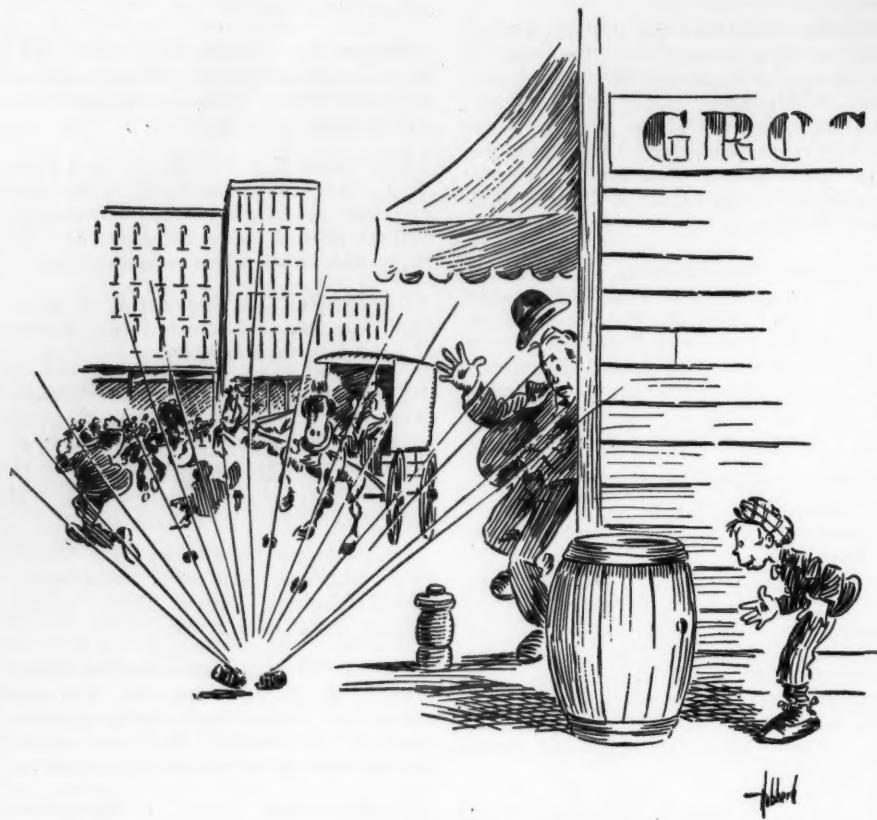
COY, EDWARD GUSTIN, at New Haven, Conn., May 26, aged sixty. Headmaster Hotchkiss school. Author: Greek for Beginners; First Greek Reader.

PETTEE, WILLIAM HENRY, at Ann Arbor, Mich., May 26, aged sixty-six. Professor mineralogy, geology and mining engineering in the University of Michigan. Author: Contributions to Barometric Hypsometry.

LEWIS, CHARLES THOMAS, at Morristown, N. J., May 26, aged seventy. Author and editor: History of Germany (1871); Harper's Latin Dictionary (1879); Lewis' Latin Dictionary for Schools (1889); Lewis' Elementary Latin Dictionary (1890); Love Letters of Prince Bismarck (1901); Harper's Book of Facts (1895). Translator: Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament.

PEARCE, DR. F. SAVARY, of Philadelphia, at Steubenville, Ohio, May 28, aged thirty-eight. Author of standard works on nervous and mental diseases.

LYMAN, MRS. ELIZA B., at Bay City, Mich., May 28, aged seventy-four. Author of philosophical works.



PATRIOTISM

By W. L. W.

THEN came a burst of thunder sound!
The boy—where did *he* go?
You bet that he was close around
Where he could see the show.

